

THE QUEST

A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

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THE QUEST

THE GNOSTIC JOHN THE BAPTIZER. FROM THE JOHN-BOOK OF THE MANDÆANS.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Mandæans (lit. Gnostics—*mandā*=*gnōsis*) of the lower Euphrates are the only known surviving community of the ancient Gnosis. That they have survived to our own day¹ is a remarkable testimony to the strength of their convictions and of loyalty to a tradition which they claim to go back to pre-Christian days. They call themselves also Nāzōræans.² The Arabs generally refer to them as Sūbbā's or Baptists, while the first Portuguese Jesuit missionaries of the Inquisition erroneously introduced them to Europe in the early part of the 17th century as the 'Christians of

¹ Though only a very few families at most can so survive, for in 1875 N. Sionfi, the French Vice-Consul at Mosul, estimated them at but some 4,000 souls in all (*Etudes sur la Religion des Soubbas ou Sabéens*, Paris, 1880). These were then to be found chiefly in the neighbourhood of Basra and Kūt.

² This is a very ancient general designation used by a number of early sects. It has nothing to do with Nazareth (Q. Nazara), which is quite unknown outside the gospel-narratives, not to speak of the philological impossibility of such a word-formation as Nazoræan from Nazareth. Lidzbarski rejects W. B. Smith's (in *Der vorchristliche Jesus*, Giessen, 1906) derivation—Nazar-Ya (=Jehoshua—Jesus—Sotēr—Saviour), and makes out a good case for origin in √NZR, with the meaning of 'to observe'; hence 'Observers'—sc. of the laws or ordinances or may be of the holy life (*Liturgies*, pp. xvi. ff.).

St. John.' But Christians they certainly are not ; on the contrary they have ever been strenuously opposed to Christianity, though they may have sometimes so camouflaged themselves to avoid Moslim persecution in the first place and the Inquisitional methods of the missionaries in the second.

The Mandæan religious literature (for of secular literature there is none) supplies us with the richest direct sources of any phase of ancient Gnosticism which we possess ; these documents are also all the more valuable because they are purely Oriental without any Hellenistic immixture. Indeed our only other considerable direct sources, that is sources not contaminated or rendered suspect by transmission through hostile hands, are the Trismegistic literature, the Coptic Gnostic documents and the recent Manichæan finds in Tūrfān. The Mandæan language is no longer used by the faithful except for religious purposes. The M. communities have for long used Arabic as their common speech, though up to a century ago some exiled groups spoke Persian. Mandæan is a South Babylonian dialect of Aramæan, its nearest cognate being the Northern Babylonian as in the Babylonian Talmūd. Their graceful script is peculiar to the Mandæans ; the vowels are in full lettering and are not indicated by points or other diacritical marks.

Their literature was once far more extensive ; for what we possess is manifestly in the form of extracts collected from manifold more ancient sources, which are no longer extant.

The chief existing documents are as follows :

1. The *Sidrā Rabbā* (Great Book) or *Genzā* (Treasury), which is divided into a Right and Left part, the right-hand pages being for the living and the

left-hand for the deceased. It consists of sixty-four pieces or tractates,—theological, cosmological, mythological, ethical and historical. This collection is itself indubitably prior to the Mohammedan conquest (cir. 651 A.D.), and its sources are of course far more ancient.

2. The *Sidrā d'Yahyā* (Book of John), also called *Drāshē d'Malkē* (Discourses of the [Celestial] Kings). A considerable number of its pieces, which can be listed under thirty-seven headings, deal with the life and teachings of John the Baptizer. *Yahyā* is the Arabic form of John, the Mandæan *Yōhānā*, Heb. *Yōhānan*; the two forms, Arabic and Mandæan, alternate and show that the collection was made, or more probably redacted, after the Moslim conquest.

3. The *Qolastā* (Quintessence or Selection, called also the Book of Souls)—Liturgies for the annual Baptismal Festival, the Service for the Departed (called the 'Ascent'—*Masseqtā*) and for the Marriage Ritual. These hymns and prayers are very fine, though they are perhaps not so ancient as those in the *Genzā*.

4. The *Dīvān*, containing the procedure for the expiation of certain ceremonial offences and sketches of the 'regions' through which the soul must pass in its ascent.

5. The *Asfar Malwāshē* (Book of the Zodiacal Constellations), which 'Twelve' the tradition regards with deep disfavour.

6. Certain inscriptions on earthen cups and also pre-Mohammedan lead tablets.

It would not be difficult to prepare an annotated bibliography (as we have done elsewhere for the Coptic Gnostic *Pistis Sophia* document) tracing the history of the development of Mandæan study in the West

from the 17th century onwards, but space does not here serve. It is sufficient to say that, owing to the difficulty of the language, no one did any work of permanent value on the texts till the Dutch scholar A. J. H. Wilhelm Brandt published his arresting studies — *Die Mandäische Religion* (Leipzig, 1884) and *Mandäische Schriften* (Göttingen, 1893), the latter containing a version of selected pieces from the *Genzā*. Brandt was the real pioneer translator (basing himself on Nöldeke's indispensable *Mandæan Grammar*, 1875); his predecessors were either entirely ignorant of the language or indulged mainly in guess-work. Brandt's art. 'Mandæans' in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* (1915) is a valuable summary of his most matured views, and to it I would refer my readers as the best general Introduction available.¹ Brandt's philological equipment in so difficult and rare a dialect as Mandæan, however, was not sufficient for the work of full translation. Moreover he does not seem to me to have realized the very great importance of the subject for the general history of pre-Christian and early Christian Gnosticism. This, however, was fully recognized by the late Prof. Wilhelm Bousset, who devoted many pages of his admirable study *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis* (Göttingen, 1907) to showing the enormous light which the earliest deposits of the *Genzā* throw on

¹ Brandt passed away from this scene of his labours on March 4, 1915, and his posthumous work *Die Mandäer: ihre Religion und ihre Geschichte* (Trans. of Koninklijke Akademie van Wetenschappen te Amsterdam, Nov., 1915) is practically a German edition of this article. Kessler's art. 'Mandäer' (*Redencyk. f. prot. Theolog.*, 3rd ed., Herzog-Hauck, Leipzig, 1903) is a helpful study; it entirely supersedes his *Enc. Brit.*, 9th ed., art. K. avers that the M. literature preserves the oldest form of the Gnosis known to us. Art. 'Mandæans,' *Enc. Brit.*, 11th ed., 1911, is stated to be part K. and part G. W. Thatcher; it is a poor production even as a summary of K.'s later art. It is short, contemptuous and superficial, and deprives the reader of much that is most valuable in K. in the shape of references and parallels. It would have been really better to have translated K. literally.

pre- and non-Christian Gnostic notions. Indeed in this work Bousset gave a quite new historical perspective to Gnostic studies, and showed the great importance of the Mandæan, Coptic Gnostic and Manichæan documents, when critically treated, for tracing the genesis and development of the widespread Gnosis of antiquity, which had its proximate origin in the influence of Persian ideas on Babylonian religious traditions from the time of the Great Kings (6th century B.C.) onwards, with further Hellenistic immixture and modifications after the conquest of Alexander the Great (last third of 4th century B.C.). There is also a parallel blending and Hellenization of Egyptian mystery-lore as seen most clearly in the Trismegistic tradition. More recently Prof. R. Reitzenstein, who has done such excellent work on the Trismegistic Gnosis and on the Hellenistic mystery-religions, has published a valuable contribution to M. research in his *Das Mandäische Buch des Herrn der Grösse* (Heidelberg, 1919). Both these scholars are free of that apologetic tendency to which so few Christian scholars can rise superior in dealing with the Gnosis. But the *savant* to whom we owe most is Prof. Mark Lidzbarski, whose extraordinary knowledge of Aramæan dialects and allied Semitic linguistics has at last placed in our hands reliable versions of two of the M. collections: *Das Johannesbuch der Mandäer* (Giessen, 1915), of which neither the London Library nor the British Museum possesses a copy, and *Mandäische Liturgien* (Berlin, 1920). L. is now engaged on the translation of the *Genzā*, the publication of which is expected shortly.¹

¹ On May 15, Dr. R. Eisler informed me: "L. writes that his trans. of *Genzā* is finished; printing will begin soon and take about a year and a half." If I am correctly informed, L. is a convert to Christianity from Judaism, and this explains certain judgments that are otherwise puzzling.

Until this appears it is not possible to be reasonably sure of all one's ground and so get an all-round perspective of it. Meantime, as no really adequate translation of any pieces have so far appeared in English,¹ I propose to give, first of all, a selection of renderings from the German of Lidzbarski's John Book, so that readers of THE QUEST may become acquainted with specimens of the material, and be in a better position in some measure to appreciate for themselves its nature, quality and importance; for it may eventually turn out to be even the most valuable indication we possess for Background of Christian Origins research. These renderings will be as close to the German as possible, so that readers may have L.'s version practically before them, and the inevitable leakage of translation from translation be reduced to a minimum. Even so, I hope that what seems to me to be the beauty of the original, will not be entirely evaporated. The major part of the material of the Liturgies is indubitably in verse; but the John Book as well, if not also mainly in verse, as a most competent Aramæan scholar assures me, is clearly in rhythmic prose (*Kunstprosa*) and highly poetical. This L. has not observed.

First then let me select from the pieces purporting to give information concerning the person of the

¹ Literally so, with the exception of my close rendering from L.'s version of 'The Fisher of Souls' tractate in the paper on 'John the Baptizer and Christian origins' in THE QUEST for July, 1922. I say this, however, in no disparagement of Miss A. L. B. Hardcastle's sympathetic and painstaking studies, containing some versions in which the work of Brandt and his predecessors was fortified by her own praiseworthy efforts to grapple with a dictionary-less language. These studies were suggested, warmly encouraged and appreciated by myself, and were as follows: 'The Liberation of Jōhannā' (*Theosophical Rev.*, Sept. 1902); 'Fragments from the Mandæan Traditions of J. the B.' (QUEST, Ap. 1910); 'The Book of Souls: Fragments of a Mandæan Mystery Ritual' (*ib.* Jan. 1912); 'The Mandæan Chrism' (*ib.* Jan. 1914).

prophet.¹ It should be remembered throughout that we are dealing with Oriental mystic story and not with surface-history proper, as is also proportionately the case in the relatively Hellenistic (Gk.) synoptic and fourth-gospel documents, each in their several degrees.

PORTENTS AT JOHN'S BIRTH (§18).

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified !

A CHILD was planted out of the height, a mystery revealed in Jerusalem.² The priests saw dreams ; chill seized on their children, chill seized on Jerusalem.

Early in the morning he³ went to the temple. He opened his mouth in blasphemy and his lips of lying. He opened his mouth in blasphemy and spake to all of the priests :

"In my vision of the night I beheld, [I beheld] in my vision. When I lay there, I slept not and rested not, and sleep came not to me by night. I slept not and rested not, [and I beheld] that a star appeared and stood over Enishbai.⁴ Fire burned in Old Father (Abā Sābā) Zakhriā ;⁵ there heaven-lights appeared.⁶ The

¹ Because Yōhānā is mentioned only once in the *Gensū*, Brandt supposes that the John Book pieces must be later in date. But surely this is not a scientific conjecture. It is rather to be supposed that the John-pieces were naturally gathered together from the general mass of material when the collection-process began. Though Yahyā is the Arabic form of the name, Yōhānā alternates with it ; this shows a later redaction in the Mohammedan period, when the people vulgarly spoke Arabic, but says nothing as to the date of earlier writings from which the pieces were copied out.

² *Ur-ashlam*, a mock-name or derisive caricature-permutation = 'Ur perfected' it. Ur is originally the Chaldean Deus Lunus ; he is the eldest son of Rūhā, the World-Mother, and corresponds in some respects with the Yaldabaōth of 'Ophite' gnosticism.

³ Who it was is not disclosed. The dreamer's report is at first utterly discredited.

⁴ The Elisabeth of Luke, presumably throwing back mystically to Elisheba, the wife of Aaron, the first priest, just as the Miriam of the Jesus birth-story throws back to Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Moses, the first prophet. If the pre-Christian Palestinian Dorshē Reshumōth may be thought incapable of going so far, the Alexandrian Jewish allegorists, to whose school Philo belonged, would, and did, sublimate the sister or wife of a sage into a figure of his spiritual virtue or power. This will become clearer later on.

⁵ The Zacharias of Luke.

⁶ Cp. the three Magi motive. It should be noted that Origen (1st half of 3rd cent.) is the first of the Fathers to state that the number of the Magi was 3 ; Chrysostom, 150 years later, gives their number as 12 (see Lynn Thorndike, *A History of Magic and Experimental Science*, London, 1923, i. 472ff.).

sun sank and the lights rose. Fire lit up the house of the people (synagogue), smoke rose over the temple. A quaking quaked in the Throne-chariot,¹ so that Earth removed from her seat. A star flew down into Judæa, a star flew down into Jerusalem. The sun appeared by night, and the moon rose by day."

When the priests heard this, they cast dust on their head. Yaqif the priest weeps and Beni-Amin's tears flow.² Shilai and Shalbai³ cast dust on their heads. Elizar⁴ [the chief priest] opened his mouth and spake unto all of the priests: "Yaqif interprets dreams, but as yet he has no understanding of these. Beni-Amin interprets dreams; is he not a man who discloses your

¹ Merkabah; here presumably meaning heaven generally.

² The narrative is largely in the familiar style of Danielic and Talmūdīc chronological camouflage; the Daniel Book (c. 164 B.C.) throws back the religio-political conflict of the Jews with the kingdom and Hellenistic religion of Antiochus Epiphanes to the days of Nebuchadnezzar (c. 600 B.C.), and the Talmūd Jesus stories, for instance, throw back the setting to some 100 years B.C. or advance it to some 100 years A.D. See my *Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.?—An Enquiry into the Talmud-Jesus Stories, the Toldoth Jeshu and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins* (London, 1903). It is to be noted that the Talmūd knows nothing of John; it evidently regards the John-Jesus movement as one and the same kind of heresy. Y. and B. may perhaps be personified types of members of certain contemporary communities or mystical groups. In §54 Y. and B. are called the 'Two Gold-sons.' This reminds us of alchemical symbolism; see my tracing of 'psychical' alchemy to Babylon in *The Doctrine of the Subtle Body in Western Tradition* (London, 1919), Proem, pp. 25ff. They may have belonged to the early 'Sons of the Sun' tradition—the later Sampsæans of Epiphanius, still later in wider distribution known to the Moslim historians as Shemsīyeh (Shamish=the Sun). This hypothesis is strengthened by the apparently cryptic gloss Beni-Amin, 'Sons of (the) Amēn' (cp. Rev. iii. 14: "These things saith the Amēn, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God"). I have no space here to follow up this conjecture; but L. seems to me to be, not only nodding, but fast asleep, when he assumes that the Mandæan writers were simply ignoramuses who mistook Ben-Yamin for Beni-Amin. The Heb. derivation of Benjamin is given very variously in the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the O.T. L. refers to Yaqif (clearly Jacob) as Joseph!

³ Of whom we have no further information.

⁴ Can this be camouflage for Rabbi Eliazer ben Hyrcanus, the founder of the famous Rabbinical school at Lud (Lydda) and teacher of Akiba? He flourished 70-100 A.D. R. Eliazer was imprisoned for heresy; the Talmūd account connects this accusation of heresy with an interview between him and a certain Jacob of Kephars Sechania, a city in lower Galilee, who is said to have been one of the disciples of Jeshu ha-Notzri, i.e. J. the Nāzōræan (see *D.J.L. 100 B.C.?—pp. 216ff.* for reference and discussion). But Eliazer is a name of great distinction in Pharisaic priestly tradition, especially that of the Maccabæan proto-martyr priest, the teacher of the martyred seven Sons and the Mother in *IV. Maccabees*.

secrets? Tāb-Yōmīn¹ gives us no revelation, though you deem he can give information on all that is and [that] is not.

Earth groans out of season and is sent a-whirl through the heaven-spheres. Earth² opens her mouth and speaks to Elizar: "Go to Lilyukh,³ that he may interpret the dreams you have seen." Thereon Elizar opened his mouth and spake unto all of the priests: "Who goes to Lilyukh, that he may interpret the dreams you have seen?" Then wrote they a letter and put it in the hand of Tāb-Yōmīn. Tāb-Yōmīn took the letter and betook himself to Lilyukh. Lilyukh lay on his bed; sleep had not yet flown from him. A quaking came into his heart, shivered his heart and brought it down from its stay. Tāb-Yōmīn drew near to Lilyukh. Tāb-Yōmīn stepped up to Lilyukh, shook him out of his sleep and spake to him: "The priests saw dreams, . . . [the above paragraph is repeated verbally down to] . . . and the moon rose by day."

When Lilyukh heard this, he cast dust on his head. Naked, Lilyukh rose from his bed and fetched the dream-book. He opens it and reads in it and looks for what stands there written. He opens it and reads therein and interprets the dreams in silence without reading aloud. He writes them in a letter and expounds them on a leaf. In it he says to them: "Woe unto you, all of you priests, for Enishbai shall bear a child. Woe unto you, ye rabbis, for a child shall be born in Jerusalem. Woe unto you, ye teachers and pupils, for Enishbai shall bear a child. Woe unto you, Mistress Thora (the Law), for Yōhānā shall be born in Jerusalem."

Lilyukh writes unto them in the letter and says to them: "The star, that came and stood over Enishbai: A child will be planted out of the height from above; he comes and will be given unto Enishbai. The fire, that burned in Old Father Zakhriā: Yōhānā will be born in Jerusalem."

Tāb-Yōmīn took the letter and in haste made off to Jerusalem.

¹ Unidentified by L. Can it be camouflage for Tabbai, father of R. Jehuda, who was 'pair' to Simeon ben Shetach, in the Pal. Talmūd Jesus-story (*Chag.* 77d), see Mead, *op. cit.* pp. 148f.

² The source of E.'s inspiration is the Earth; the source of John's is the Sun (see below §20).

³ This is most probably Elijah (the Eliyahū of the O.T.); I owe this illuminating conjecture to Dr. M. Gaster. Is there here also a hidden reference to an existing 'School of the Prophets'?

He came and found all the priests sitting in sorrow. He took the letter and laid it in the hand of Elizar. He (E.) opens it and reads it and finds in it wondrous discourses. He opens it and reads it and sees what stands therein written. He reads it in silence and gives them no decision about it. Elizar then took it and laid it in the hand of Old Father Zakhriā. He (Z.) opens it and reads it and sees what stands therein written. He reads it in silence and gives no decision about it. Elizar now opened his mouth and spake to Old Father Zakhriā: "Old Father, get thee gone from Judæa, lest thou stir up strife in Jerusalem." Old Father then raised his right hand and smote on the head Elizar: "Elizar, thou great house, thou head of all the priests! If thou in thy inner [part] knewest thy mother, thou wouldst not dare come into our synagogue. If thou in thy inner [part] knewest, thou wouldst not dare read the Thora. For thy mother was a wanton.¹ A wanton was she, who did not match with the house of her husband's father. As thy father had not the hundred gold staters for writing her the bill of divorcement, he abandoned her straightway and enquired not for her. Is there a day when I come and look forth,² and see not Mīshā bar Amrā?³ Yea, is there a day when I come without praying in your synagogue, that you (pl.) should be false and dishonest and say a word which you have ne'er heard about me? Where is there a dead man who becomes living again, that Enishbai should bear a child? Where is there a blind man who becomes seeing, where is there a lame man for whom his feet [walk again], and where is there a mute who learns [to read in] a book, that Enishbai should bear a child? It is two and twenty years⁴ to-day that I have seen no wife. Nay, neither through me nor through you will Enishbai bear a child."

Then all of the priests arose and said to Old Father Zakhriā, [they said] in reproach: "Be at rest and keep thy seat, Old Father, and let the calm of the Good (pl.) rest upon thee. Old

¹ This is the same motive as that in the Talmūd Jesus-stories and Toldoth. It is the language of popular, Bazaar theological controversy, and is in keeping with Jewish figurative diction in which 'fornication' is the general term for all lapses from right religious beliefs and views.

² ? in vision.

³ Moses, son of 'Amram.

⁴ Elsewhere we learn that Zakhriā was 99 and Enishbai 88 at John's birth and that John himself began his ministry at the age of 22. A mystic psephology is here clearly employed.

Father, if there were no dreams in Judæa, then would all that Mishā has said, be lying. Rather shall thy word and our word be made good, and the dreams we have seen. Yōhānā will receive Jordan and be called prophet in Jerusalem."

Thereon Old Father removed himself from their midst, and Elizar followed him. Then were seen three lights (lit. lamps) which companied with him (Z.). They (the priests) ran up, caught Old Father by the hem of his robe and said to him: "Old Father, what is 't that goes before thee, and what is 't that follows thee?" Then answered he them: "O Elizar, thou great house, thou head of all of the priests, I know not whom the lights guard which go before me. I know not with whom the fire goes which follows me. [But] neither through me nor through you will Enishbai bear a child."

Then all the priests rose and said to Old Father Zakhriā, [they said] in reproach: "Old Father Zakhriā, be at peace, firm and decided, for the child will be planted from out of the most high height and be given to thee in thy old age. Yōhānā will be born, Yōhānā will receive Jordan and be called prophet in Jerusalem. We will be baptized with his baptizing and with his pure sign [will we] be signed. We will take his bread and drink his drink and with him ascend to Light's region."

All the priests arose and said to Old Father Zakhriā, [they said] in reproach: "Old Father! We will enlighten thee as to thy race¹ and thy fathers, from whom thou hast come forth. . . . [there follows a list of prophets and sages, beginning with Moses, which I omit, as it requires a lengthy commentary for which space here does not serve,—ending with]. . . . Tāb-Yōmīn and the school-teachers have come forth from thy race. The blessed princes, who are thy forbears, Old Father, all of them have taken no wife and begotten no sons.² Yet in their old age³ each of them

¹ Sc. the race of the righteous, of the spiritual or perfect. It has many names in mystical literature of the first centuries, as for instance in Philo, who distinguishes 'race' and 'kin' of God from 'people' of God. See for references and quotations my *Thrice-greatest Hermes* (London, 1906), Index at. 'Race.'

² The same mystic idea underlies the words of Philo about the women Therapeuts (*D.V.C.*): "Their longing is not for mortal children, but for a deathless progeny which the soul that is in love with God can alone bring forth." See my translation in *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London, 2nd ed., 1906), p. 75. It is the Melchisedec motive also.

³ The Later Platonists glossed 'old age' as used by Plato to signify the age of wisdom.

had a son.¹ They had sons, and they were prophets in Jerusalem. If now out of thee as well a prophet comes forth, thou dost then revive this race again. Yea, Yōhānā will be born and will be called prophet in Jerusalem."

Then Elizar opened his mouth and said to Old Father: "Old Father! If Yōhānā receives Jordan, then will I be his servant, be baptized with his baptizing and signed with his pure sign. We will take his bread and drink his drink and with him ascend to Light's region." Then Old Father opened his mouth and said unto all of the priests: "If the child comes out of the most high height, what then will you do in Jerusalem?"

They² have taken the child out of the basin of Jordan and laid him in the womb of Enishbai.

Life is victorious and victorious is the Man³ who has come down hither.

JOHN'S PROCLAMATION CONCERNING HIMSELF AND HIS ASSUMPTION OF THE PROPHET'S MANTLE (§19).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.⁴

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and says:

"Through my Father's discourses I give light and through the praise of the Man, my creator. I have freed my soul from the world and from the works that are hateful and wrong. The Seven⁵ put question to me, the Dead who have not seen Life, and they say: "In whose strength dost thou stand there, and with

¹ The prophets are god-sons of their god-parents; father and son are the usual terms for the relationship between master and pupil in sacred things.

² That is, the heavenly messengers.

³ The Heavenly Man of Light. The Man-doctrine is an essential element of the Gnosis, as it was also with Jesus. ('Son of Man' is the Aramæan idiom for 'Man' simply.) See Reitzenstein's *Poimandres* (Leipzig, 1904), my *Thrice-greatest Hermes* (1906), and Bousset, *op. cit.* (1907), indexes.

⁴ This introductory formula, as is the case with other headings and conclusions, is due to the collectors and editors. It is unexplained, but seems to refer to the dark period before the dawn of the Day of Light which was expected. The days of *this* age are spiritual nights. N.B. a prophet 'proclaims,' he does not 'preach.'

⁵ This-World-rulers or Archontes, the Planets or Planetary Spirits, which the MM. regarded as evil powers. They are the 'Dead' as having no spiritual Life.

whose praise dost thou **make proclamation?**" Thereon I gave to them answer: "I stand in the strength of my Father and with the praise of the Man, my creator. I have built no house in Judæa, have set up no throne in Jerusalem. I have not loved the wreath of the roses, not commerce with lovely women. I have not loved the defective,¹ not loved the cup of the drunkards. I have loved no food of the body, and envy has found no place in me. I have not forgotten my night-prayer, not forgotten wondrous Jordan. I have not forgotten my baptizing, not [forgotten] my pure sign. I have not forgotten Sun-day,² and the Day's evening has not condemned me. I have not forgotten Shilmai and Nibdai,³ who dwell in the House of the Mighty.⁴ They clear me and let me ascend; they know no fault, no defect is in me."

When Yahyā said this, Life rejoiced over him greatly. The Seven sent him their greeting and the Twelve⁵ made obeisance before him. They said to him: "Of all these words which thou hast spoken, thou hast not said a single one falsely. Delightful and fair is thy voice, and none is an equal to thee. Fair is thy discourse in thy mouth and precious thy speech, which has been bestowed upon thee. The vesture which First Life did give unto Adam, the Man,⁶ the vesture which First Life did give unto Rām,⁷

¹ A technical term—the things that 'fall short' as compared with the 'fulness' of perfection; cp. the *plērōma* and *hysterēma* of numerous Greek Gnostic documents.

² Brandt (Art. *E.R.E.*) apologetically conjectures that this observance of Sun-day (*hab šabbā*) was taken over from Syro-Christian usage. But reverence for Sun-day is fundamental with the MM., and it is one of their celestial personifications. The MM. loathed idolatry and sun-worship; they worshipped Life and Light, but may have venerated the light as the symbol of that Light. The same puzzle occurs with the prayer-custom of the Essenes, who turned to the rising sun in their morning orisons. The problem we have here to face is the existence of a pre-Christian Sun-day as rigidly observed as the Jews and others kept the Sabbath, and not a 'Pagan' holy-day.

³ The twin Jordan-Watchers.

⁴ Sc. Life.

⁵ The powers of the Cosmic Animal-life Circle or Zodiac, which were held by the MM. to be equally inimical with the Seven. Both orders were sons of the World-mother Namrūs, generally called Rūhā, i.e. Spirit, the World-spirit, spirit here being used in the wide-spread sense of the lower, animal spirit.

⁶ Sc. the Celestial Man or Adam of Light.

⁷ Rām the Great, coupled also with Bīhrām (presumably the Pahlavi or Later Persian form, also Bahrām = Avestan Verethragna).

the Man, the vesture which First Life did give unto Shurbai,¹ the Man, the vesture which First Life did give unto Shum bar Nū,²—has He given now unto thee. He hath given it thee, O Yahyā, that thou mayest ascend, and with thee may those ascend
 * * * * * The house of defect³ will be left behind in the desert.⁴ Everyone who shall be found sinless, will ascend to thee to the Light's region; he who is not found sinless, will be called to account in the guard-houses."⁵

And Life is victorious.

JOHN'S LIGHT-SHIP (§ 20).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and says: "In the name of Him who is wondrous and all-surpassing! The Sun sat in his Court (? Corona), and the Moon sat in the Dragon. The Four

¹ Not identified.

² Shem, son of Noah. The first age or world-period was that of Adam; the second, of Rām and Rūd (fem.); the third, of Shurbai and Sharhab-ēl; the fourth, that of the Flood. The second generation perished by the sword and pestilence, the third by fire (cp. § 25 below). The Indian *yugas* came from the same source. As to the prophetic vesture in this special connection, apart from the more general wide-spread notion of the garment of light or robe of glory, cp. the Rabbinical tradition in the mediæval *Yaschar* or *Sepher Hai-yaschar* (*The Book of the Just*, more commonly known as *The Book of the Generations of Adam* or *The Book of the History of Man*) which contains ancient material, translated into French by Chevalier P. L. B. Drach: "After the death of Adam and Eve the coats [*sc.* of skin—see R. Eisler's brilliant conjecture that J. the B. outwardly assumed his camel's hair robe in memory of the first garments of the fallen protoplasts, as a sign of repentance, in my above-quoted article] were given to Enoch, son of Jared. Enoch, at the time of his being taken to God, gave them to his son Methusaleh. After the death of Methusaleh, Noah took them and hid them in the ark. Ham stole them, and hid them so successfully that his brethren were unable to find them. Ham gave them secretly to his eldest son, Chus, who made a mystery of it to his brothers and sons. When Nimrod [=Zoroaster, see Bousset, *op. cit.*, index] reached the age of 20 years, he (Chus) clothed him with this vesture, which gave him extraordinary strength" (Migne, *Dic. des Apocryphes*, ii. 1102, 1150; and see my *World-Mystery* (London, 2nd ed., 1907), § 'The Soul-Vestures,' pp. 115ff.). It would not be difficult to penetrate under the *camouflage* of the Rabbinic tradition, but space does not serve.

³ *Sc.* the body.

⁴ *Mysticé* 'this world'?

⁵ The prison-houses of the Seven and Twelve.

Winds of the House get them gone on their wings and blow not."¹

The Sun opened his mouth and spake unto Yahyā:² "Thou hast three [head-] bands [and] a crown which equals in worth the whole world. Thou hast a ship of *mashklil*,³ which sails about here on the Jordan. Thou hast a great vessel which sails about here 'twixt the waters.⁴ If thou goest to the House of the Great [One], remember us in the Great's presence." Thereon Yahyā opened his mouth and spake to the Sun in Jerusalem: "Thou enquirest about the [head-] bands, may the Perfect (pl.) watch o'er thy crown. This *mashklil*-ship they have carpentered together⁵ with glorious splendour. On the vessel that sails 'twixt the waters, the seal of the King has been set. She⁶ who in thy house⁷ plays the wanton, goes hence and approaches the dung-house;⁸ she seeks to have children from her own proper spouse,⁹ and she does not find them. If she then¹⁰ has fulfilled her vow, and she departs,¹¹ she is unworthy for the House of the Life and will not be allotted to the Light Dwelling.

And praised be Life.

¹ All was at peace, the Sun shining brightly, the Moon sunk in the darkness beneath. Cp. 'The Mystic Hymnody' at end of 'The Secret Sermon on the Mountain' (*Corp. Herm.* xiii-xiv., Mead ii. 230): "Ye Heavens open, and ye Winds stay still; [and] let God's Deathless Sphere receive my word!"

² Note that it is the Earth that speaks to Elizar (§ 18 at beginning), signifying the lower source of his inspiration.

³ Meaning not yet determined; L. thinks it means some sort of wood, but this does not seem to be very appropriate.

⁴ Sc. the waters above and the waters below the firmament.

⁵ For the Carpenter-motive in connection with the John-Noah hewing of the timber for the salvation-ark-building see my article on 'John the Baptizer' (July, 1922) and especially the Samaritan Midrash concerning the S. Ta'eb (Deliverer or Messiah) and the mystic ark of conversion (pp. 477f. and 487f.).

⁶ A cryptic sentence referring to the 'fornicators' who are not true to the True Religion of the MM.; 'she' = the soul.

⁷ That is the world-house illuminated by the Sun.

⁸ Sc. hell.

⁹ Sc. God, as in the thought-sphere of Philo's Therapeuts.

¹⁰ After renouncing heretical views.

¹¹ That is, from the body.

JOHN THE ASCETIC (§ 21).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and speaks: "Stand not I here alone? I go to and fro. Where is a prophet equal to me? Who makes proclamation equal to my proclamations, and who doth discourse with my wondrous voice?"

When Yahyā thus spake, the two women weep. Miryai¹ and Enishbai weep, and for both tears flow. They say: "We will go hence, and do thou stay here; see that thou dost not bring us to stumble.—I (M.) will go hence, and do thou stay here; see that thou dost not bring me to stumble.—I (E.) will go hence, and do thou stay here; see that thou dost not fill me with sorrow."

Then Yahyā opened his mouth and spake to Enishbai in Jerusalem: "Is there any who could take my place in the height? Is there any who could take my place in the height, so that thou mayest pay for me ransom? If thou canst pay for me ransom, then bring thy jewels and ransom me. If thou canst pay for me ransom, then bring thy pearls and ransom me. If thou canst pay for me ransom, then bring thy gold and ransom me."²

Thereon Enishbai opened her mouth and spake to Yahyā in Jerusalem: "Who is thy equal in Judæa, who is thy equal in Jerusalem, that I should look on him and forget thee?"—"Who is my equal, who is my equal, that thou shouldst look on him and forget me? Before my voice and the voice of my proclamations the Thora disappeared in Jerusalem. Before the voice of my discourse the readers read no more in Jerusalem. The wantons cease from their lewdness, and the women go not forth to the Hither [to me] come the brides in their wreaths, and their tears flow down to the earth. The child in the womb of his mother heard my voice and did weep. The merchants trade not in Judæa,

¹ Miryai is the personification of the first Mand. community among the Jews. She is presumably not to be confounded in any way with Miriam, the mother of Iṣū Māihā (Jesus Messiah), who is called Miryam (not Miryai) in § 30; but this requires further investigation.

² 'Jewels,' 'pearls' and 'gold' are presumably the figures of spiritual riches.

and the fishers fish not in Jerusalem.¹ The women of Israel dress not in dresses of colour,² the brides wear no gold and the ladies no jewels. Women and men look no more at their face in a mirror. Before my voice and the voice of my proclamations the water rose up to the pillars.³ Because of my voice and the voice of my proclamations the fish brought to me their greetings. Before my voice and the voice of my proclamations the birds made obeisance and said: "Well for thee, and again well for thee, Yahyā, and well for the Man whom thou dost worship. Thou hast set thyself free and won thy release, O Yahyā, and left the world empty. The women have not led thee away with their lewdness, and their words have not made thee distracted. Through sweet savours and scents thou hast not forgotten thy Lord from thy mind. Thou has not made thyself drunken with wine and hast done no deeds of impiety. No backsliding has seized on thee in Jerusalem. Thou hast set thyself free and won thy release and set up thy throne for thee in Life's House."

And Life is victorious.

OF JUDGMENT DAY (§ 25).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims and speaks: "Ye nobles, who lie there, ye ladies, who will not awaken,—ye who lie there, what will you do on the Day of the Judgment? When the soul strips off the body, on Judgment Day what will you do? O thou distracted, jumbled-up world in ruin! Thy men die, and thy false scriptures are closed. Where is Adam, the First Man, who was here head of the

¹ The 'merchants' and 'fishers' in all probability mean the Seven, as in the 'Fisher of Men' piece.

² The MM. wear white robes.

³ Sc. of the temple; cp. the miraculous spiritual outpouring of the Last Days expected by John, based on O.T. prophecies, as set forth in my above-referred to article; also one of the *Odes of Solomon*, quoted in the *Pistis Sophia* (ch. 65, pag. 131, Mead p. 110): "A stream came forth and became a great wide flood. It tore away all to itself and turned itself against the temple," etc. The whole Ode is most instructive in this connection, and the Odes in general move in a very similar atmosphere to the John-lore. (See for Trans. from Syriac, Rendel Harris and Mingana, *The Odes and Psalms of Solomon*, Manchester, 1920). The 'fish' and 'birds' of the next sentences are the faithful.

æon? Where is Hawwā (Eve), his wife, out of whom the world was awakened to life? Where is Shit-il (Seth), son of Adam, out of whom worlds and æons arose? Where is Rām and Rūd, who belonged to the Age of the Sword? Where are Shurbai and Sharhab-ēl, who belonged to the Age of the Fire? Where is Shum bar Nū (Shem, son of Noah), who belonged to the Age of the Flood? All have departed and have not returned and taken their seats as Guardians in this world.¹ [The Last Day] is like a feast-day, for which the worlds and the æons are waiting. The Planets are [like] fatted oxen, who stand there for the Day of the Slaughter. The children of this world are [like] fat rams, who stand in the markets for sale.² But as for my friends, who pay homage to Life, their sins and transgressions will be forgiven them."

And Life is victorious.

THE LETTER OF TRUTH (§ 26).

[The introductory formula and beginning of this piece are missing from the MSS.]

* * * * *

[Yōhānā is apparently speaking.]

I TAKE no delight in the æons, I take no delight in all of the worlds. I take no delight in the æons * * * * *
* * * * * by the Letter of Truth³ which has come hither.

They⁴ took the Letter and put it in the hand of the Jews.

¹ Tibil; L. frequently retains this as a proper name—e.g. 'in the Tibil'—and alternates it with the common noun 'world.' Whether there is a distinction in the original I do not know, it seems to be simply the Heb. *tebel* (=world, earth). Where L. has Tibil, I shall render it by 'this world.'

² Cp. the Messianic Marriage Feast parable (Matth. xxii. 4): "My oxen and my fatlings are killed . . . : come to the marriage-feast."

³ Kushtā is the general term for the religious ideal of the MM.; it is elastic in meaning and cannot be translated by a single rigid concept. The original sense seems to have been 'Truth,' 'Righteousness' and perhaps 'Order' (cp. the Avestan Asha and the Vedic Rīta). It thus means the true religion, loyalty, trust and faith (see J.B. xvii.f.). Kushtā is fem. It is to be noted that in Avestian literature Ashi (fem.) is the heavenly impersonation of rectitude, fortune, chastity, riches (cp. *ūthrā's*), and Chisti (fem.) of religious wisdom (?=gnōsis)—see M. N. Dhalla, *Zoroastrian Civilization*, New York, 1922, pp. 45, 51f., 68, 77, 84. With the frequent recurrence of the letter-symbol in M. scripture, cp. the Syriac 'Hymn of the Soul,' or 'of the Pearl,' which belongs to the same main stream of the Gnosis (see my *Hymn of the Robe of Glory*, 'Echoes from the Gnosis' series, vol. x., London, 1908).

⁴ Presumably the heavenly messengers.

These open it, read in it and see that it does not contain what they would, that it does not contain what their soul wills. They took the letter and put it in the hand of Yōhānā. "Take, Rab Yōhānā," say they to him, "Truth's Letter, which has come here to thee from thy Father."¹ Yōhānā opened it and read it and saw in it a wondrous writing. He opened it and read in it and became full of life.² "This is," says he, "what I would, and this does my soul will."

Yōhānā has left his body³; his brothers make proclamations, his brothers proclaim unto him on the Mount, on Mount Karmel.⁴ They took the Letter and brought it to the Mount, to Mount Karmel. They read out of the Letter to them⁵ and explain to them the writing,—to Yaqif and Beni-Amin and Shumēl.⁶ They assemble on Mount Karmel.

* * * * *

[What follows is presumably the beginning of the Letter.]

Gnosis of Life⁷ who is far from the height [writes]:

"I have come unto thee, O Soul, whom Life has sent into this world. In robes of the Eight⁸ went I into the world. I went in the vesture of Life and came into the world. The vesture I brought of the Seven, I went as far as the Eight. The vesture of the Seven I took and took hold of the Eight with my hand. [I have

¹ Sc. Life or perhaps rather the Man.

² This seems cryptically to refer to some Gnostic scripture prior to John.

³ Sc. in trance.

⁴ Sūfis would at once conclude that this refers to the Dīvān, the nightly Meeting of the Perfect in spirit presided over by the Qutb (Pillar or Axis), the Head of the age. Mt. Karmel is identified with the story of Elijah and has always continued to be a sacred mount. Doubtless communities of 'Sons of the Prophets' and the rest had continuously there their retreats. Can it be that Tab Yōmīn went to Mt. Karmel to find Lilyukh (Eli-yahu)? Karmel = the Garden or Garden-land. It had been a sacred spot long before the days of Elijah, who hid there from his pursuers in its numerous grottos. The Arabs still call it Jebel Mar Elyas (Mount Lord Elijah). Yamblichus in his *Life of the sage* says that Pythagoras visited it.

⁵ Sc. the heavenly messengers.

⁶ Sc. the brethren who had equally 'left the body.'

⁷ Plainly Samuel.

⁸ Mandā d'Haiyē, the M. Saviour; he is 'far from the height' because he is the Exile, the Stranger, in this world.

⁹ The higher Ogdoad; I conjecture, therefore, that this is a more ancient piece. The John-gnosis had depressed the Eight and the Seven and Twelve to the infernals, yet retained memory of a Great Eight and the rest.

taken them] and I take them, and I will take them and not let them go. I have taken them and hold them fast, and the wicked spirits shall change into good.

"Wherefor do ye weep, generations, wherefor weep ye, O peoples? Wherefor fadeth your splendour? For you have I brought my Image, I betook myself into the world."

And Life is victorious.

JOHN'S INVULNERABILITY (§ 27).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and speaks: "Is there any one greater than I? They measure my works; my wage is assayed and my crown, and my praise brings me on high in peace." * * *

Yaqif leaves the house of the people, Beni-Amin leaves the temple, Elizar, the great house, leaves the dome of the priests. The priests spake unto Yahyā in Jerusalem: "Yahyā, go forth from our city! Before thy voice quaked the house of the people, at the sound of thy proclamations the temple did quake, at the sound of thy discourse quaked the priests' dome." Thereon Yahyā answered the priests in Jerusalem: "Bring fire and burn me; bring sword and hew me in pieces." But the priests in Jerusalem answered to Yahyā: "Fire does not burn thee, O Yahyā, for Life's Name has been uttered o'er thee. A sword does not hew thee in pieces, O Yahyā, for Life's Son¹ rests here upon thee."

And Life is victorious.

JOHN AND THE BAPTISM OF JESUS (§ 30).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights.—Glory rises over the worlds.

Who told Yeshu (Eshu)? Who told Yeshu Messiah, son of Miryam, who told Yeshu, so that he went to the shore of the Jordan and said [unto Yahyā]: "Yahyā, baptize me with thy baptizing and utter o'er me also the Name thy wont is to utter. If I show myself as thy pupil, I will remember thee then in my writing; if

¹ Clearly Gnosis of Life, the Son of God and Father of John.

I attest not myself as thy pupil, then wipe out my name from thy page."

Thereon Yahyā answered Yeshu Messiah in Jerusalem: "Thou hast lied to the Jews and deceived the priests. Thou hast cut off their seed from the men and from the women bearing and being pregnant. The sabbath, which Moses made binding, hast thou relaxed¹ in Jerusalem. Thou hast lied unto them with horns² and spread abroad disgrace with the shofar."

Thereon Yeshu Messiah answered Yahyā in Jerusalem: "If I have lied to the Jews, may the blazing fire consume me. If I have deceived the priests, a double death will I die. If I have cut off their seed from the men, may I not cross o'er the End-Sea. If I have cut off from the women birth and being pregnant, then is in sooth a judge raised up before me. If I have relaxed the sabbath, may the blazing fire consume me. If I have lied to the Jews, I will tread on thorns and thistles. If I have spread disgrace abroad with horn-blowing, may my eyes then not light on Abathur.³ So baptize me then with thy baptizing, and utter o'er me the Name thy wont is to utter. If I show myself as thy pupil, I will remember thee then in my writing; if I attest not myself as thy pupil, then wipe out my name from thy page."

Then spake Yahyā to Yeshu Messiah in Jerusalem; "A stammerer becomes not a scholar, a blind man writes no letter. A desolate house⁴ mounts not to the height, and a widow becomes not a virgin. Foul water becomes not tasty, and a stone does not with oil soften."

Thereon Yeshu Messiah made answer to Yahyā in Jerusalem: "A stammerer a scholar becomes, a blind man writes a letter. A desolate house mounts unto the height, and a widow becomes a virgin. Foul water becomes tasty, and a stone with oil softens."

Thereon spake Yahyā unto Yeshu Messiah in Jerusalem: "If

¹ This makes it clear that the strict observance of a sabbath (Sunday) by the MM. was not taken over from the Christians, as Brandt supposes.

² Cp. the Joshua ben Perachiah Jesus-story in the Talmūd (*B. Sanhedrim* 107b, *Sota* 47a): Joshua replied [to Jeshu]: "Thou godless one, dost thou occupy thyself with such things?—directed that 400 horns should be brought and put him under strict excommunication" (Mead, *D.J.L.* 100 B.C.? pp. 137 and 146f.).

³ The Man 'with the Scales'—the Avestan Rashnu—who weighs the good and bad deeds of the departed (*J.B.* xxix. f.).

⁴ Generally meaning an unmarried man.

thou giv'st me illustration for this, thou art [really] a wise Messiah."

Thereon Yeshu Messiah made answer to Yahyā in Jerusalem :
 "A stammerer a scholar becomes : a child who comes from the bearer, blooms and grows big. Through wages and alms he comes on high ; he comes on high through wages and alms, and ascends and beholds the Light's region.

"A blind man who writes a letter : a villain who has become virtuous. He abandoned wantonness and abandoned theft and reached unto faith in almighty Life.

"A desolate house who ascends again to the height : one of position who has become humble. He quitted his palaces and quitted his pride and built a house on the sea[-shore]. A house he built on the sea[-shore], and into it opened two doors, so that he might bring in unto him whoever lay down there in misery,—to him he opened the door and took him within to himself. If he would eat, he laid for him a table with Truth. If he would drink, he mixed for him [wine-]cups [with Truth]. If he would lie down, he spread a bed for him in Truth. If he would depart, he led him forth on the way of Truth. He led him forth on the way of Truth and of faith, and then he ascends and beholds the Light's region.

"A widow who a virgin becomes : a woman who already in youth has been widowed. She kept her shame closed, and sat there till her children were grown.¹ If she passes over, her face does not pale in her husband's² presence.

"Foul water that is made tasty : a girl wanton who has got back her honour : she went up a hamlet and she went down a hamlet without taking her veil from her face.

"A stone with oil softens : a heretic who has come down from the mountain.³ He abandoned magic and sorcery and made

¹ Presumably her spiritual children.

² Meaning God.

³ L. thinks that by *zandīq* (heretic) is meant a Zoroastrian or Manichæan who comes down from the mountains to join the Mandæans who live in the plains. This seems to me entirely mistaken. The Z.'s and M.'s lived as well on plains as on mountains. In every probability it means the Mount of Darkness on which the Seven assemble to plot against the righteous. The Seven are the lords of all the false religions. For the Mount of Hades, the Prison Mount of the Underworld in Bab. tradition, see my paper 'New-found Fragments of a Babylonian Mystery-play and the Passion-story,' QUEST, Jan. 1922, p. 173.

confession to almighty **Life**. He found a fatherless and filled him full and filled full the widow's pockets.

"Therefor baptize me, O Yahyā, with thy baptizing and utter o'er me the name thy wont is to utter. If I show myself as thy pupil, I will remember thee in my writing; if I attest not myself as thy pupil, then wipe out my name from thy page. Thou wilt for thy sins be haled to account, and I for my sins will be haled to account."

When Yeshu Messiah said this, there came a Letter out of the House of Abathur: "Yahyā, baptize the deceiver in Jordan. Lead him down into the Jordan and baptize him, and lead him up again to the shore, and there set him."

Then Rūhā¹ made herself like to a dove and threw a cross² over the Jordan. A cross she threw over the Jordan and made its water to change into various colours.³ "O Jordan," she says, "thou sanctifiest me and thou sanctifiest my seven sons."

[Then follows what, from its animadversion on Christian institutions and especially on the use of the crucifix, is plainly a later addition. Rūhā is apparently still speaking; she is the Mother of all heresies.]

The Jordan in which Messiah Paulis⁴ was baptized, have I made into a 'trough.' The bread which Messiah Paulis receives, have I made into a 'sacrament.' The drink which Messiah Paulis

¹ The Lower Spirit, the This-World-Mother.

² Sc. of light; cp. the great light that shone on Jordan at the baptizing of Jesus in 'The Gospel according to the Hebrews.' Tatian's *Diatessaron* (Syriac, 2nd half of 2nd cent.) also preserves this feature. Bar Salibi († 1171) glosses this as follows: "And immediately, as the Gospel of the Diatessaron testifies, a mighty light flashed upon Jordan and the river was girdled with white clouds, and there appeared his many hosts that were uttering praise in the air; and Jordan stood still from its flowing, though its waters were not troubled, and a pleasant odour therefrom was wafted." There is a strong Mandæan flavour about this gloss, which doubtless rested on early tradition. See F. C. Burkitt, *Evangelion da-Mepharreshe* (Cambridge, 1904), ii. 115. This is possibly not the Christian but the M. 'cross,' as e.g. used in the baptismal ceremony. It is made of a number of long sticks or wands, the ends of which are stuck in the ground and the tops crossed one over the other to represent rays of light.

³ The Jordan is white for the MM.; the various colours signify heresies.

⁴ L. thinks that this stands for Paul, and this is very probably so. But at the same time he informs us that 'Paulus,' as Lersback has shewn, is the equivalent of a Persian word meaning 'Deceiver.' It therefore may mean simply the Messiah Deceiver.

⁵ Evidently a 'font.'

receives, have I made into a 'supper.' The head-band which Messiah Paulis receives, have I made into a 'priest-hood.'¹ The staff which Messiah Paulis receives, have I made into a dung [-stick]."²

[? Gnosis of Life speaks (cp. § 29) :]

" Let me warn you, my brothers, let me warn you, my beloved! Let me warn you, my brothers, against the . . . who are like unto the cross. They lay it on the walls; then stand there and bow down to the block. Let me warn you, my brothers, of the god which the carpenter has joinered together. If the carpenter has joinered together the god, who then has joinered together the carpenter? "

Praised be Life, and Life is victorious.

(For those who are not familiar with the atmosphere of bitter inner and outer theological strife of the times, it is as well to note that the last two pieces are in the form of *haggādic* controversy between the *followers* of John and Jesus respectively. With regard to the merits of the points at issue, it is too soon to venture an opinion. For such a most difficult and most delicate appreciation, it is necessary first to have the whole available material before us.)

G. R. S. MEAD.

(The next number will continue with the rest of the John-pieces and with the Miryai-pieces.)

¹ The original suggests a head-covering.

² We should have expected 'crosier.' Is there word-play in all these terms?

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PLAY.

R. L. EAGLE.

THE Comedy 'Love's Labour's Lost' is something quite apart from the other Shakespeare plays. It was written *circa* 1587-91, and was published in 1598 as "A pleasant conceited Comedie called Loves Labours Lost, as it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented."

It is essentially a 'Court Comedy' dealing, as it does, with court-manners, "while the speeches of the hero Biron clothe much sound philosophy in masterly rhetoric" (Sir Sidney Lee, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 103). It is a play so learned, so academic, so scholastic, that it is unfit, even in this comparatively educated age, for popular representation. It is also remarkable for the accuracy of the court-life at Navarre, and for the minute details of French history, some of which could only have been gained by access to chronicles and records on the other side of the Channel. It gives an insight into the lives of kings, princes, princesses and courtiers. We have glittering spectacles of courts and camps, foreign manners, customs and environment. The names of some of the characters are those of men prominent in French political history of the time—Biron, Longaville, Dumain (Duc de Maine), Boyet (Bois) and Mothe. An obscure event in the history of Navarre, unknown in England at the time when the play was written, although mentioned in the *Chronicles* of Monstrelet (not translated into English until 1809), is introduced

into the drama. It is recorded that Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris and negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council that he obtained the gift of the castle of Nemours with its dependencies, which territory was made a duchy. He surrendered in exchange the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the Kingdom of France; renouncing all claims in them on condition that, with the duchy of Nemours, the King of France engaged to pay him 200,000 crowns. The passage that tallies with this is in Act II. So. i.:

“Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the *one half* of an entire sum
Disburséd by my father in his wars.”

A few lines further on the name of the King's father is given as *Charles* by the Princess:

“Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.”

The play opens with the formation of ‘a little Achademe’ in the King of Navarre's Court to study contemplative philosophy for a space of three years. It has been discovered from a book called *Académie Françoise*, printed in 1580, that this is historically correct. The book is dedicated to Henry III., King of France, and the author tells how this school assembled at Blois. In the first chapter of the English translation, published as *The French Academie* in 1586, and recommended for study at Gray's Inn, we are told that there were three young men in this ‘Achademe,’ that number being augmented by the author himself. Their names are not given, for the author says:

“Because I know not whether, in naming my companions by their proper names, supposing thereby to honour them as indeed they deserve it, I should displease them (which thing I would not so much as think), I have determined to do as they that play on a Theatre, who under borrowed masks and disguised apparel, do represent the true personages of those whom they have undertaken to bring on the stage. I will therefore call them by names very agreeable to their skill and nature: the first ASER which signifieth *Felicity*: the second AMANA which is as much as to say *Truth*: the third ARAM which noteth to us *Highness*; and to agree with them as well in name as in education and behaviour, I will name myself ACHITOB which is all one with *Brother of Goodness*.”

In *The French Academie*, as in the play, we have four young men associating together to study contemplative philosophy. Biron, like Achitob, was a visitor to the Court:

“I only swore to study with your grace

And stay here in your Court for three years space.”

The other three were, both in the book and play, permanent residents. Biron corresponds to Achitob. But Biron has been thought by many distinguished Shakespeare scholars to be none other than a delineation of the poet's own person and character. I do not think there can be any doubt about the correctness of that opinion. Rosaline's description of Biron's genius is particularly appropriate:

“Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,¹
 Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That *aged ears* play truant at his *tales*,
 And *younger* hearings are quite ravished;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Compare this, especially the last five lines, with the description of the ideal poet in Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry* (published in 1595, nine years after Sidney's death):

"He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, *with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.*"

According to his biographers, Shakespeare had no other object in view than to put money in his purse by providing attractive fare for the auditors at the Globe, of which he was a shareholder. I cannot reconcile this conclusion with the nature of the plays as a whole. 'Love's Labour's Lost' is certainly outside the category. 'Troilus and Cressida' was published as being "never clapper-clawed by the palms of the vulgar," while 'Hamlet,' 'Lear' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' are more than twice the length that could be given in "the two hours' traffic" of the public theatre. That the dramatist had a higher purpose is clear to anybody who will take the trouble to read the *Apologie for Poetry*. Here we are told that the purpose of

¹ Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, writing about Bacon, said that "his language was nobly censorious where he could spare or pass by a jest."

playing is to show "all virtues, vices and passions so in their natural seats, laid to the view." Towards the end of the little book the author deploras the degradation of the stage and the 'gross absurdities' which were then applauded and above which Shakespeare was about to soar so majestically. He writes :

"So falleth it out, that having indeed no right Comedy in that comical part of our Tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility unworthy of any chaste ears ; or some extreme show of dollishness indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter and nothing else, where the whole tract of a Comedy should be full of delight as the Tragedy should be still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight : as though delight should be the cause of laughter, but well may one thing breed both together : nay rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariness, for delight we scarcely do but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost always cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornful tickling."

After a discussion of those things which cause delight, and which laughter, he continues :

"But I speak to this purpose that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stirreth laughter only, but mixed with it that delightful teaching which is the end of Poesy. And the great fault even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is that they stir laughter in sinful things which are rather execrable than ridiculous ; or

in miserable which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar or beggarly clown? or against law of hospitality to jest at strangers, because they speak not English as well as we do? . . . But rather a busy-loving courtier; a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster; a wry transformed traveller: these if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter and teaching delightfulness."

These recommendations were adopted in 'Love's Labour's Lost'—supposed to be the earliest Shakespeare play. We have

Biron—the 'busy-loving courtier.'

Holofernes—the 'self-wise-seeming schoolmaster.'

Armado—the 'wry transformed traveller' and a 'heartless threatening Thraso.'

The schoolmaster describes Armado's behaviour as 'vain, ridiculous and *thrasonical*.' The King says:

"Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined *traveller* from Spain:

A man in all the world's new fashions planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain."

There are close resemblances between Armado and Thraso in Terence's 'Eunuchus.' Both brag of their familiarity with royalty, and both are ever ready with empty threats:

Armado. "Dost thou infamonise me among potentates? Thou shalt die!"

Now, I do not think we can reasonably suppose that the young man fresh from the rude associations of a small agricultural town (in those days Stratford-on-

Avon was three days' journey from London, and practically isolated from the intellectual world) would, at his first attempt, aim at reforming the drama, or have had access to Sidney's unpublished manuscript for the directions which the author of the comedy undoubtedly pursued. 'Love's Labour's Lost' could have had no chance of success in the public theatre. It is purely an argument whose main purpose is to ridicule the Aristotelian or 'contemplative' philosophy, as opposed to the 'active.' Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Chapman, Kyd and others have all been suspected by various commentators as having had a hand in writing the plays. I suggest that 'Love's Labour's Lost' was either written by, or inspired by, Francis Bacon, who was vigorously opposed to 'contemplative' philosophy as expounded at the universities. He left Cambridge in 1576 at the age of sixteen, without taking a degree, as a protest against the methods of study prevailing there. He considered they were barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man. He then left England and visited France and Navarre for three years in the entourage of Sir Amyas Paulet, the British Ambassador.

In *The Advancement of Learning*, Bacon protests that :

"Men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of *Nature*, and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reason and conceits."

The King of Navarre's Academy, where books are to be studied in seclusion from 'the huge army of the world's desires' ('the observations of experience'), illustrates in its failure the argument in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. Biron exclaims :

“ Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others books.”

Bacon's chaplain, Dr. Rawley, tells us that “ his lordship had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds or notions within himself. He was *no plodder* upon Books.” The schoolmaster, Holofernes, and the curate, Sir Nathaniel, represent types who have spent a life in abstract study—men who hunted more after words than matter.

In *The Advancement of Learning* Bacon observes :

“ This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen who having sharp and strong wits and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading, but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges . . . did out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books.”

It has been pointed out that the objects which the King of Navarre hoped to gain from the studies of his Achademe—*viz.*, Fame, Honour, Immortality, etc.—are precisely those of the six Counsellors, who discourse on the various methods of achieving those ends in the Christmas Revels, known as ‘*Gesta Grayorum*,’ held at Gray's Inn in 1594. Shakespeare's play seems to have been in the mind of the Sixth Counsellor who, addressing the Prince of Purpoole, says :

“ They would make you a king in a play . . .
What ! nothing but tasks ? Nothing but working days ?
No feasting, no comedies, no love, no ladies ? ”

In Act I. Sc. i. Biron objects to the King's strict observances :

" Not to see a woman for three years,
One day in a week to touch no food,
One meal on every day beside,
To sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
Oh ! these are barren tasks too hard to keep—
Not to see ladies ; study, fast, not sleep."

" Use the advantage of your *youth*," advises the Counsellor.

Biron says (Act IV. Sc. iii.) : " To fast, to study and to see no woman ; flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of *youth* ! "

Biron proposes (Act IV. Sc. iii.) :

" In the afternoon

We will with some strange pastimes solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape,
For revels, masks, dances and merry hours,
Forerun fair love strewing her way with flowers."

The Masques, Plays and Merry-hours followed in the same manner in the Revels at Gray's Inn on this memorable occasion, at which 'A Comedy of Errors' was performed by 'a company of base and common fellows,' and a certain 'sorcerer' who arranged all these proceedings was given a mock trial on account of the 'errors and confusions' with which the revels closed.

There are also other remarkable parallelisms with Bacon's masque, 'A Conference of Pleasure,' written about 1591. There is a long speech 'In praise of the worthiest affection,' beginning :

" My praise shall be dedicated to the happiest state

of mind, to the noblest affection. I shall teach lovers to love that have all this while loved by rote. I shall give them the alphabet of love."

This he proceeds to do, and in the course of this discourse there is a number of resemblances with the long speech by Biron (Act IV. Sc. iii.), which I cannot explain, seeing that neither the play nor the masque were published at the time. The masque was not found until 270 years later at Northumberland House in the Strand. I give Shakespeare's version first :

" *Love gives to every power a double power.*"

" *Love gives the mind power to exceed itself.*"

" *Love is first learned in a woman's eyes.*"

The eye where love beginneth."

" *Is not love a Hercules ?*"

" *What fortune can be such a Hercules (as Love) ?*"

" *Love . . . with the motion of all elements.*"

" *Love is the motion that animateth all things.*"

" *But for my love . . . where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.*"

" *When we want nothing, there is the reason and the opportunity and the spring of love.*"

" *They here stand martyrs slain in Cupid's wars.*"

" *Lovers never thought their profession sufficiently graced till they had compared it to a warfare.*"

Very few critics have been able to hit upon the intention of the poet in this play—that it is a protest against the theory that life may be shaped according to youthful ideals without taking into account the things that are—the realities with which life is

surrounded. I am glad to note an exception in Dowden's *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art* :

"The play is chiefly interesting as containing Shakespeare's confession of faith with respect to the true principles of self-culture. The King of Navarre and his young lords had resolved for a definite period of time to circumscribe their beings and their lives with a little code of rules. They had designed to enclose a little favoured park in which ideas should rule to the exclusion of the blind and rude forces of nature. They were pleased to arrange human character and life, so that it might accord with their idealistic scheme of self-development. . . . The youthful idealists had supposed that they would form a little group of select and refined ascetics of knowledge and culture; it was quickly proved that they were men. The play is Shakespeare's declaration in favour of the fact as it is."

One of Bacon's arguments in the First Book of *The Advancement of Learning* is that the mind of man must work upon matter and not "upon itself as the spider worketh his web, for then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

It is surprising that with Professor Dowden's lead, published some thirty years ago, no commentator has troubled to follow up the clue as to the argument of Shakespeare's unique comedy.

Who knows but that some day a manuscript, or other document, may be discovered which will set all doubts of authorship at rest? The poet must have been a voluminous correspondent, and he must have written a great deal of poetry before 'Venus and

Adonis,' for the poem is far too perfect to be the 'first heir' of any man's 'invention.' We have been very near to the wished-for discovery. I refer to an old manuscript (now known as 'The Northumberland Manuscript') that came under the notice of Mr. John Bruce in 1869, when examining various ancient documents belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, at Northumberland House, Charing Cross. This small folio consisting of about twenty-two sheets was found among certain pamphlets written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It contained 'Devices' and speeches written by Bacon, and on the outer cover we find the names Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare written many times. Most of the contents mentioned on this page were found in the cover, but the plays 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.' were unhappily missing. The date of the manuscript would be prior to 1597, when these plays were printed and the need for manuscript copies would disappear. A line from 'Lucrece':

"Revealing day through every cranny peeps,"
and a variation of the long word in 'Love's Labour's Lost,'¹ 'honorificabilitudine,' are also scribbled on the cover. It is interesting to find in Bacon's 'Promus' (reproduced from the Manuscript in the British Museum by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence) that one entry reads:

"Ministerium meum *honorificabo*."

Sir George Greenword, in *Baconian Essays* (Cecil Palmer, 1922), observes that: "No other name of poet

¹ Cf. V. i.: "Thou art not so long by the head as *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*." This remarkable word, in the form quoted by Shakespeare, appeared in a work known as the *Catholicon*, by Giovanni da Genova. It was a kind of Latin grammar and dictionary and was first printed at Mainz in 1460. It was placed as a book of reference in the churches of France, and was used in the schools of Paris until 1759. The passage which appears to have attracted the poet's notice reads:

"Ab honorifico, hic et hec honorificabilis, et honorificabilitas et honorificabilitudinitas, et est longissima dictio, que illo versu continetur,—Fulget honorificabilitudinitatibus iste."

or actor appears upon 'the Scribble' as distinct from the table of contents. It is all either Shakespeare or Bacon. If a dishonest Baconian could fabricate fictitious evidence in the same way as the forger Ireland did for Shakspeare, it seems to me that he might well endeavour to concoct such a document as this."

I do not associate myself with the type of cryptogram which Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence claimed to have discovered in the word 'honorificabilitudinitatibus,' nor do I know of any other Baconian who does. But we do know that Francis Bacon was a mystic and that he invented ciphers, one of which, the bi-literal, is explained in his *De Augmentis* (1623), and it is reasonable to suppose, had he been the concealed author of the Shakespeare literature, he would have left marks or signatures scattered throughout the text. The author of an anonymous work, *Is it Shakespeare?*, published by John Murray in 1903, reproduced the first and last pages of the first edition of 'Lucrece' (1594), showing Bacon signatures at the beginning and end of the poem, though he omitted the curious marginal secret of the fifteenth stanza of the poem. In the *American Conservator*, in 1905, a Dr. Platt gave an ingenious solution of the riddle in 'Love's Labour's Lost':

Moth. "What is AB spelt backward with the horn on his head?"

Holofernes. "BA, *puericia*, with a horn added."

He claims to have discovered that a horn-shaped mark at the beginning of a word—on the head—in Elizabethan legal documents and printing was used for the legal term CON. If Bacon had written the play, and asked this curious riddle containing the first

two letters of his name, we should expect to find it capable of providing the second syllable of his surname. The dialogue is a discussion or quibble about the 'horn-book,' or ABC. The next letter to AB is, of course, C; and 'spelt backward' it is BAC. Mr. Denham Parsons has recently pointed out that 'C' is the letter anciently associated with the horns of the crescent moon, and refers to Lindsay's *Notae Latinae*, pp. xiii., 28-34, 333, on the use of the C *conversum* as a symbol of English lawyers for 'Con.' Then AB 'with the horn on his head' is OAB and backward it is BAO or BACON.

R. L. EAGLE.

A RESURRECTION POSSIBILITY.

REV. V. C. MACMUNN, B.A.

IN Samuel Butler's *Way of all Flesh* the free-thinking tailor sends Ernest Pontifex home to find out for himself what the Gospels have to say about the resurrection. Naturally, Ernest is struck by the various discrepancies, and is further surprised to find even so conservative a commentator as Dean Alford giving them up as hopeless, though insisting, as is doubtless true, that they do not really affect the central issue.

There is one of these discrepancies which is especially interesting since, as Harnack remarks, it points us back to a controversy as old as the Christian Church itself. Matthew and Mark seem to suggest that the principal scene of the resurrection appearances was Galilee. By Luke, on the other hand, or by the Jerusalem local traditions which Luke takes over, not only are the Apostles chained for forty days to Jerusalem, but the promise of our Lord to appear in Galilee is omitted, and the Angel's reference to the same promise is reproduced in an emended form. Here we get a glimpse of Jerusalem fully aware of the Galilean story, bent on denying it, exerting ingenuity to disprove it.

It is with this denial that the present paper deals. The world has moved since the days of Dean Alford, and progress has been made in the study of mysticism and Jewish apocalyptic. If we cannot now explain everything, we can at any rate reconstruct, on the basis

of one of our Gospels, a Galilean appearance of such a character that Jerusalem would tend to reject it. And if our reconstruction adheres fairly closely to its Gospel-basis, and accords fairly well with our Lord's attitude, so far as that is known to us, it will have perhaps some claim to a patient hearing and a merciful judgment.

Let us start then with Matthew, an Evangelist whose credit has been considerably raised of late by Mr. Jameson's proofs that he served as a source to Luke, or, as I should prefer to say, to the documents or traditions, products of Jerusalem, which Luke accepts. Matthew then describes our Lord as appearing to the Eleven on "the Mountain where Jesus had appointed them." It has, however, been frequently contended that others were present besides the Eleven, and in fact that the appearance is identical with the one mentioned by St. Paul as made to "above five hundred brethren at once." Such an opinion has much to recommend it. If the grounds generally urged in its favour are a little weak, other and more solid ones are readily forthcoming. On the one hand, such an important event as the appearance to the Five Hundred brethren is bound to have exercised a considerable, if concealed, influence on the traditions. On the other hand, the appointment of a place of meeting in Galilee was obviously unnecessary, if the proceedings concerned only the Eleven; but it acquires a purpose and meaning on the supposition that they concerned our Lord's Galilean adherents in general. Doubtless it seems hazardous to build an elaborate structure on a single text. But we can take comfort in reflecting that the isolation of Matthew is in appearance only. For when Mark makes our Lord announce at Gethsemane His

intention of marching into Galilee at the head of the Eleven, the announcement is tantamount to a second allusion to the Mountain *rendez-vous*, since apart from the project of a Galilean reunion of all His followers there would be no point in our Lord's taking the Eleven to Galilee at all.

If then we may provisionally suppose that the Five Hundred were present at this Mountain appearance of Matthew's, and that Matthew is right in throwing out his hints of a carefully-thought-out programme, our next task is to try to get some notion of the probable, or possible, object which that programme had in view.

Here the true answer, as it seems to me, is suggested by a footnote of Schweitzer's, although curiously enough Schweitzer fails to carry his thought to its obvious conclusion. He suspects that before His death our Lord had meant to return to Galilee for some purpose, at which we can only guess, connected with His office as Messiah. This suspicion has surely much to recommend it, now that it has become almost a commonplace of criticism that our Lord's prophecies of resurrection were prophecies really of His impending Second Coming. But Schweitzer, as I say, fails to press his idea home, letting his partisanship of Jerusalem blind him to the fact that the programme was not merely formulated, but actually carried out; since the coincident existence of both the Jerusalem and Galilean traditions suggests that, on the one hand, Christ "led out" the Eleven by appearing to St. Peter and the rest at the outset of their journey,¹ and that, on the other hand, He kept His promise, whatever that promise was, when the Eleven joined the Five Hundred at "the Mountain where He had appointed them."

¹ And, perhaps, at intervals during their journey.

If then we can only show that the allegation of our Lord's fulfilment of His promise would arouse opposition in Jerusalem, we shall have done what we have undertaken to do; we shall have reconstructed a Galilean appearance which would tend to disappear from the Jerusalem reports.

In this attempt our first step clearly is to inquire what the hypothetical promise probably contemplated, which we can do only by getting the best available idea of what our Lord meant by the Kingdom. I quote accordingly a passage from Bishop Gore.

If it be agreed, as I think it should be, that our Lord, while He accepted the Messianic expectation, profoundly spiritualized it, declaring the 'Kingdom of God' to be a kingdom of righteous men, such as must have its roots in the wills and hearts of men, and needs to be spiritually discerned, and is in actual process of establishment; and if further He took three recognized notes of the Kingdom, the New Covenant of God with His people, and the Resurrection of the Dead, and the Effusion of the Spirit, and led His disciples to expect the realization of these notes in the immediate future—that is in His own death and the immediately following events—if this be so, then there was certainly a sense in which He viewed the Kingdom as coming immediately. Thus when we find Him saying, "Verily I say unto you, there be some here of them that stand by, which shall in no wise taste of death till they see the Kingdom of God come with power," and again, before His Jewish judges, "Henceforth ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven" (as in the vision of Daniel), we shall be disposed to find the fulfilment of these prophecies in the early chapters of the Acts. There we are given a picture of the little community of disciples absorbed in the sense of their Lord as already exalted by God's right hand and to God's right hand, and as acting upon them and through them with power from heaven, though there was a further coming to be expected. And so impressed were "the brethren" with the divine power working through the apostles that they regarded them, even in their own community, as a class apart.

"Of the rest durst no man join himself to them; howbeit the (Jewish) people magnified them." The disciples would have felt that they already saw the twelve, according to Christ's promise, "sitting on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Already the community of believers in Jesus as the Christ was the real Israel, and the Apostles were its princes, and Christ was not only reigning in glory in heaven but was so manifested on earth in judgments and wonderful works.

Thus far Dr. Gore. Suppose now that our Lord expected the immediate coming of the Kingdom in the sense indicated, and suppose or rather remember, on the other hand, that He possessed a number of Galilean followers, the disciples implied by the Sermon on the Mount, the Five Hundred brethren mentioned by St. Paul, need we go further in our search for the motives which made Him form His plans for a great gathering of all His adherents after His death? These Galilean disciples were to come together in order that the Divine Spirit might descend upon them, and constitute them accordingly the nucleus of the projected Kingdom of righteous men. It was presumably with this descent and its consequences in view that Christ had gathered adherents about Him and instructed them from the first. When, therefore, the time came for His death to remove the only remaining barriers, it was almost inevitable that He should think of a great meeting as the necessary preliminary to the fulfilment of His hopes and theirs.

Indications are not lacking that for primitive Christian thought, though doubtless not universally, the Kingdom came at the resurrection. According to a legend incorporated by Matthew, the dead saints rose from their graves and appeared unto many. Why, if not to show that one of the supposed conditions of the great Coming had been fulfilled? In John xxi. He acts

as host to certain of His followers on the shore of the Galilean Lake. Why, if not because He had promised them to eat and drink at His table in His Kingdom? And what are the various forms of the so-called Apostolic Commission but so many proofs that at the resurrection Christ had set the Church upon her throne? Even in Acts Christ spends the resurrection-epoch in speaking to His disciples "of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."

If, then, Matthew tells us that whoever came to the Galilean Mountain, came there because our Lord had arranged for a meeting to take place there after His death; if such an appointment looks as though it contemplated a Second Coming to set up the Kingdom; if we can rightly attribute to our Lord a view of the Kingdom true and noble in itself and also consistent with His making these arrangements; if the Early Christians themselves more or less believed that the Kingdom had been inaugurated at the resurrection-coming of our Lord;—our theory may seem at first sight somewhat strange and perplexing, but it seems also to be the point on which the lines of probability converge.

If, however, there is anything at all in these suggestions, and if the Five Hundred, not only went to the Mountain in the expectation of seeing our Lord return in His Messianic glory to inaugurate His rule of righteousness, but came away with the claim that their expectations had been more than realized, nothing further is in fact required to explain the objection of Luke's Jerusalem sources to Galilean appearances.

Here the appeal is to the opposite tendencies of thought and feeling in the two centres respectively. It was precisely in the sphere of eschatology that the

sober common-sense of Jerusalem was at issue with the fervid and poetic temperament of the Galileans. "Galilee," says Dr. Charles, "was the home of eschatology, whereas Jerusalem looked on it askance." The only Rabbis, I am told, whose sayings on mysticism and eschatology have been preserved, are Galileans. Is it not probable, and that in the highest degree, that the suspicions of Galilean Apocalyptic speculations, which obtained among non-Christians at Jerusalem, should not be very long in finding their reflection in the ranks of the believers? Nay, do we not find actual traces of this very tendency in Luke himself, when he represents our Lord as rebuking His fellow-guest who hankers after the Messianic banquet, or those among His followers who suppose that the Kingdom is immediately to appear?

It may be questioned whether in any case the purely ethical and spiritual conception of the Kingdom which we have learnt from Bishop Gore to attribute to our Lord, would have ever been acceptable to Jerusalem; for the Canticles of Luke and the question of Acts i. 6 ("Lord, dost Thou at this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?") seem alike to imply that the thought of the Kingdom still involves for the writer the military triumph of Israel over its foes. But the Galilean story did not simply say that the Kingdom was a kingdom of righteousness, the "Kingdom of the Saints of the Most High." It said further that this Kingdom of the Saints had begun as a Kingdom of Galileans. It is doubtful if Jerusalem, with its contempt and hatred of Galilee, would ever have agreed to this, after, at any rate, the days of the first enthusiasm were over. The whole claim of the Galileans would sooner or later be scouted as the natural product of their usual fanaticism.

They were dupes of their own enthusiasm. They had seen what they expected to see.

So much for the first great stumbling block. But I seem also to see traces of another. Besides the claim that the Kingdom of God had been inaugurated in Galilee, there seems to have been another element in the Galilean story which alienated men's minds at Jerusalem,—namely the witnesses' description of the Christ whom they saw, or of the way in which they came to see Him.

Unless I am mistaken, a fundamental difference of attitude separates the two lines of tradition. There is a palpable divergence in the points on which they lay their emphasis. For Jerusalem, what matters is the risen Lord's identity. "See My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself." "He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs." For Galilee the point lies principally in our Lord's declaration of Messianic status, or in His promise of mystical presence. "All power hath been given Me in heaven and on earth." "Lo, I am with you always." We may even surmise that the Galilean experience was in itself of a more mystical character than we should gather from the actual accounts of it. Such certainly was the case with the appearance to St. Paul on the road to Damascus. It is described to us non-mystically in Acts, whether in St. Luke's own narrative or in the speeches attributed to St. Paul. Yet in Galatians St. Paul speaks of it as a purely mystical experience: "It pleased God to reveal His Son *in me*." It seems probable on this analogy that, when we read of the risen Lord as informing the Galileans of His Cosmic Authority, we may, if we will, regard this form

of expression as implying that they were in fact privileged to "reflect as a mirror the glory of the Lord and be transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as from the Lord the Spirit." On the whole, the Jerusalem accounts seem to imply a renewed intercourse with Christ in His humanity; whereas the Galilean Mountain appearance is at least suggestive of Mystical Union in the Spirit with the Divine Son.

Beyond doubt this mystical experience, if mystical it really was, would make little appeal to Jerusalem. Even in its acceptance of our Lord as Messiah, the Church of Jerusalem in its prosaic anti-mystical fashion concentrated its attention on our Lord's royal dignity. For Jerusalem He was Christ the Son of David rather than the Heavenly Son of Man. Or at least this is a possible deduction from the succession of representatives of the seed royal, James and the other brethren of the Lord, on the Bishop's throne; the parallel with an ordinary earthly dynasty has been frequently remarked upon. Minds so constituted would suspect illusion in any experience claiming to be mystical; and once the Apostles left Jerusalem, as they did apparently twelve years after the resurrection, there would be little to check the tendency towards an entire rejection of the Galilean account.

Perhaps, though this is mere conjecture, the norm by which Jerusalem tested and rejected the Galilean accounts of a Mystic Union with a Heavenly Christ was James the Lord's brother's account of the appearance to himself, an appearance doubtless of the human Christ, the brother after the flesh.

Jerusalem, be it remembered, had tested Galilee in another way, had tested and found it wanting.

The beautiful poetic thought of a Kingdom of righteous men, without a single thought for the usual prizes of ordinary life, had been put in practice. The great experiment of voluntary communism had been made. It had issued in utter failure. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Theories which ended in financial chaos, must surely be based on treacherous foundations, and who could say where the dreaming ended and the truth began?

There were thus, I suggest, two principal points more or less visibly at issue in the dispute between the traditions. There was the question as to the nature and origin of the Kingdom or Church. There was the question whether the risen Christ made His final appeal to the bodily senses as Man or Son of David, or to the spirit as the glorified Messiah or Divine Son.¹ Thus there is more in the matter than the battle between rival schemes of eschatology, more even than the age-long battle between mysticism and common sense; there is an anticipation of the later battle, fought also on the soil of Palestine, between Nazarenes and Ebionites, there is an anticipation even of the final conflict between Athanasius and Arius.

VIVIAN MACMUNN.

¹ Mark seems to draw a broad distinction between angelophanies at Jerusalem and christophanies in Galilee. Does this point back to a time when Galilee reciprocated the attitude of Jerusalem, and assigned the alleged appearances at Jerusalem, not to our Lord, but to His angel, reproducing His every feature as guardian angels were supposed to do?

SYMBIOSIS AND THE INTEGRATION OF LIFE.

H. REINHEIMER.

By Symbiosis I understand systematic biological co-operation, i.e. co-operation between organisms belonging to different species.

Whether we view the phenomenon in a narrow, morphological, or in a wider, yet, as I hold, more definite, socio-physiological sense, it is one of first-rate importance, deserving widest attention. Botany, zoology, physiology, pathology, agriculture, sociology are all alike concerned in Symbiosis.

In an article on 'Social Life among the Insects' (*The Scientific Monthly*, June, 1922), Prof. W. M. Wheeler, of Harvard, states:

Living beings not only struggle and compete with one another for food, mates and safety, but they also work together to insure to one another these same indispensable conditions for development and survival. The phenomena of mutualism and co-operation are, indeed, so prevalent among plants and animals and affect their structure and behaviour so profoundly that there has arisen within very recent years a new school of biologists, who might be called 'symbiotists,' because they devote themselves to the investigation of a whole world of micro-organisms which live in the most intimate symbiosis within the very cells of many if not most of the higher animals and plants.

This, however, refers only to a part of the story: the beneficial relation between micro and higher organisms. To it should be added the wide and tremendously important field of beneficial mutual relations between the higher organisms themselves.

Evidently Prof. Wheeler adheres to the orthodox view, which confines the concept of Symbiosis to physical attachment of partners, to a kind of beneficial parasitism—a contradiction in terms. From this view I dissent, since to me the spirit matters more than the form, and I attach greater importance to the fact of reciprocity than to that of intimacy of physical contact. The distance or proximity of symbiotic partners, I contend, matters comparatively little. What matters is the kind of relation that obtains between them. Hence, with me, the concept of Symbiosis covers every form of mutually helpful inter-organismal relations. I would stress chiefly the socio-physiological fact of partnership together with its avail towards ampler life. What orthodox biology stresses is the narrow, morphological fact of attachment, irrespective of socio-physiological results.

Here is a brief recital of the evolutionary achievements of Symbiosis, at least on my interpretation of the facts.

The fixation of atmospheric nitrogen was one of the earliest problems of organic life, and the successful solution of the problem one of life's greatest triumphs. It was the plant which here, as in many other important ways, anticipated by long ages the inventions of man. The importance to the organic world of plants which force nitrogen to combine in a form useful to living beings, is almost inconceivable. But for such supplies of nitrogenous food, life itself would become impossible in the world.

Bacteria and fungi are prominent vegetable 'chemists,' active in the fixation of nitrogen. A bacteria-less ocean and a bacteria-less earth would soon be inhospitable either for plants or animals. Not only did these

lowly organisms fix atmospheric nitrogen, but in due course they carried the process to the nitrate terminus.

The secret of their power lay, at least in great part, in combination, in division of labour, in co-operation. Nitrates represent an end-product. They are produced in stages and with contributions by different organisms. That is to say, their manufacture requires systematic mutual industry, or Symbiosis on the part of many organisms.

Now the coming of the higher plants and of the animals was dependent upon the presence in sufficient quantities of suitable nitrates in the soil, and the number of plants which at the present day live in active Symbiosis with bacteria and fungi is legion. The higher plant is able to spare some of its carbohydrate surplus in exchange for nitrogen, and it has been found that a continuous supply of carbohydrates from the green plants is a prime condition of the nitrogen synthesis.

It is my thesis that the great steps in the evolution of the higher forms were without exception based upon a succession of ever higher forms of life-partnerships.

Darwin held that all plants and animals are descended from a common ancestor. The symbiotic division of the descendants into plants and animals was probably the greatest single step in advance made by life. The two 'kingdoms' remained essentially complementary and, fundamentally, they still stand to each other in a relation of Symbiosis. In the same sense, Symbiosis was the secret of the general diversification of life on our globe, of the successful conquest of the sea and, subsequently, of the land by organic life, as the following example is well calculated to show.

In some cases of alga-cum-sponge Symbiosis in

the sea, the alga branches profusely and ramifies through the canal system of the sponge, the alga using for food the carbon dioxide given off by the living sponge tissues, obtaining its salts from the water passing through the canals, and, on the other hand, supplying the sponge with the oxygen given off in photosynthesis.

What emerges is this: the sponge needs a particular substance, which the alga knows how to manufacture, and which the latter can well afford to surrender in exchange for a spare product of the sponge. Given a situation such as this, given, in other words, a pair of opposites to be adequately accommodated, given also sufficient disposition on the part of the opposite parties, the opportunity is provided for a continuous process of mutual stimulation purporting increasing mutual benefits, and conducing in the result to increased specialization, increased capacity and efficiency, and increased yields, not only to the partners, but also to life generally, which is thus the richer for the adoption of the symbiotic mode of life wherever met with.

That the plants have succeeded in constraining the animals to numerous counter-services, on the principle of *do ut des*, is a well-known fact. Fruit-eating animals, including birds and mammals, have in many ways been made instrumental in the dispersal of plants over our globe, and this very reliably so.

If the respective plants were thus favourably circumstanced, this was due to their having (unconsciously) understood and mastered the secret of Symbiosis.

Again, the constant 'crossing' of plants, effected by animal agency, in pollination, is an important factor

in ensuring the viability and evolution of the plant. The plant can well afford to succour the pollen- or nectar-seeking animal in return for vital symbiotic services.

Further, by means of Symbiosis, plants and animals have rendered both the sea and the land progressively hospitable to each other. On the land, as in the water, the plants have led the way. Without the plant, the animal could not have made a home upon the land. Food, moisture and shelter, all had to be supplied by the plant, if terrestrial life was to be permanently successful. Here, as in the waters, the plant has known how to drill the animal into habits of Symbiosis. In the important transition from maritime to shore life, a preliminary step in many cases to a more terrestrial life, many animals, such as the tiny flat-worm *Convoluta roscoffensis*, have found it essential to take their plant-partners with them. These animals harbour green algæ within themselves, with which they live in a relation of (seasonal) Symbiosis, and this gives them a wonderful independence so far as outside food supplies are concerned; and it is thus a great aid in the accomplishment of a big step in evolution.

The pathway of progress consists in the main of what I have called 'Norm-Symbiosis,' namely, the partnership between plant and animal, which, on the grand scale of Nature, constitutes the essence of the evolutionary process—so much so that often it would be a gain to speak of 'co-evolution' instead of 'evolution.' It is to this stable, successful and all-essential form of Symbiosis that I mainly call attention. On Norm-Symbiosis I base my biological relativity with regard to good and evil, normal and abnormal. Do the activities of the species further Norm-Symbiosis and,

hence, co-evolution? If so, they are legitimate and good. Do they, on the contrary, tend to frustrate this, the main, scheme of evolution? If so, they are illegitimate, evil and abnormal. There is no go-as-you-please in the universe. The good life is not an easy life. Restraint and ordered freedom are as much the rule in the web of life, as they are in the physiological economy of the individual body. The legitimacy of the metabolism is determined by the behaviour of the organism. It is not for nothing that plants and animals are physiological and bio-economic complements. There is a pact between the two. Their respective physiology and anatomy are determined accordingly; which is also saying that they are determined in a fundamental way with reference to joint progress, and to the maximum good of organic life. It merely remains to be seen, to what an extent organisms can, by anti-symbiotic behaviour, at the risk of health and status, flout the fundamental dispensation of organic life.

A plant of abnormal metabolism is one which is faulty also with regard to the symbiotic provision of Oxygen, Carbon and Calcium (all of which are essential to the animal, in the form which the plant knows best to furnish). An animal of abnormal metabolism is one that fails to render symbiotic counter-services to the plants (which rely upon same). Let a plant turn parasite, and it will lose, not only its woody fibre, but also eventually its chlorophyll—the chief glory of the vegetable. Such a loss means *inter alia* a diminution of the power of directing animal evolution into legitimate channels. What thus happens in the biological sphere is the exact analogue to what happens in the physiological and pathological sphere. The cancer cell

renders no counter-services to other cells. On the contrary, it completely fails to co-operate. It represents a complete divorce from Symbiosis. Hence, it loses its nobler parts, one by one. It typifies in its life the path of suicidal evolution. Its reproduction proceeds morbidly and destructively of its own source of sustenance. It exhibits a reversion to an embryonic type, as though returning to nullity. Tumours, which are largely composed of cancer cells, contrary to what is the rule with normal structures, are incompletely supplied with blood vessels. Here, as in the web of life, the nemesis is the same: the thief steals from himself. Compensation is the rule, as was clearly apprehended by Emerson, when he stated that it is the one base thing in the universe to receive services and to render none.

All of which goes to show, *inter alia*, that if pathology is backward, this is for the reason that the study of organic sociality has too long been neglected.

As I attach considerable importance to the distinction between biological good and evil, I may here quote a similar view by an American biologist, Dr. Wm. Patten, who states this:

The familiar terms 'evolution,' 'the struggle for existence,' and the 'survival of the fittest' are essentially meaningless and unsatisfying terms because they fail to indicate what is good and what is evil, or to give any comprehensive explanation of how things come into being, why they endure, and how they increase in power. These questions lie at the root of all organic or inorganic products; they are the fundamental questions which all sciences and all religions seek to answer. But when we realize that evolution is the summation of power through co-operation, and 'good' is that which perpetuates or improves co-operation; when we realize that the 'struggle for existence' is a struggle to find better ways and means of co-operation, and the 'fittest' is the one

that co-operates best—we shall then realize that science and religion and government stand on common ground and have a common purpose. Until this basic truth is recognized there can be no common goal for intellectual endeavour; no common rules for individual and social conduct; no common standard of what is right and what is wrong; and no common knowledge of that which creates and preserves and that which destroys.

It is clear that there is not only biological, but also internal Symbiosis, *i.e.* between the parts of the individual body. The organs of the body are semi-independent organisms. They are capable of separate existence. And so are the partnering alga and fungus, composing the lichen organism. The two forms of co-operation, of course, go together and mutually complement each other. Stahl, a German botanist, succeeded in artificially integrating a new lichen organism by means of Symbiosis. He brought the spores of a lichen-forming fungus in contact with algal cells, with which they had never been associated in Nature; which may at the same time be regarded as symptomatic of the way in which internal and external Symbiosis may coalesce, the difference between them being simply one of degree and not of kind.

The term 'organism' has been defined as implying individual units of organic matter, which may be regarded as unified and co-ordinated entities. Neither co-ordination, nor unification, nor even integration is, however, enough to meet the case. These terms are apt to slur over the all-important sociological factor, comprising the indispensable reciprocity of services and what this involves in the performance of duties, in behaviour. Without reciprocity, or Symbiosis, integration would fail of its effects. The differentiation and the perfection of a part are useful to the organism only in so far as they can assist the other parts in the

accomplishment of their functions and the organism, as a whole, in the discharge of its duties in the web of life. Reciprocity and compensation are all-essential to the organic world; and Emerson was well warranted in declaring that benefit is the end of Nature, but that for every benefit obtained a tax is levied. We have hitherto merely lacked a system of thought, a science of behaviour, to which to refer bio-social factors. But the admixture of sociology with physiology is very real and very important, none the less, and we can never get away from it.

The units of the individual body have become specialists, the better to perform the particular duties devolving upon them. As such they have to rely in turn for compensation, upon the industry and integrity of the other parts. Hence, too, there is more than an etymological connection between the terms integration and integrity. Just as an organism, considered apart from its environment, is purely a theoretical abstraction, so integration and division of labour are inadequate concepts apart from socio-physiological connotation.

Such means of integration as enzymes, vitamins and hormones, owe their origin to the co-evolution between plant and animal, which, by joint effort, have succeeded in organizing the chemical and physical means at their disposal to a high pitch of perfection. The internal secretions, especially those affecting growth, resemble the accessory food-factors, as the vitamins have also been called, which latter are supplied to the animals by the plants, since plants alone are able to make them. All of which shows that if integration and evolution are matters of bio-chemistry, they are also matters of bio-sociality. Without a pact between plant and animal, many highly organized

and indispensable substances would never have been engendered. We have seen that it was along with the invention of Symbiosis that the lowly bacteria acquired their wonderful power of fixing and elaborating nitrogen, upon which process our agriculture largely depends. On no other basis but that of Symbiosis would such achievement have been possible, and it is much the same with the production of other essential substances. Save for Symbiosis they would not exist.

Very little is known regarding the chemical nature of either hormones or vitamins. It may turn out that we have to do with minute traces of metallic elements, perhaps some of the rare metals. This is a suggestion thrown out by Sir William M. Bayliss, F.R.S., one of our foremost physiologists. He reminds us, in this connection, of the need of zinc, in extremely small amounts, for the optimal growth of the mould *Aspergillus*. "Certain of the endocrine organs," he further says, "may indeed have the function of supplying in an active or utilisable form some particular element, as appears to be the case with the thyroid gland in relation to iodine."

Again we may conclude that, in the course of evolution, definite and highly specialized duties have devolved upon all units, be they biological or physiological. Every gland depends upon the co-operation of others, and the whole system has to depend for its well-being upon a truly wonderful amount of subtle and co-ordinated stimulation, calling for subordination of the parts to a common good, for a high degree of integrity. Like gregarious or social animals, the parts of the body have to evolve a disposition, both psychical and physiological, for mutual aid, mutual forbearance and concord. Any waywardness of disposition may prove

fatal, just as it does in the social life of organisms or men.

The mineral substances, which it is the duty of the glands to elaborate, must be supplied with the food ; and it is the duty of the organism to supply the requisite raw material by adequate efforts, failing which, wrongful stimulation, with resulting monstrosity and disease, ensues. In other words, the integrity of the parts requires to be matched by that of the individual body.

It has been found that in the last analysis Symbiosis is connected with food. This had to be so for several reasons. Food was too important a matter to have remained unregulated, and a symbiotic relation is a means towards its regulation. Symbiosis renders the elaboration and supply of food subject to the maximum good of life. It entails a definite pathway of life, a steady and reliable disposition to social conduct and, accordingly, considerable restraint in matters of food and reproduction. Eating, as Samuel Butler says, is a mode of love. That is to say, food has a quasi-genetic value. The more we glean regarding the accessory food-factors, the vitamines, the more we realize that evolution depends largely upon food, and the more do we learn to respect the sources of the vitamines, such as seeds and fruits, for instance. The more, too, are we constrained to recognize that the evolutionary process was essentially one of Symbiogenesis, *i.e.* one maintained and furthered by Symbiosis.

Evolutionary physiology shows that food-stimulation could not have been left to chance, if chaos was to be avoided. This is what Prof. Ch. Richet means, when he states that we have a humoral personality, which is due absolutely to the multiple ingestions and

intoxications which have altered each of us by leaving indelible effects, and that, if heterogeneous substances were permitted to penetrate the organism with impunity and modify its fundamental chemical properties, entering into the protoplasm and altering its nature, then all would be over with the somatic constitution, the fruit of slow and ancestral acquisition, of every kind of animal. In other words, it is only too true, what Samuel Butler foreshadowed, namely, that food has a quasi-genetic value. It is an important factor in morphogenesis. According to Prof. Richet, Nature desiderates the stability of the species. But it is also necessary to recognize that there can be no such stability in the absence of a satisfactory bio-social basis of life, and that this basis must vanish with any protracted unilateral exploitation of organism by organism, as in domestication, in parasitism and in purely seasonal Symbiosis, for instance. And this is also a reason why the getting of food, *i.e.* the way it is got, has always been of supreme importance in evolution, although space forbids to expand on this matter.

In his address on 'The Progression of Life in the Sea,' before the British Association, Section D, at Hull, Dr. E. J. Allen, F.R.S., tracing the origin of organic life out of inorganic in the sea, begins with an autotrophic flagellate, manufacturing its own food, and he makes it the starting-point from which all other organisms, both plant and animal, have sprung. He dismisses Lankester's theory that early life nourished itself in parasite fashion on organic matter already existing in a non-living state. On the contrary, the probability is that the arch-organism was equipped and polarized for the gaining of its livelihood by honest labour, by industry. We may assume that such polari-

zation was the only one concordant with fundamental and perennial cosmic necessities, and that it was, hence, a requisite constituting the very essence of organization itself. It was a requisite also for bio-economic reasons, as can be fully demonstrated. Nature is ever consistent though she feign to contravene her own laws.

Dr. Allen, in dealing with the evolution of polarity amongst arch-organisms, knows only the morphological point of view, ignoring the bio-economic or socio-physiological. He shows that at an early stage in the development of the individual organism, the spherical shape, which the organic plasma was compelled to assume under the influence of surface-tension, underwent an important modification, the effect of which has impressed itself upon later developments. A spherical organism floating in the water and growing under the direct influence of light would obviously grow more rapidly on the upper side, where the light first strikes it, than it would on the lower side away from the light.

There followed, therefore, an elongation of the sphere in the vertical direction, and the definite establishment of an anterior end, the upper end which lay towards the light and at which the most vigorous growth took place. In this way there was established a definite polarity, which has persisted in all higher organisms, a distinction between an anterior and a posterior end. With the concentration of organic substance which took the form of nucleus and reserve food-supply, the specific gravity of the plasma would become greater than that of the surrounding water and the organism would tend to sink. The necessity, therefore, arose for some means of keeping it near the surface, that it might continue to grow under the influence of light. The response to this need, however it was attained, came in the development of an anterior flagellum. This we may regard as an elongation in the direction of the light of a contractile portion of the external layer, moving rhythmically, which by its movement counteracted the action of gravity, and acting as a tractor drew the primitive flagellate

upwards towards the surface-layers, into a position where further growth was possible. With the establishment of the flagellum an organ is produced which shows remarkable persistence in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and from the existence of the flagellated spermatozoon in the higher vertebrates, in accordance with Haeckel's biogenetic law that the individual in its development repeats or recapitulates the history of the race, we conclude that they also in their earliest history passed through a plankton¹ flagellate phase.

Evidently the activities of the flagellum to ensure a place in the sun constitute work. And that a definite polarity has persisted in all higher organisms, that the flagellum as an organ has shown remarkable persistence in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, serves to emphasize the truth that there is a fundamental and perennial need of work and of self-supporting labour. It shows that parasitism, the denial of such essentials, is fatal to integration. The arch-organism was one determined by the salt content and the specific gravity of the water, by the solar influence available, by the variations of day and night. It had to be adapted accordingly. Yet, over and above these cosmic requirements, there were those of work, of self-support and of organic inter-action, requiring with equal insistence to be allowed for. The organism had to be useful not only in a simply expedient, but also in a general sense. In proportion as it was not so useful, it was not valuable, but malignant. On the cosmic side, it achieved integration by the conversion of inorganic into organic matter. But there was also an indispensable socio-physiological side, in as much as without co-operation nothing could have been achieved. We are not wrong in assuming that division of labour had a great deal to do with the diversification of the

¹ Floating or drifting minute sea-life (Gk. *plagktos*=wandering).—ED.

parts, and that there was, hence, a constant need of integrity. It seems fairly evident that all that emerged—nucleus, reserve food-supply and flagellum—came by way of response to a need of division of labour—need of adaptation notwithstanding. This is also true of further developments. For we are told that, although there is no knowing at what stage in the history of the autotrophic flagellate the first formation of chlorophyll and its allied pigments took place, the subsequent concentration of the pigments into definite chromatophores or chloroplasts doubtless increased immensely the efficiency of the organism in producing the food which was necessary to it. All of which comes under the heading of division of labour. The evolution of chlorophyll is essentially an evolution in division of labour. The connected augmentation of the power of photosynthesis follows everywhere in the wake of progress in Symbiosis. This may be seen in the case of the lichen, for instance, where the alga functions the better in photosynthesis, the more the partnering fungus specializes in those chemical functions deputed to it.

We may feel sure that behaviour, too, had to be regulated, quite as much as form. Legitimate instincts had to be ingrained quite as much as polarity. Integrity of behaviour was as essential as integrity of polarity, if there was to be a desirable progression of life, one consistent with the maximal good of life. Which is also saying that parasitism could never have had the sanction of Nature. Indeed the fate suffered by the parasite is such as to afford negative evidence for what I mean by evolution by Symbiosis, as we shall see in the sequel.

H. REINHEIMER.

(Read at a Meeting of the Quest Society, Jan. 25, 1923.)

THE GOSPEL OF THE TRUE DIONYSUS.

ROBERT EISLER, Ph.D.

It is twenty-one years since Prof. Julius Grill of Tübingen published the first part of his arresting studies on the origin of the 4th gospel. Nevertheless the book has not received the attention it deserves. I know of no English quotation from it but that in Prof. Nath. Schmidt's *Prophet of Nazareth* (New York, 1905, p. 133), who called attention to Grill's comparison of the 'Son of Man' with the *Purusha* (Man) or *Nārāyana* (the Man-like incarnation of Vishnu), a fortunate though at that time isolated discovery, which ought not to have been overlooked by Reitzenstein in his recent studies on the subject.

The author has now followed up this important and original work on the 'Gnostic' ideas (Logos, Light, Life, etc.) in John, and on the parallelism between the Indian *avatāras* of Vishnu and the Christian theory of an 'incarnated' divinity, with a second very interesting part, devoted to the thesis that the leading ideas of the 4th gospel are conceived under the strong influence of the Dionysian mysteries.¹

The starting-point is of course the legend of the marriage-feast of Kana, which has long been recognized (*e.g.*, by D. F. Strauss) as containing elements borrowed

¹ Julius Grill, D.D., Ph.D. (Prof. Em. of Theology at Tübingen), 'Untersuchungen über die Entstehung des vierten Evangeliums.' Teil I., 1902, pp. xii. + 408. Teil II.: 'Das Mysterienevangelium des hellenisierten kleinasiatischen Christentums.' Tübingen (J. C. B. Mohr—Paul Siebeck), 1923; pp. vii. + 444; about 20s.

from a Dionysian miracle-story. Hence the author proceeds to elaborate what he calls the Dionysian features in the character of Jesus, as pictured by the fourth evangelist, under the following instructive headings: 'The Bringer of Joy,' 'The Giver of the Water of Life and the Personified Vine'; 'The Bridegroom and Miracle-working Marriage-guest'; 'The Fanatic who also appears as a Raving Madman'; 'Threatened with Stoning'; 'The Imperious one, who wields Terror'; 'The Seer'; 'The Healer'; 'The Liberator, Cleanser and Saviour'; 'Recalling to Life a Dead Man from his Tomb and the Underworld'; 'Who himself suffers Death'; 'But rises again Victoriously'; 'Who Goes and Comes again, Appears and Disappears'; 'Who is Immanent in his Worshippers,' etc.

The comparisons given under these headings are interesting and useful, though at times just a little strained and artificial. Moreover, the venerable veteran's comparative treatment of Greek and Indian mythology appears occasionally somewhat Max Müllerish, in an age that has been trained to see these myths in the light of Mannhardt's and Sir James Frazer's folklorist discoveries, and to look for the ritual and cult facts behind them. Further, the independent analysis of the gospel-texts is occasionally somewhat neglected for the sake of comparison, and could sometimes have been pursued a good deal further than the author has seen fit to do. Thus, at the very beginning, Prof. Grill—as indeed all previous commentators—has not taken the trouble of investigating the tendency of the Miracle of Kana story. The legend *must have a purpose*; and indeed there is ample evidence to prove that the Ebionite party in the earliest Church, who probably followed the example of the first 'bishop'

of Jerusalem,—Jesus' brother and successor, James the Just (Pious), a Nazir and as such sworn to strict abstinence from wine,—celebrated the Eucharist with *water* instead of wine, contrary to the example of Jesus. Consequently, if we meet with a story where the miraculous power of the 'guest' at the Messianic marriage-banquet (Rev. 19⁷; Matth. 22¹¹.) changes the very rinsing-water (Jn. 2⁶) into wine, which the present text says was far superior to all the human vintages supplied by the host for his guests,—it seems quite obvious that the aim of it is to justify a eucharistic celebration, where simple water represents, or is even supposed to be changed into, the wine of the Last Supper, and the redeeming blood of the Saviour, by the words of consecration,—that is, by the miraculous power of the Logos.

The Ebionite character of the source from which the charming little idyllion is derived, becomes even more obvious, if we observe that the shocking maxim "Everybody (!) gives his guests worse wine, when the men are well drunk" (v. 10)¹ does not belong to the original text, but is added by a vulgar Greek reader (of the same mentality as the one who added "they had no wine, because the wine of the marriage-feast had come to an end," or "it happened that the wine ran short, because of the crowd that had been invited") to the touchingly simple statement (in v. 3), that "there was no wine," "no wine could be served" (*oinou hysterēsantos*), and "they *have* no wine"—meaning that they were too poor to afford it. Let us then

¹ This is totally unknown to the whole casuistry of Jewish convivial rules (S. Krauss), but is shown to be a trick of low-class Greek tavern hostesses by Theopompus (Fr. 344, Müller; Windisch, *Zeitschrift f. Ntest. Wiss.*, 1913, 253).

correct this—and the equally shocking and senseless usual mistranslation “Woman, what have I to do with thee” for the Aramæan “*Mā li walakh, nesha*”—and read anew the little tale of the helper of the ‘poor people’ (*‘ebionim*) as it was meant, instead of visualizing it after the manner of the sumptuous banquets painted by a Titian or Paolo Veronese under the title ‘The Marriage-feast of Kana.’

And the third day there was a marriage in Kana and the mother of Jesus was there. And both Jesus was invited and his disciples to the marriage. And when wine was not forthcoming the mother of Jesus saith to him: They *have* no wine! And Jesus said unto her: What concern [is that] of mine or thine, lady [mother]?¹ My hour² is not yet come. But his mother saith to the servers:³ Whatever he saith unto you, do. And there were set here six waterpots of stone according to the purification-rules of the Jews, containing two or three firkins a-piece. Jesus saith to them: Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.⁴ Then he saith to them: Draw out now and bear to him who sits at the head of the table. And they bare [it].

When the guest at the head of the table had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was,—but the servers who had drawn the water knew,—he called the bridegroom and saith to him: Everyman⁵ *at the beginning* setteth forth

¹ *Nesha* is much more respectful than the Greek *Gynai*; it is like the German *Frau*. A dutiful son in Germany would formerly address his mother as *Frau Mutter*; and this is the sense of *Gynai* here, and in Jn. 1926, 2015.

² *Sc.* when, as the bridegroom of the Messianic banquet, I shall have to provide the wine for the guests with my own blood.

³ Not ‘servants.’ Just as the original deacons of the Christian communities, they are thought of as voluntary helpers, friends or neighbours serving the bridal pair and their guests at table. It is not in a house with servants that they *have* no wine. Even so the *architriklinos*, ‘table-master,’ ‘governor of the feast,’ is not a butler or major-domo, but simply the presiding, most honoured guest, who sits ‘*berash hamesubin*,’ ‘at the head of those invited’ (Krauss, *Talmud. Arch.* ii. 8, p. 55, n. 383).

⁴ Consequently the narrator means that fresh, unused cleansing-water is used for the conversion into wine.

⁵ This is the phrase wherewith to introduce a ritual prescription, a prevailing law or custom, and not a low inn-keeper’s trick.

the good (delightful, enjoyable)¹ wine; but thou hast kept the good wine until now!

“This beginning of signs did Jesus in Kana of Galilee and *manifested forth his glory*, and his disciples believed on him.”

Most probably the mystic self-revelation, Jn. 15₁, which is now, quite fittingly, inserted into the farewell discourses of Jesus' Last Supper (see QUEST, xiii. July), but which is certainly a later interpolation therein, as it follows abruptly and without a word of introduction after the words “Arise and let us go hence” (14₃₁),—was originally the conclusion of the Kana-legend, even as the words “I am the bread of Life” are spoken in Kapharnaum as the sequel to the sign of the ‘Five Loaves.’ For the words concerning the ‘good wine’ reserved ‘until now’ manifestly allude to the Jewish belief, that the wine for the Banquet of the Last Days has been *reserved in grapes since the days of creation*,—an idea which is allegorized in the discourse on Jesus being the vine and his disciples the fruit-bearing branches.

“After this they went down to Kapharnaum, he and his mother and his brethren and his disciples (2₁₂). [And Jesus saith unto them (15₁)] : I am the true vine. . . Ye are the branches. . . He that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit. . . .”

Another important and hitherto neglected feature of the Kana-allegory is the fact, which is all the more remarkable for an obviously unhistoric legend, of its being so *exactly dated*: “On the third day” (2₁) “there was a marriage.” This is the *third* after the one

¹ It was usual to pronounce the grace before meals—the *berakha*, especially the blessing for all *good* things and for the benefactor—over a cup of wine; it was customary also to serve fruit and *wine* before the main meal (Krauss, *l.c.* 43). Incidentally, the company is at once put in the desirable cheerful mood.

mentioned in 1₄₃ as 'the following day'; the *fourth* day after the one in 1₃₅, 'again the next day'; the *fifth* after 'the next day' of 1₂₉; consequently the *sixth* day of the whole gospel narrative,—that is to say the sixth day after the appearance of John the Baptist in Bethany (1₂₈). This dating by days must have a definite purpose; for it is not continued after the feast of Kana, when we read (1₁₂): They stayed there 'not many days.' Moreover this purpose is transparent, seeing that the Church has always celebrated the 'manifestation of His Glory' (2₁₁), the 'Epiphany,' and the miracle of Kana, on the *sixth* of January, the sixth day of the ecclesiastical year. Now this very day is the day of the Pagan '*hydreusis*'-feast. This was the day of drawing and carrying in procession the sacred water—the very day when Dionysos was supposed to perform his typical miracle of changing into wine this holy water in the locked-up jars of his sanctuary and in certain springs or pools (Epiphanius, *Panarion* 51; Plin. *Nat. Hist.* ii. 231).

This proves that the Christianizing of this Dionysian feast, the Theodaisia, as it was called, on January 5/6 (it is properly a night-vigil), which the present writer has treated in detail in the unpublished second volume of his *Orpheus* (a MS. copy of which is deposited in the British Museum), was already an accomplished fact, when the author of the 4th gospel inserted the Kana-miracle into the chronological frame of his narrative. Indeed a great quantity of archæological matter, which Prof. Grill has left out of consideration, could be grouped with this fact, and would serve as an instructive background to the valuable and interesting comparative results of his present volume.

In the second half of vol. ii., which treats of the 'mystery-character' of the 4th gospel, I am astonished moreover to find that the author has overlooked the most striking argument he could have put forward for his thesis: namely, the dead silence of 'John' on the words and deeds by which Jesus at the Last Supper instituted the Eucharist. There can be no doubt that 'John' was not ignorant of this central rite of the Messianic Church, its fundamental importance and its spiritual signification, witness the Kana-miracle itself and the discourses after the miracle of the Five Loaves. Consequently his remarkable silence cannot be anything else but a feature of the *disciplina arcani*, the severely enjoined mystery-secrecy which from a very early time enveloped the central sacraments of the new Messianist Church.

It is a pleasant duty to mention in this connection the new, amply-documented researches on 'The Christian Mystery' by the Swedish scholar Dr. Gillis P:son Wetter of Upsala.¹ The author has elaborated the excellent idea of the late W. Bousset, of studying the history of the Eucharist, not so much from the fragmentary references to it in the literary texts, as from the liturgical monuments. The book is a very valuable contribution to the history of the Eucharist, although some of the author's theses are sure to meet with strong opposition—especially the theme that the gospel-quotations on the institution of the sacrament were *not from the first* an essential part of the eucharistic liturgy. This I cannot believe for a moment in spite of Prof. A. Loisy being quoted in support. It

¹ *Altchristliche Liturgien: I. Das christliche Mysterium, Studien zur Geschichte des Abendmahls; II. Das christliche Opfer.* Göttingen (Van den Hoeck & Rupprecht), 1921/22; pp. vi.+196, and 122; 20frs.

is very interesting that Wetter mentions, at the very end of his book, the same Dionysian feast which has been alluded to in connection with the Kana-legend, as the possible model of the Christian offering and love-meal rites. There is, however, a closer Jewish analogy in the Sabbatic communion-meal (*shelosh se'udah*) celebrated in the synagogues of the Hassīdio Jews, which is probably nothing but a revival of similar customs of the 'early Assidean' (*Hassīdim rishōnim*) and of the Sabbatic *symposia* of the Alexandrian 'therapeutæ' described by Philo.

ROBERT EISLER.

MILAREPA: TIBETAN POET AND SAINT.

W. L. CAMPBELL.

TIBET, lying as it does in the heart of Asia, surrounded by lofty mountain ranges which can only be traversed by a few difficult passes, has for centuries remained an almost unknown land. An enormous mass of literature in the Tibetan language is known to exist, but although considerable quantities found their way to Europe after the British expedition to Lhasa in 1903, little of it has yet been translated.

Of purely Tibetan works, as apart from the translations from the Sanskrit which form the bulk of the sacred books, the most popular and widely read are the biographies of prominent saints, and of these the Autobiography of Jetsun Milarepa is perhaps the finest example.

Milarepa was born in the year 1052 A.D., in the neighbourhood of Mount Everest. He came of a good family and his father was a man of considerable wealth. He died, however, when the young Töpaga (Milarepa's personal name) was only seven years old. The family property was handed over to his paternal uncle and aunt, in spite of the protests of the mother's family; and the widow with her son and daughter, a child of four, were ordered to live with the uncle and aunt by turns. Their troubles now began; they were forced to work as field-labourers for the uncle in summer and as spinners of wool for the aunt in winter. Their condition was pitiable. "Our hair," writes Milarepa, "once

adorned with gold and turquoises, now became hard and stiff and was infested with lice." They received a little help from the mother's relatives, but all attempts to obtain the restoration of the father's property failed. After entrusting her son to the care of a Lama in Tsa for some time, the mother finally sold a small field which she still possessed, in order to raise funds, and sent her son to a Lama named Yungtun Trogyal to study 'black magic,' with a view to avenging their wrongs; or, as it is put, to "killing their enemies, headed by the uncle and aunt, and cutting off the root of their prosperity down to the ninth generation." These studies lasted for more than a year; after which Milarepa proceeded to put his powers to the test. His uncle and aunt were giving a feast, and Milarepa, from his distant place of study, brought about the collapse of the main pillar in the house so that thirty-five persons perished in the ruins! The uncle and aunt, however, escaped with their lives. His mother accordingly wrote praying him to do them further harm. To this end he applied to another magician, and after further study acquired the art of causing hailstorms. It should be remarked that the belief in the power to control the elements is even now general in Tibet, and the profession of 'hail-stopper' is held in high repute. Armed with these new powers Milarepa returned to his home and caused a terrific hailstorm which completely ruined the crops in the neighbourhood. "In this wise," he writes, "it was that I committed black deeds, avenging the wrongs done me by my enemies, waging worldly war on them."

But repentance quickly followed. Tortured by remorse he longed to lead a religious life and, guided by his former teacher, he sought the dwelling of Marpa

the Translator, a celebrated student and traveller, who was himself a pupil of the great Indian Saint Naropa and had obtained from him super-normal knowledge of the then new Tāntric doctrines. The account of Milarepa's apprenticeship to Marpa, the description of Marpa himself, a hot-tempered but really kindly old man (whose biography has also come down to us), and the story of how Marpa's wife befriended Milarepa and protected him from her husband's outbursts of ill-temper, are some of the most vivid and human passages in the book. The years of study were long and arduous and the disappointments many; but Marpa finally initiated Milarepa into the innermost secrets and presented him with a text on Tum-mo, the science of generating vital heat, "like a blazing faggot," which arises after protracted meditation accompanied by a peculiar technical inner absorption of the breath. Armed with this book Milarepa retired to meditate in a cave. The process of his full development was long and not uninterrupted. He describes how he gradually acquired the powers of mental concentration and abstraction and finally full meditation. The power of generating vital heat came later; then followed the power of levitation and finally 'flying,' by dividing his spirit into parts and sending these to the various heavens, where they listened to the teachings of various gods.

He had long adopted the life of a hermit, and all the efforts of his sister to persuade him to return to a worldly life were in vain. His aunt repented of the harsh treatment she had meted out to him as a child, and they were eventually reconciled. But by this time Milarepa was well on the way to becoming a saint and wonder-worker. Living in one of the numerous caves

of which he gives a list, he subsisted upon nettle-soup and had nothing to cover him but the remains of a tattered blanket. His skin had become green through abstinence and a constant diet of nettles, and his body so emaciated as to be almost unrecognizable. But he was an adept in the innermost knowledge; disciples gathered round him and the remainder of his life was spent in wandering from place to place, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his faithful pupils. He finally died at a great age and his death was the occasion for a great religious festival.

Two works ascribed to Milarepa are still in existence, the Autobiography and the 'Gurbum,' or 'One Hundred Thousand Songs.' The Autobiography, from which the details given above have been drawn, is a spirited work in nine chapters of unequal length in which Milarepa speaks in the first person. It purports to have been recorded by Rechung, his foremost disciple, but may be of somewhat later date and perhaps the work of a number of compilers. Although composed probably some eight hundred years ago the vocabulary and phraseology have much in common with the spoken language of the present day. Allowing that the compilation represents in the main what Milarepa himself said, there can be no doubt that he was filled with the true poetic spirit. The poetic fancy of Milarepa finds, however, its fullest expression in the 'Gurbum,' which consists of a somewhat disconnected narrative of some of his wanderings, with considerable topographical detail of the country in the neighbourhood of Mount Everest, interspersed with about two hundred poems and not 100,000 as the title would have us believe. The poet does not speak in the first person in this work; but there can be little doubt that it is a faithful

record of many of his doings and sayings. The wealth of imagery and the constant references to the stupendous scenery on the Tibetan border with its lofty snow-clad mountains, deep gorges, varied fauna and flora and remarkable climatic conditions, all point to the writer as a keen observer of nature. The poet summarizes each moral lesson in a song in which he employs some natural circumstance to illustrate the principle he is enunciating and its working.

Of Milarepa's Buddhism it is not possible in these lines to say more than a few words. He belonged to a sect formed from the Ka-dampa and Ka-gyudpa Schools, and his teaching is very much in accordance with the popular beliefs of the present day. His principal means to the obtaining of full enlightenment is meditation; and it was to meditation as a serious science that Milarepa devoted himself for many years. A follower of the Madhyamika school of the great Mahayana branch of Buddhism, he describes the stages of meditation as four:

- (1) Contemplative meditation (*Tib. lta-wa*).
- (2) Complete abstraction (*sgom-pa*).
- (3) Consummation of meditation (*spyod-pa*).
- (4) Fruition or the resulting reward (*hbras-bu*).

These forms of meditation are practised throughout Tibet at the present day, but it is not claimed that the modern hermits succeed in getting beyond the *sgom-pa* or second stage. Milarepa therefore remains for them the shining example of the complete saint, revered by the pious as having obtained enlightenment or salvation in one life-time, and popular with the public as the writer of two widely read books of great human interest.

W. L. CAMPBELL.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL PROEM.

A NEW VERSION VENTURE.

FOR some time I have been making an intensive study of Lidzbarski's pioneer version (1915) of the Mandæan John Book. Having occasion to refer to the Greek text (W.-H.) of the Prologue to the fourth gospel, in another connection, I found that a mass of Mandæan associations kept spontaneously welling up into consciousness; these seemed to me to provide a new perspective from which to view this most admirable introduction to the 'pneumatic' gospel. I had long been of the opinion that the Proem was in part based on a 'source.' With the majority of scholars I held, however, that the fourth gospel was largely Hellenistic in form and tendency; and I still think that the Greek is Hellenistically tinged and influenced. From my study of the translated Mandæan (South Babylonian Aramæan) documents I am now convinced that in all probability the Proem 'source' was Aramæan (Palestinian). This conclusion was reached and the following version made before I had read Prof. C. F. Burney's recent (1922) study, entitled *The Aramaic Origin of the Fourth Gospel* (Oxford, The Clarendon Press). From a careful perusal of this important contribution to N.T. studies, I am of the opinion that the main contention of the Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, who is so great an authority on the O.T., is right,—that there is a Semitic background for most, perhaps the whole, of the gospel, and that this Semitic background is most probably Aramaic and not Hebrew. (*Jewish*¹ scholars have of late been insisting that the writer of the fourth gospel, as shown by his knowledge of the country, must have been a Palestinian rather than an Alexandrian Jew.) I do not propose to enter into the larger question of the whole gospel and attempt to review the learned author's valuable work; all that I would venture to note is that it seems to me that, in respect to the Greek Johannine O.T. quotations, and the problem as to whether they depend from the Hebrew text or

¹ I stress this, for of course those Christian scholars who support the traditional view, that John of Zebedee was the author, are compelled so to argue.

LXX. Greek Targum, Prof. Burney's difficulties would be largely removed had he known of Prof. Rendel Harris' and Vacher Burch's work (Pt. I. 1916, Pt. II. 1920) on the now famous Testimony Book (*Testimonia contra Judæos*), and the accommodation of O.T. prophecy to the claims of Christian Messianism. Further, I do not propose to write a thesis on the very important problems raised even by the Proem itself, but append only a minimum of notes indicating reasons for choice of phrasing, hoping that the version as a whole may speak for itself, and draw the attention of those concerned to the existence of a new background that may prove to be of great value, when it has once been thoroughly analysed. I had concluded moreover that our 'source' must have been in verse, as is the case with the majority of the pieces of the Mandæan collections: but my Semitic linguistic equipment is all too poor to be clear on this question. Prof. Burney, however, with his great knowledge of Hebrew and Palestinian Aramaic has come most definitely to the same conclusion as to part of the Proem. I am, therefore, emboldened to follow him in breaking up the continuous Greek prose text into some approximation to measured lines; but I by no means follow him either in his analysis or phrasing, and consequently disclose that I am not satisfied with much of his attempted re-translation back into Aramaic. The Greek diction is at times 'metaphysical,' and this the Aramæan original could not have been; in so far forth it is Hellenistically tinged.

1. In primality¹ was Mind;²

¹ Vulg., correctly, *principium*; cp. Cicero, *Tusc.* i. 23, 54: "There is no origin of primality (*principii*); for it is out of primality that all things originate"; Tertullian, *Adv. Hermog.* 19: "In Greek the term primality, namely ἀρχή, takes the primacy (*principatum*), not only in the category of order (*ordinativum*), but also in that of potency (*potestivum*)."

² I prefer Mind to 'Word' or 'Reason' (ὁ Λόγος). The Stoics, for instance, meant by Logos (World-) Mind rather than (World-) Reason, as did Heraclitus, from whom they got the notion. It is the Platonic Noûs and Semitic (Creative) Spirit (Ruah). In the Hellenistic poem, so beloved by the later Platonists, and commonly known as 'The Chaldaean Oracles' (see my 'Echoes from the Gnosis' series, vols. viii. and ix., London, 1908) the Mind of the Father stands at the summit. Mind is also the term used in the Trismegistic documents; it is probably to be equated with the Mandæan Mānā. Prof. Rendel Harris, in his illuminating study of the Proem, would make the original of Logos 'Wisdom' (Hokhmah), and brings forward some striking quotations from the O.T. sapiential literature and Patristic commentaries in justification. This Hebrew (O.T.) and Greek (Apocryphal) Wisdom-literature is clearly influenced Hellenistically, and the equation Logos=Sophia in the Gk. version of the 4th gospel is of great interest. In addition to R. H.'s *Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel*, see his interesting paper 'Athena,

And Mind was with God.¹

2. So² Mind was God.

This³ was in primality with God.

3. All kept coming into existence⁴ through⁵ it⁶;
And apart from it came into existence not
a single [thing].

4. What has come into existence in it⁷ was Life;⁸
And LIFE⁹ was the Light of the [true] Men.¹⁰

5. And the Light shineth in the Darkness;
And the Darkness did not imprison¹¹ it.

Sophia and the Logos,' pp. 56-72 of the *Bulletin* of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, July, 1922. It may be objected that 'Word' is to be preferred, seeing that in the Targums Memrah=the Creative Word, Logos; but the Greek Noûs is nearer to the Deity than the Greek Logos.

¹ The Gk. phrase πρὸς τὸν θεόν is a grammatical puzzle; this is, however, easily solved by the hypothesis of a literal translation from a Semitic original. The Gnostic Heracleon (2nd cent.), the first known commentator on the fourth gospel, who was apparently ignorant of Semitics, conjectured that ἡνομήνους ('at-one-with,' 'in-co-adunition-with') should be supplied; others think the phrase is Hellenistic (Koinē) for παρὰ τῷ θεῷ—i.e., 'along with,' 'by the side of,' or simply 'with' God. In the Greek text ὁ θεός is distinguished (and I think deliberately), by the prefixing of the definite article, from the following simple θεός. But 'The God' is clumsy in English, and so I therefore resort to the type-trick of capitalization to mark the distinction.

² The Gk. καὶ renders a Semitic particle that serves several other purposes than that of a purely copulative function.

³ Sc. Mind or God, not as a second God, but as the Divine or Creative Intelligence of God.

⁴ Or 'continued to become' (impf.),—the idea of 'perpetual creation.'

⁵ The Old Syriac versions (e.g. C.) read 'in' and not 'through'; see F. C. Burkitt, *Evangelion da-Mepharreshe: The Curetonian Version of the Four Gospels, with the Readings of the Sinai Palimpsest and the Early Syriac Patristic Evidence* (Cambridge, 1904), i. 423. The Old (i.e. pre-Peshittā) Syriac versions should be a great help in determining the Aram. original, as the two dialects are closely related.

⁶ Sc. Mind.

⁷ Sc. Mind.

⁸ That is the Mandæan Second Life.

⁹ Or 'The Life'—the same distinction as with the terms for 'God.'

¹⁰ The article cannot be neglected; it signifies those who are really Men, i.e. conscious members of the celestial or angelic humanity or true Race. All this connects with the *Anthrōpos*-doctrine of the Gnosis. Man (the Aram. idiom 'Son of Man,' if translated literally, is misleading in Gk.) is the Celestial or Primal Man, Adam Qadmon. As Thrice-greatest Hermes says, the vast majority of mortals are not worthy to be called 'Men'; all men have Reason, but few as yet have Mind (i.e. are spiritual). The true Men who have the Light of Life are the Prophets and Perfect.

¹¹ 'Suppress,' 'hold back,' 'detain.' Burney has 'obscured it not.'

(¹There was a Man sent by God,—his name Yōánēs This [Man] came for bearing witness, that he might bear witness about the Light, in order that all [men] might have faith through it. That [Man] was not the Light, but [came] in order that he might bear witness about the Light.)

6. It was the True Light,
Which enlighteneth every Man²
Who cometh into the world.³

7. It was in the world ;
And the world kept coming into existence
through it⁴ ;
And the world did not know it.⁵

8. It came unto its own ;⁶
And its own did not receive it.

9. But as many as received it,
To them it gave power⁷
To become Children of God,⁸—

10. To those who have faith in his name,⁹—

¹ This paragraph seems clearly to be an interpolation into, or overworking of, his original 'source' by the writer, or perhaps compiler, of the Aramaic fourth gospel.

² Prophet or Divine Messenger.

³ *This* world (Gk. *κόσμος*, Heb. *tebel*, Mand. *tibil*) ; there were other worlds according to the Mandā or Gnōsis. 'This world' in the sense of the earth ; the world in the wider meaning would be the Heb. *'olam*.

⁴ *Sc.* the Light, *i.e.* the Life of Mind.

⁵ If the reader prefers to personify the Light and its synonyms, he can substitute 'him' for 'it' ; and so also in the following phrases.

⁶ *Sc.* creations (n.pl.), world and other creations up or down to man ; cp. Jn. xix. 27, where the 'disciple whom he loved' is said to have taken the Mother 'unto his own' (*εἰς τὰ ἴδια*), which is generally supposed to mean 'his own home.' 'Its own' therefore signifies 'habitations.' The following 'its own' (m.pl.) refers to the 'inhabitants.'

⁷ *Sc.* spiritual power—lit. 'allowance,' 'possibility,' generally translated 'authority' ; it is not physical power (*δύναμις*, 'lordship,' 'domination'), but moral power—'grace.'

⁸ That is of Mind.

⁹ That is who have faith in the still higher Power (the mystic 'Name' or Soul, or Mind, or Primality) of Great Life—God.

- Who were brought to birth,
 Not out of [the blending of] bloods,¹
 11. Nor of urge² of flesh,
 Nor of urge of a male,—
 But out of God.
 12. So³ Mind became flesh⁴
 And tabernacled⁵ in us,⁶—
 13. And we beheld its glory,
 Glory as of [? an] only-begotten⁷ from Father,—
 Full⁸ of Delight⁹ and Truth.

(¹⁰Yōánēs beareth witness about it,¹¹ and hath cried

¹ That is, of earthly parents; for they were born from Above, i.e. were spiritual births.

² It means 'wish' rather than 'will'—'desire,' 'urge.'

³ Lit. 'and' (καὶ); but clearly meaning 'by such birth from above.'

⁴ This seems to mean simply 'was enfleshed.' The Old Syriac has 'body,' not 'flesh'; so also in 11.

⁵ Lit. 'pitched its tent'; this refers to the extended *shekīnah*-doctrine. In the Mandæan tradition *škinū* is the frequently-recurring technical term for the 'dwelling,' 'housing,' 'tenting,' or 'spiritual body' or 'glory,' of the celestials—the *ūthrā's* or 'treasures' or perhaps 'fulnesses' (lit. 'riches'). Burney has: "And set his *shekīntā* among us," referring solely to Yeshū' Messiah; B. apparently cannot get away from the age-long suggestive tyranny of Orthodox Christian dogmatics. *Shekīntā* is Palestinian Aramaic for Heb. *shekīnah*.

⁶ Namely the Prophets or Perfect.

⁷ *Mono-genēs*,—this in pre- and post-Christian Gnostic tradition is the general technical term for 'born,' 'emanated' or 'created' from a 'single' source (*μονο-*), i.e. one-and-only parent, and is used of spiritual beings who are superior to the conditions of sex-generation. Cp. the *perikopē* on Melchizedek (King of Peace, Prince of Righteousness) in Heb. vii. 1-21. He is there said to be "father-less, mother-less, [earthly] genealogy-less, without beginning of days or end of life, but made-in-the-likeness of God's Son." In common speech *monogenēs* is usually found as meaning the only one of a kind; if only one daughter has been born to a man, she would be characterized as *monogenēs*. But the vulgar tongue is not the language of mysticism. In the above-referred to article (p. 68) Prof. Rendel Harris thinks that the meaning of *monogenēs* as 'child of one parent only,' as applied to Athena born from the head of Zeus, which he suggests, but rejects, is a 'quite new' idea; but I have been insisting on it for a score of years at least. He would render it as 'darling,' but this is really too *bourgeois*.

⁸ This picks up Mind in 12i; it is m. sing.

⁹ The root-meaning of *χάρις*.

¹⁰ This is the second redactorial interpolation or overworking.

¹¹ Sc. the Light of the 'source.' The author-redactor of the Aramaic gospel may have written thus, drawing on Baptist *logoi*-tradition; but the Greek translator unquestionably understood 'it' as 'him,'—that is as referring to Yeshū' Messiah.

aloud, saying—he it was who said—: He who cometh behind me hath been before me,¹ for he was my First.²)

14. For of its fulness³ we all received,
And delight over against delight.⁴

(⁵In that the Law (Torah) was given by Moses, Delight and Truth kept coming into the word through Yeshū‘ Messiah.⁶

No man hath seen God at any time;⁷

An only-begotten <god>, who is in⁸ the bosom⁹ of the Father,—he dictated.)¹⁰

G. R. S. M.

¹ Cp. L. and S. Lex. s.v. ἔμπροσθεν: “The *future* is unseen and was therefore regarded as *behind* us, whereas the *past* is known and therefore *before* our eyes.”

² Referring to First Life according to Mandæan tradition.

³ Or *plērōma* picking up the ‘full’ of 133.

⁴ This seems to me to be a distinct reference to the Gnostic notion of pairs or syzygies in the Plērōma; cp. the “Hence pairing with each other (ἀντιστοιχοῦντες)” of the *Apophysis* ascribed to Simon Magus (Hippolytus, *Ref.* vi. 18). The term is used by Xenophon (*Ana.* v. 4, 12) of two bands of dancers facing each other in rows or pairs (see my *Simon Magus*, 1892. p. 20).

⁵ The third interpolation or overworking of the Aramaic writer.

⁶ Ἰησοῦς Χριστός—Yēsūs Hristos. I have, however, kept what I hold to be the Heb.-Aram. original name-combination. It means the Anointed Saviour or Liberator—that is Saviour or Vindicator anointed by the Divine Spirit or Creative and Perfecting Life of God; cp. the O.T. Joshua (LXX. Jesus).

⁷ Cp. the Jewish Gnostic commentator of the Naassene Document, quoting from a prior ‘scripture,’ or an oral ‘logos’ (‘what was spoken’): “His voice we heard, but his form we have not seen.” (See my analysis of this very important Gnostic Document in *Thrice-greatest Hermes*, London, 1906, in Prolegomena, § ‘The Myth of Man in the Mysteries’; the quotation is to be found in i. 169.) Compare with this Jn. v. 37: “Ye have never at any time heard his voice, nor have ye seen his form,” addressed to the Jews in general; whereas the Naassene quotation refers to the Perfect. This is very important, for if my analysis of the NN. document, which Hippolytus copied, is correct, the Jewish mystic, who commented on the Hellenistic source, was in all probability contemporary with Philo (c. 30 B.C.—45 A.D.), and therefore we have here an indication of another ‘source’ of the fourth gospel (of which there may have been a number).

⁸ The Gk. ὁ ὢν εἰς τὸν κόλπον (‘into the bosom’) is grammatically impossible: it must rest on a Semitic idiom. The Old Syriac (C.) has ‘Son from the bosom of the Father’; but here it is evidently untrue to the Gk. and therefore to the Aram.

⁹ Cp. the Commentary of Ephraim Syrus, which runs: “The Word of the Father came from His bosom, and clothed itself with a body in another bosom; from bosom to bosom it went forth, and pure bosoms have been filled from it: blessed is He who dwelleth in us!” (Burkitt, *op. cit.*, ii. 140).

¹⁰ Namely the gospel which follows; the verb has no object. The Gk. ἐξηγήσατο means also ‘related in full,’ ‘set forth’; the Mandæan technical term is ‘discoursed.’

A WORD ON THE ŒCUMENIC TYPE OF RELIGION.

ERWIN ROUSSELLE.

THE following excerpt appeared in *Der Weg zu Vollendung : Mitteilungen der Schule der Weisheit Darmstadt*, edited by Count Hermann Keyserling, Heft iv., 1922 (Otto Reichl Verlag, Darmstadt). Knowers of German would be well advised to acquaint themselves with this interesting spiritual movement inaugurated by Count Keyserling, whose quality is well known to readers of *The Hibbert*. The Transactions of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, under the title of *The Way to Perfectioning*, are quite worth reading and full of informative and instructive matter. The excerpt is from a work by the author, published at the end of 1922, *Mysterium der Wandlung* ('The Mystery of Transformation' or 'Change'). The version is literal rather than literary, so as to bring out clearly the exact thought of the writer. A better rendering of 'œcumenic' would perhaps be 'cosmopolite' in the Stoic sense of the term.—ED.

ACCORDING to Plato Erōs transforms man from a partial being into a whole.

In the religious order especially, Erōs leads man to the totality (1) of his own being, (2) of the world and (3) of God in the *unio mystica*. Now this striving or urge towards the Whole extends not only towards height, but also towards breadth and advancement. Breadth is experienced or lived through in the extension of the various capacities of the essential spirit; forward-striving, in the æsthetic expression in form.

It is just these three co-ordinates of wholeness

then which are exhibited by every historical religion of mankind, if *Erōs* has been fully developed in it. That the height-co-ordinate, the extension of man, world and God, is present in all religions, is self-evident; without this co-ordinate there would be no religion. But only when the breadth of man's spiritual life, and its self-configuration to a form, has been reached, has religion achieved its highest, has it 'become all for all'—the final totality. Then and then only does it, as a genuine œcumenic type, extend to the spiritual plane of the inhabited world—the *οἰκουμένη*. The *œcumenic type of religion* shelters within itself the most diverse variations, aspects and oppositions, and has them in its care. For how could the round world be embraced, unless all the contradictions of human nature, to the last of them—the 'plurality of values'—were taken in and brought to harmony on a higher supra-rational plane, where the contradiction-position no longer holds? The œcumenic type embraces all the values of our culture (*Gesittung*)—moral, scientific, artistic—as a '*summa*,' not in the sense of a final synthesis of the separate branches of traditional knowledge—as many scholastics imagined—but as the harbouring domain of a deeper stratum, which first gives meaning to those value-territories.

The founders of religion, who ceaselessly draw their life from precisely that depth, had, essentially, in themselves what later generations developed out of that feeling in a hundred varieties and typical formations. As the sunlight breaks through the triangular prism into countless colours, just so does the one Truth show in the wealth of later types. This triangular prism—to keep to the figure—is man's threefold psychical activity,—willing, cognizing, feeling.

Accordingly, in proportion as one of these three kinds of activity predominates, we can speak of a religion of the will, frequently tinted with juristic casuistic (such as the piety of Jewry), or of a religion of the Logos, often pervaded with philosophical notions (as the religiousness of the Upanishads), or of a religion of emotion, frequently wrapped up in sacramentalism (such as the ancient Mysteries).

These three modes enter again among themselves into innumerable combinations, and thus display the œcumenic type in the whole wealth of its extent. In such a religion everyone can find just what corresponds to his line of life. The man of will gets moral incentives, the man of knowledge instruction, the man of feeling warmth of personal life.

The transformation to the œcumenic type of religion has hitherto been fully reached only twice: for Buddhism in Mahāyānism, for Christianity in Catholicism.

It is indeed precisely the whole misfortune of Protestantism that it is still too young. It is a religion of Ethos and Logos; in spite of pietism and social disposition, the full development of the feeling side is lacking. The wealth of the manifold sub-species of Catholicism, which thereby can be all for all, which can also pervade the smallest with the breath of religion, is still lacking in Protestantism. At any rate four hundred years have passed since its origin, and there exists a lively ferment which, after all the rationalism of the last generations, will develop the missing third mode.

This ferment will lead to victory, or Protestantism will, by splitting up on one side into innumerable sects, and by flattening down on the other to indifference,

reach its dissolution. So far we have determined the height- and breadth-co-ordinates of the œcumenic type. But quite as characteristic for this type is the line which leads through formation from feeling to expression. A world-religion during its historical development slowly sifts out a formation, so that its content more and more comes into manifestation. The *ethos* of a religion shows itself in church-discipline, *charitas* and constitution: *ethos* creates ecclesiastical law. The *logos* of a religion does not remain dependent on vague representations. The *erōs* of a religion does not stop at enthusiastic deliverances, but creates liturgy, preaching and silence. Here also the œcumenic type has been reached through Mahāyānism and Catholicism. When religion has in this way created a legalism, a dogmatic and a liturgy, a great danger, it is true, simultaneously arises—that of torpidity. For only all too easily we forget that a tension always continues to exist between feeling and expression. Ecclesiastical law seeks through human means to bring the Kingdom of God to expression; but never is the Church and this Kingdom precisely the same. Dogma tries to grasp meaning through knowledge; but ever does there still remain a tension between reality and truth. Liturgy seeks to provide the mortal with the sensible experience of the Eternal; but never does a rite—the word, the silence—unite man with God simply *ex opere operato*.

If this tension is forgotten, unalloyed formalism and congelation occur (as in Lamaism and popular Catholicism). From this, Protestantism has known how to keep free, because (with the exception of Anglicanism) it has no form. Then only for the first time will it reach œcumenic type, when it shows itself

capable of exhibiting a form. Then and not till then can Protestantism accomplish its great mission. For it would then be able to show what it peculiarly ought to be—namely, the Religion of Tension. For it, is the ever renewed task presented of pervading form with feeling,—a life full of innermost ferment in a classic form, whose style could be deemed as strong as steel, not as de-tension, but arising to highest condensation through continual high-tension.

A religion first reaches the œcumenic type, it is true, only if it has previously traversed the spiritual world of humanity, or if there exist œcumenic individuals who embrace in breadth as well as depth spiritual totality. Catholicism and Mahāyānism have developed and transformed themselves to this type in their peregrination through peoples and centuries. Protestantism is confronted with the present-day question, whether, in face of the fact that œcumenic individuals exist,—that it is losing the masses and highly educated,—it will stick to what has hitherto been its one-sided and colourless nature. The 'High-church Movement' in Germany, the 'Silent Service,' in general all endeavours at reform in liturgy, constitution and dogma, are in this connection to be reckoned as a sign, that at last will come for the Protestant Church also the time of fulfilment and of confirmation—also the time of greatest activity.

We are standing on the threshold of an œcumenic age. The œcumenic individual will be able to live and move only in a corresponding form of religion, thereby in eternal tension impersonating the likeness of God battling and suffering in the world. As long as it retains its motive power, a top keeps to its lay, indifferent as to whether the earth changes its position

under it ; a man keeps on his path, equally superior to the world, so long as the dynamic of tension still lives in him,—tension which at its supreme transformation to breadth and the classic form of the œcumenic type enables him to rise ever higher : Excelsius !¹

ERWIN ROUSSELLE.

(Englished by K.-M.)

¹ Longfellow's famous 'Excelsior!' is a grammatical error. Herr R. has retained it, as is the universal custom ; it may be classed with the 'eleventh hour' for the 'twelfth' and many other popular phrases.—ED.

**EBIRA NO UME:
THE PLUM-BLOSSOM DIGHT QUIVER.**

On his way to visit places of interest a priest
Now stands by the Ikutan river. He finds there a
 young man gazing
At a plum-tree on the bank.

The young man
murmurs.

He thinks: Though scattered flower and fallen leaf
 speak of life's changefulness,
It depends on one's insight to make them the symbols
 of glory eternal.

One sensitive to beauty and colour oft becomes
 a slave of passion; he
Never thinks of the changes of world
 and life.

"I myself," he cries, "am still glamour'd
 by fleeting sense.

I must cross over onto the highways of
 dream."

The priest approaches. He asks him if the
 tree is of special interest.

"Ebira no Ume is its name," the young man
 replies.

"Its story is writ in battle-scene of Taira
 and Minamoto clans."

The priest begs him dwell on the story at
 length.

The young man begins : “ You can reach
through the Ikutan forest
To Ichino Tani castle held by one hundred-thousand
fighters of the clan Taira.
Noriyori Minamoto marches thither to storm
it.

In the Minamoto camp are found Kagetoki and
Kagesuye, father and son.

Kagesuye, a lover of poësy, makes note of one
plum-tree in the forest,
Of its beautiful blossoms, scorning the winter's
frosts and its snows.

He praises the tree's valour, as of the leader
of the season.

‘ Who is now this battle's leader ? ’
asks Kagesuye.

He breaks off a blossoming spray, thrusts it into
his quiver.

Lo, into the thick of the battle he rushes,
crying :

‘ Oh, gods of war, look on thy beloved
Kagesuye ! ’

Not only the fighters on his side but also
those of the clan Taira

Are rapt in praise at sight of this youth
bearing,

As his emblem of battle, the beautiful plum-
blossom.

Kagesuye's deeds on this day, it need not be said,
Are well matched with the flower's valour
in braving

All threats of chill air and of frosts.

Kagesuye wins the name of leader of the
battle, the flower that

Of Ebira no Ume. The tree thus became
a god of protection for Minamoto clan.
Such is the story of the tree whose shade
I embrace."

The priest shows in his story deep interest. The
young man
Is encouraged. He continues: "One hundred-thousand
soldiers of the clan Taira
Shut themselves up in Ichino Tani. Oh, how
unconquerable they look!
Ten miles of hills and valleys with red flags
they cover
Between the Ikutan forest on the east, the castle
on the west.
There on the sea too are many a hundred junks
flying the red flags of Taira.
Of great strength for strategy is the castle of
Ichino Tani.
It has the harbours of Suma and Akashi to the
left and the right;
It faces the sea in front, on its back it carries
the mountain.
As still the season is cold, Wakaki no Sakura,
the famed cherry-tree,
Is not yet in blossom; but the plum-trees are all
in their glory.
The plan of the Minamoto clan is to march down
from both sides.
Yoshitsune's army press there from the mountain into
the pasture.
Their white flags are a-flutter in the keen air,
like flying snow

Or flights of storks. Matching those white flags
there are seen
Without break the red flags of Taira,
like fishing fires in the offing.
These fishing flares, the red flags, blown out
by a storm
Dashing down from the mountain, are now to
die out.
The war-junks are seen anon drawing nigh to
the shore to rescue
From imminent danger the Taira clan army.
Oh, what a rush, what a flurry ! ”

The time is evening already. The priest asks
the young man
If he can have the hospitality of a bed
for the night.

The young man looks strange. He exclaims :
“ Alas, I have no home.
But if thou hast asked me for a bed with the thought
that I am
This plum-tree’s master, I will surely
fulfil thy desire.
Lie down by the tree, I beg thee, and have good
rest to-night ! ”

“ What thou sayst sounds strangely,” the priest says.
“ Who art thou,
That thou sayst that thou art the plum-tree’s master ? ”

“ Let me show myself to thee, O holy one,”
the young man replies.
“ I am Kagesuye’s spirit. I pray thee to say
a holy mass for me.

There is a proverb : It is due to affinity that
two people even
Should meet each other under the shade of the same
tree.

Pray, treat me not as a stranger ! I beg
thee

Sleep here to-night. I, the tree's master,
would fain earn

The fair name of being thy host."

The spirit vanishes

Before he has finished his words.

Now the priest spreads his robe
Under the tree. On the robe he sits and he offers
a mass for the spirit.

Is it a dream, that a young warrior appears
in the depth of the night,

His quiver adorned with a beauteous spray of the
plum-tree ?

The warrior says that his soul cannot yet
forget the bloodshed.

As in his life, he suffers still agony and
torture of hell,

If he meets with a foe on a heinous hill or
by a river of blood.

The priest asks him who is he.

The young man replies : " I am naught else

But Kagesuye who is here to receive the offering
of thy holy mass.

Oh, see, holy one, how the foe in frenzy
attacks and assaults !

Is it rain that falls on me ?

It is rain of swords and fierce and furious
war-cries.

Oh, holy one, hark to the scream of the
 seas and the shuddering trees!
Is the world to be overthrown?
Thunders and lightnings rush down through the
 clouds and the wind
Toward the wild forest of Taira's red flags.
Oh, how ghastly is it o'er the land and the water!"

The cry of a crow and a temple-bell are
 now heard.

Kagesuye looks round him, turns pale, and
 restless he says:
"The time has come when I must bid you farewell,
 holy one.
The flower-spirits return to their roots, to their old
 nests the birds.
But whither am I to return?
Oh, holy one, say thou a holy mass; let me
 gain my last rest!"

The priest wakes from his dream by the beautiful
 plum-tree.
He sees the petals of its blossoms borne
 by a wind far away.

YONÉ NOGUCHI.

AN ISLAND OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY.

ANY Western traveller coming to the Orient, who is the least sensitive to such things, will at once notice the effects that the change of mental atmosphere makes upon him. Those of us who are educated to live and act well-nigh exclusively through our intellect, feel helpless in a world where intellect seems to have hardly any part to play.

In certain Eastern countries one of us might live for years among fairly cultured Orientals and arrive at no intellectual exchange with them. Try to reason and argue with them, and they will seem uncomprehending. They do not even try or wish to be otherwise. You will never reach them with a logic which they despise. They accordingly give one the impression of having remained on the same intellectual level for centuries. On the other hand, they have developed other faculties, which we lack.

We Westerns in the East feel stupid when we try to penetrate what is going on round us. The whole atmosphere seems saturated with powers and currents which we cannot explain or control. To any manifestation of the unknown the Western mind reacts with feelings of repulsion, if it is a self-satisfied mind, and of attraction, if it is a mind endowed with some curiosity.

These people, with their intellect apparently asleep and their intuition awake, guess at and understand things in an inexplicable way. They instantly

know what you think of them or feel towards them; they know your intentions without their being expressed; they communicate with each other without exchanging words or glances; they know what is going on behind walls they cannot possibly see through. You get continual proofs of it in every-day life.

The small island of Bali in the East-Indian Archipelago, for instance, seems to incarnate this spirit of the East.

To the Balinese the main thing in life is their religion, of which the main element is magic. Something of this enters into everything they undertake in daily life.

On Bali the Malay-Polynesian animism of its original inhabitants has blended with Hinduism, which was in ancient times brought over by Hindu priests. Or rather it has not completely blended, but the two elements live on side by side—the Hinduism, in its peculiar Balinese form, among the priests or *pedandas* as they are called, and the animism with the people. With both magic plays a great part. The people populate the whole of nature with *devas* (good or indifferent spirits) and *bhūtas* or *kālas* (evil spirits).

Every mountain, lake, tree, river, etc., has its *deva*, to which the people erect altars, niches for offerings and little temples, where they bring offerings to them to appease or bribe them.

If a man cuts down a tree, he must avoid provoking the *deva* of the tree, who might otherwise take revenge. He must build a niche for offerings beside it for the homeless *deva* to take refuge in. And he must do the cutting down of the tree at the hour of sunset, so as not to disturb the *deva* during his rest.

The universe (which means Bali and the waters

round its coasts) is full of *bhūtas*, which might at any moment do some harm or mischief, if you are not careful to keep them at a distance. There are many ways of so doing, one of which is a cock-fight, which is very frequent and popular among the Balinese. To-day it has become an occasion for gambling and entertainment; but its original intention was to enable the *bhūtas* to partake of the blood shed by the cocks. These cruel games cannot be abolished; for if the *bhūtas* were deprived of their cock-blood, they might take revenge on the people instead.

Another form of *bhūta*-cult that one frequently comes across on this island, is the erecting of what are called *papendjurans*, very high rods, decorated with ornaments carved on palm leaves. They are placed near houses and villages; and their aim is to attract *bhūtas* out of the air and, like lightning-conductors, lead them down into the depths of the earth, where they can do no harm. Sometimes crimson hybiscus flowers are attached to their tops as baits. For safety's sake a bowl of pig-blood is set on the ground also, so that if some *bhūta* should happen not to go down into the earth, it may alight on the blood.

The popular custom of setting out pig-blood as offering to the *bhūtas*, in order to keep their own homes clean of them, can be observed every night. Along the village roads small flames glow like fire-flies through the darkness. They are little burning oil-lamps, set on the ground a short distance from the houses, in order to mark the way for the *bhūtas*; for it is during the night that they are active. Close to the lamp stands the bowl of pig-blood. As half-wild dogs are always roaming about, the people are sure to find that the *bhūtas* do justice to their offerings.

When the *bhūtas* show that they are not satisfied simply with cock-blood and pig-blood, as for instance in times of cholera and other epidemics, human blood must be offered them.

After sunset, by the light of torches, the priests as well as the people gather in the court-yards of some temple of Death, dedicated to Batara Durga, the demoness of destruction. Young dancers, girls, boys and men, are hypnotized by the *pedandas* until they fall into trance, when they one after another perform a wild *kris*-dance, wounding themselves with a *kris* or dagger, until they fall down exhausted from loss of blood, and are carried away to give place to a new dancer. Sometimes the witnesses of the bloody spectacle work themselves into such a state of ecstasy that, breaking into wild yells, they lick up and drink the streaming blood of the victims.

According to Balinese belief a human being is simply a tool for *devas* and *bhūtas*. If a man commits a crime, the corrective he has to undergo is exorcism. If only the *bhūtas* can be kept at a distance, no evil happens and no man is bad.

An artist in sculpture, painting or architecture is also simply a tool of the *deva* of art. Therefore all art is anonymous in Bali and the artist himself does not count. Whenever he is going to work, the artist brings some offering to the niche of the *deva* of art, and finds out whether *he* is disposed to work and is willing that it should be done just then.

The great magicians of the island are its *pedandas*. The people know nothing about their mysteries; but they honour and worship their priests as superhuman beings or at least as nearly so.

In the ritual it is the sacred hand-gestures, or

mūdras, of the *pedandas* which play the most important part. Bali is perhaps the one spot in the world where the system of *mūdras* is the most developed at the actual moment. Every morning in his own private house-temple, and later in the day generally in some great temple, the *pedanda* reads his *maveda*,—that means the murmuring in a half-singing voice of some *mantras* or *vedas*, as the Balinese call them, magic formulas, which he emphasizes with his *mūdras*. Each of them has a hidden symbolical meaning known only to the highest initiated priests.

During the *maveda* the priest sits on a mat or cushion with crossed legs, body and head remaining erect and immovable, hands and arms only moving, while one *mūdra* follows the other.

The different fingers correspond to different elements—fire, water, air, wind, earth; the joining or separating of the hands in certain figures of the *mūdras* are supposed to produce certain magic effects. Most of the *mūdras* are intended for the evil spirits and their destruction.

In front of the *pedanda* are arrayed his different cult-instruments, most of which are similar to those of some other cultus. Thus ringing-bell, rosary, chalice, holy-water, incense-burner, little oil-lamp, crimson mitre on the priest's head (though of different shape) correspond with those of the Roman Catholic Church; the brass *badjra* (*vajra*), the thunderbolt of Vishnu, has its counterpart in Tibet, etc.

With some of the *mūdras* a fresh flower is held between the fingers, and when the *mūdra* is made a petal is flicked off, so that as the *maveda* proceeds the ground round the *pedanda* gets covered all over with petals. One of the most sacred flowers used for

this purpose is the white or yellow *tjempaka*, growing on high trees. Night-flowers may be used only in the temples of Death.

The people firmly believe in the magic power (*mana*) of their *pedandas*, and that is why they fear and worship them. I once heard a contemptuous remark about Europeans not being able to produce rain when they wanted it. On my enquiring whether they themselves could do so, they answered that their priests could. Innumerable are their tales about the magic of the priests and how it manifests itself in all sorts of wonders.

As to the material part of life, the Balinese do not trouble much about it. They need so little, and they are a rich people who have more than they need. Their invisible world interests them far more; and they spend their lives with their *devas* and *bhūtas* and magic and in worshipping the mysteries of their priests which they never try to understand or penetrate.

Bali is a genuine relic of the ancient Orient.

TYRA DE KLEEN.

THE DEBTOR.

FERÓZE was the little son of Shérnaz and Kaikobad. You could see in his soft, anxious eyes the answer to the vigilant love in which his parents enwrapped him. Even as memory enwreathes a name with the colours and songs of untold sweetnesss and anguishes that made its flesh and sang its soul, even as the vast expanse of hilly lands and the song-filled dome of the sky meet in a halo of light and evening-ecstasy over the tuneful tale of a tiny bell-flower,—so this vast love of mother and father bent like the sky and the land in a halo of ecstasy over the tuneful tale of their tiny child.

When the child grew older he began to be secretly awed by this great debt of love he was owing his parents. He never spoke of it; but his fragile life became deeply tremulous under his burden, as when a little rill finds its voice deepen in tunnelling under love-tuned rocks.

Whatever he did in secret to repay his parents, love made his debt only larger. And so he grew to be a man.

* * * * *

One day Feróze came to his aged mother and laid his head upon her bosom, whispering: "Mother, give me thy leave to go." In her trembling hands the mother took his face, and left on his brow a sapphire—a kiss of her burning lips. The Sun suffused their heads in a golden aureole, and sank with the picture graven on his soul in fire.

The father arose from his evening devotions, and

with unfaltering fingers lit the lamp at the flame of the sacred sandalwood. "In the strange countries of thy travels, remember, my son, the ways of thy home. Protect the honour of our house," said the father, giving the lighted lamp to the son.

* * * * *

Feróze knew not the speech nor the ways of the strange, far countries of his travels; but his mind was filled with wisdom. Sometimes the mighty were afraid of his gentle glance; and the humble took him into their homes. The traders sought to be kind to him by teaching him their cunning arts; but he wasted his chances, profiting nothing: and the traders cast him out in shame. The toilers sought to win him to their faith of gain; but he toiled hard and forgot to count his earnings: and the toilers rose and cast him out in scorn.

But he roamed through the lanes carrying cheer to the sick; and sometimes he lay him down under the grey-clouded skies to sing his praise of Life, so that the foolish came out of their temples to hear his song. Then were the priests angry, and the mighty made laws to capture Feróze, and the wise men sat together in council. And they said: "This man speaketh not our tongue; but his song beguileth our simple countrymen. Nor hath any yet heard him praise his own country; nor hath any yet seen him at his devotions; nor yet still hath any known him to keep his station among men. Wherefore, judge ye all—is he not without country and without religion? Is he not without station? Also, hath he not mocked our customs and shamed our laws?" And the people rose and said: "Let us cast him out!"

* * * * *

From the long avenue of joy in an endless rhythm of colours and forms came the procession of Spring.

To the tips of the twigs into buds, to the tips of baby's toes into mother's kisses, under the dead earth into riot of wild flowers, under the wrinkled skin of age into a strange, sweet sleep, over the blue sky into gentle cloud, and over the face of the bride, through the netted branches of trees and the glint of her hair, into dreams,—tingling, like a kiss, blossoming and tingling into fruit, blew the breath of Spring!

But surely, with heavy heart and sadly, Feróze walked away from it, *away from all!*

When the nights came, there was none to light his lamp; only, sometimes, rough, bearded men took his hand in the dark, and mothers saw the sapphire on his brow, and murmured a blessing.

When he saw the fair maidens of these far, strange countries, Feróze thought, the old sweet strains of his own land deepened their notes to the unseen fingering on lips and eyes.

Children paused in their play, as he passed: some followed him softly to kiss his hand, some laughed in glee and some only asked with wondering eyes. As he pressed onward, the Youth heard in his soul their quaint, unspoken words: "Gather, gather thy long, long memories—for the future. When the years have made stronger the barriers of race and rank and religion, our words shall still be true."

* * * * *

In the lush twilight of Spring, who sat by the lonely shore, bearing in his soul the phantoms of light and of dark, and flitting round and round his farewell dreams the swift silent shimmers of the moon-enchanted waters?—"Remember again . . . the

ways of thy home . . . and be my lord ! . . .
 Redeem the honour of thy house . . . and . . .
 be my happy lord . . . !” Then swiftly, and more
 swiftly, round and round, the silent, silver shimmers
 round and round ! . . .

But bravely he rose, and launched his boat upon
 the Unknown Waters.

Oh the farther shore of Life he threw him down
 at the feet of his father: “Lo! I am outcast; father,
 give me thy blessing!

The father replied: “Thou hast sullied the honour
 of our house.”

But the Mother saw the sapphire on his brow.

“Thy deepest debts are paid,” said She, taking
 him into Her Arms for Ever.

FREDOON KABRAJI.

[Those who know the beautiful ‘Hymn of the Soul,’ in the
 Syriac Gnostic Acts of Thomas (see my ‘Hymn of the Robe of
 Glory’ in the ‘Echoes from the Gnosis’ series), will be struck with
 the similarity of the main motive.—ED.]

AUTUMN'S WEALTH.

A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S. (late of Leicester Museum).

“ Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the keyhole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields or upland solitudes
Of grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.”

ALLINGHAM.

AUTUMN TINTS.

WITH glowing gold and reddening russet tints Autumn's bold colour-scheme, at this season so full of the rich glory of colour, reawakens in the heart of the painter a desire to leave a lasting record of the changing phases of Nature's face. The mantle of Autumn in truth gives us a means of getting a fine lesson in colour. Every range of colour is shown in those gorgeous Autumn-tints the leaves are now wearing. It were needless to name them. They are best studied in the fields and woods. It is not only the wide range of tint and tone that is so magnificent; it is the association of colours, their blending, their *tout ensemble*, that makes such appeal to the æsthetic sense in each of us. Withal it is a natural blending; for it rests upon the quite unaided mingling of different

trees or shrubs owing to the natural association to each type according to the soil or other cause. Hence the effect is sublime, the result an empirical result of Nature's own art.

NATURE'S ART.

"YET Nature is made better by no man, but Nature makes better than man; so over that art, which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art that Nature makes."

SHAKESPEARE.

VAREZ tells us that "Divine Nature gave the fields, human art built the cities." Man's art is to adapt. He may work along the lines of the formal or along the lines of the natural. In the former case his genius is adaptive; in the latter he endeavours faithfully to portray Nature as he sees it. But never does he succeed in surpassing Nature. Nature's palette determines for him the scope of his own colour-scheme. As Longfellow says: "The natural alone is permanent." Nor is there anything out of place, anything that one could improve. For as Sir Thomas Browne has it: "There are no grotesques in Nature; nor anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces." And it comes to this, as the author of *Religio Medici* affirms: "Now Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with Nature; they, being both servants of His providence, are of the perfection of Nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos; Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God."

THE WEALTH OF AUTUMN.

"SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core."

KEATS.

BESIDES its wealth of colour, its blazonry of gorgeous tints, Autumn is the fulfilment of all the promises of Spring. Stimulated by the Summer sun and watered by the cool refreshing rains, the seeds that fell last Autumn, and the fruit-buds that began to swell too a year ago, have matured, and have given back tenfold and a hundredfold their due. This dowry of Nature is man's heritage. Without it none of those other activities which depend not on the tillage of the soil, the harvests of the fruits, could follow. A primitive art,—the husbandman's is the mainstay of all the rest. Without it how sterile would be all human initiative, how poor the whole superstructure of human endeavour. But Autumn is surpassingly rich. Even the air itself is redolent of the savour of the fruits of the earth. So, joyfully we may sing with William Blake :

"O Autumn, laden with fruits and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof ; there thou mayest rest
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance.
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers."

IDEAL HOURS.

“YELLOW, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowy fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward flying swallow.
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days.”

CARLETON.

RICH tints, a smell of the woods, of nuts, and decay of falling leaves, a brisk and cool atmosphere, a bright and blue sky, and a warm sun in the heaven make these Autumn days ideal hours. The heat of the Summer past, the earth, rejuvenated by new growth of grass after hay-time, has put on a fresh vernal mantle of green; and in contrast how strong are the richer tints of the fast-dying foliage? One by one they fall and strew the earth, making a crisp crackle under foot in the woods, as we wander therein in this temple of art and worship the grandeur of the bold frescoes that Nature has painted. But these are fleeting hours. So we make the most of them. For this rich Autumn robbery of the year will soon have vanished. With Winter's coming all colour will leave the landscape, save in miniature. It is the broad and varied range of the whole Autumn landscape that gives us so vivid, so forceful, a glimpse of Nature's art.

THE LAST FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

"I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedges, nor solitary thorn ;
Shaking his languid locks, all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn."

HOOD.

THERE is a silence in the groves. The Summer birds have left their arbours of delight, and gone "to flit amongst the trellised vines." Only our own native songsters stay to make their Summer haunts now and again to echo with new songs. But there is no dearth of bird-movement; for so many birds are leaving or have left us, others are coming or are about to visit us. Flocks of birds are coming and going, so that there is much to notice and much to learn; whereas in earlier months there was a shyness that enshrouded all their life. Now too are there few flowers lingering in field and wood. The glory of the heaths and moors is fading. Only the Autumn tints and lustrous shining fruits remain.

"Grieve, O ye Autumn winds !
Summer lies low ;
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed.
For she that loved her so
Alas ! is dead.
And one by one her loving children go.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

A. R. HORWOOD.

AN EXILE'S LONGING FOR THE SPIRIT.

I stood in the haze of the twilight ;
Shadows entangled my feet.
Like a vision she rose before me ;
Strong were her words and sweet.
Her voice uplifted my spirit,
And unbound my 'prisoned feet.
Then did she vanish slowly
Adown the twilit street.

I search for her between the stars
And when my fingers sift the sand ;
I search for her in opal fires
And in the burning furnace-brand.
I search for her in song of birds,
In every green or hollow tree ;
I search for her beneath the sea,
In every flower and every bee.

The morning-star opens my eyes,
The hurricane my ears.
But my beloved does not come ;
I weep with burning tears.

All day I laboured at my field ;
I watered it with my last tear.
But no. She came not ever again ;
There was no harvest here.

I built me hives of honey-bees
And laid their honey on my tongue.
All day they buzzed her holy name ;
They woke my passion for her song.

But the day must come when she,
Who speaks through the mouth of the budding bloom,
Through flower, through sea, through labouring hill,
With watery and with fiery tongues,—
Who speaks though no ear listens,—
The day must surely come
When she, who writes her message in jasper and in oak,
In cryptic symbols no eye reads,
Shall search with myriad torches for me,
Crying thus aloud across the night :
“ Write ! Tell my children in their language,
They do not understand my tongue
And know not of my loneliness.”

.

Oh ! like a drained and dried-up well
Which pines for the living water's rill,—
So do I everywhere await thy coming,
To flood my parched thoughts of derision
With deep sea-springs of vision.

.

Come ! Fly with me.
I am lighter than the wing of butterfly ;
Thrice plucked from my root am I.
Come ! Fly with me
Into a world of terrors
That I may tell thee the story of an exiled slave.

.

Come ! I am an old Hebrew Menōrah,¹
 Molten of virgin gold of the sanctuary,
 Forged by the masters of all ages.
 Come to me, Divine,
 Even though dust and defilement are thick on me !
 Come ! Light my candles and cry over me.
 Tears do not put me out,
 But feed my fires
 And burn my fears.
 Oh come, beloved of all beloveds !
 Nourish me with thy tears.

.

Come ! Grasp me with thy hand of steel ;
 Grasp me till I see and feel ;
 Hurl me over dale and hill
 In the tempest of thy will ;
 Raise me up until I know
 Whence and where my people go.

MOYSHEH OYVED.

¹ The holy seven-branched candelabrum of the ancient Jewish temple.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE THREE UNTRANSLATED COPTIC Gnostic DOCUMENTS OF THE BERLIN CODEX.

AN enquiry concerning the long-delayed translation of these very important Gnostic documents—*The Gospel of Mary*, *The Apocryphon of John* and *The Wisdom of Jesus*—has elicited the following sad letter from Professor Carl Schmidt of the University of Berlin, which we have permission to publish (in translation).

Berlin,
Lutherstrasse, 34,
27/6/23.

Highly honoured Mr. MEAD,

The copy of your book ['*Pistis Sophia*'] and the accompanying letter have safely reached my hands, and I thank you heartily for your amiability. We scholars in Germany unfortunately are no longer able to procure foreign books. Your Introduction has interested me greatly and I have found in it many literary notes. I hope to get my translation [revised edition of '*P. S.*'] published in the course of the present year. Now, as to the edition of the Berlin Codex, about which you make such pressing enquiries, I can unfortunately give you no positive information. The Coptic text indeed has for long been printed; but I do not know when I can fully devote myself to the study of the Coptic documents. In consequence of the War, I have been severely crippled in my scientific activity. You should know that, with my friend [Privy Councillor Moritz, formerly Director of the Khedival Library at Cairo], I had undertaken an important scientific expedition to the Convent of Saint Catherine on Mt. Sinai, to make a complete catalogue of the MSS. On the outbreak of the War I was compelled to leave behind all my baggage at Suez with the German Consul. There it was seized by the Military Authorities, and the contents of 24 cases were put up to public auction. All my photographic equipment is thus lost, and it is impossible for me to undertake a scientific expedition again. The scientific material was in 6 other cases, and these

were forwarded to Cairo for custody. There they have disappeared without leaving a trace, and science has suffered an immeasurable injury ; for it is a matter of some 8,000 photographs and impressions. As the result of enquiries, it was ascertained that 1 case, containing my books, was handed over to the Public Custodian ; and I obtained the permission of the Foreign Office to make application for this case. But in the meantime this too has disappeared. You will understand that the loss of the books is a severe blow, and that I consequently no longer possess my former power of work. I beg you therefore to have patience, however anxious you may be about the publishing of the Coptic original works. I would gladly place the publication in other hands ; but indeed there is no one who has command of both the Coptic language and the Gnostic literature at the same time.

Thanking you again heartily for your book, I remain, with special esteem,

Yours sincerely,

C. SCHMIDT.

From a subsequently more detailed letter we learn that Prof. Schmidt obtained access to the muniment room or archives of the Monastery, a privilege hitherto granted to no other scholar, and thus collected a huge mass of historical material about the ancient foundation from the time of Saladin onwards. The chief MSS. were photographed ; 8,000 negatives of pages being taken and 16,000 positive prints of them made. In addition the all-important Nabathæan/Kenite inscriptions on the peninsula were newly examined, and photographs and impressions made of them. All this is '*spurlos verloren gegangen*' ! Had the fortune of war been the other way round, doubtless the German Military Authorities would have confiscated the goods ; but they would then have presumably handed them over to German scholarship, and so preserved them. Our own Authorities seem to have in this instance been stupidly incurious, to say the least of it.

Last year Prof. Rendel Harris was at Sta. Caterina ; he has kindly informed me concerning these valuable photographs : " I made close and careful search for them in *every department* of the Military occupation, but without success, and I suspect that they were all destroyed as dangerous on account of the actual strategic movements in the Sinai peninsula."—ED.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES.

Or the Psychology of Individuation. By C. G. Jung, Dr. Med. et Jur. of the University of Zürich. Translated by H. Godwin Baynes, M.B., B.C. Cantab. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 654; 25s. net.

THIS is the most important contribution that the distinguished founder of the Zürich school of psycho-analysis has made to what, if we accept his findings, is the most self-analytic of all the sciences. For in his final words he writes: "Every theory of the psychic processes must submit to be valued in its turn as a psychic process." First of all a word to the prospective student: he should begin with the Definitions (pp. 518-617), continue with the General Description of the Types (pp. 412-517) and then turn to the question of the Problem of the Types in Classical and Mediæval Thought, and thereafter to Jung's review of what the philosopher, the poet, the physician and the æstheticist has to say concerning them (pp. 15-411). It would have been as well to have stated this in the Preface; unfortunately we did not 'tumble to it' ourselves in sufficient time to prevent a somewhat needless be-puzzlement over a number of points in the first 400 pp. in trying to find out where Jung precisely stood himself. As a matter of fact our vigorous *Bahnbrecher* lays all his cards on the table in his Definitions; we may agree or disagree, but that is how he understands and uses his leading terms as based upon his very wide medical experience and extensive study of psychological literature.

The subtitle indicates the special standpoint of our exponent. It is that of a relativist psychology, opposed straitly to every notion of an absolute psychology or even to one of uniformity; as such it drives straight against the wellnigh universal tendency in all current psychological theorizing. By individuation Jung means (p. 561) "the process of forming and specializing the individual nature; in particular, it is the development of the psychological individual as a differentiated being from the general, collective psychology." It is this individuation which counts, which has

value; therefore any attempt to reduce the individual to the undifferentiated collective is practically a *reductio ad absurdum*.

In this connection Jung tells us with all the emphasis of italics: "The more completely a man's life is moulded and shaped by the collective norm, the greater is his individual immorality" (p. 563). The concept of the 'collective unconscious,' which bulks so largely in Jung's exposition, and is one of his fundamental differences from Freudian theory, is identified (on p. 475) with Semon's *mnēmē*.

As to psychological types, species or general classes,—there are eight main varieties with which Jung deals (and he admits there may be others). In the narrower meaning in which the author uses the term, a type is "a characteristic model of a general attitude." An attitude is "a state of readiness, consisting in the presence of a certain subjective constellation, a definite combination of psychic factors or contents which will either determine action in this or that definite direction, or will comprehend an actual stimulus in this or that definite way" (p. 526). This attitude occurs in many individual forms; and in so far as it is *habitual*, it constitutes a type. Of these attitudes Jung, in the present work, has brought four into special relief: namely those oriented primarily by the four basic psychological functions, or forms of psychic acting, which remain theoretically the same under varying circumstances (p. 547). These are: *thinking*, *feeling*, *intuition* and *sensation*; and each of these may be further differentiated as they come under the preferential influence of two main movements of the urgeful psychic energy,—namely *introversion* and *extraversion*. The main *Leitfaden* of Jung's exposition is the contrasting of these two main tendencies. Further our exponent treats, not only the thinking, but also the feeling attitude as 'rational'; while he regards the intuitive and sensational as 'irrational.' In this he departs from his prior contributions to the theory of types, where he did not "differentiate the thinking and feeling from the introverted and extraverted types, but identified the thinking type with the introverted, and the feeling with the extraverted" (pp. 612, 613). Why then does Jung class the feeling attitude as rational—an entirely new departure in psychological theory? "I conceive reason," he tells us, "as an attitude whose principle is to shape thought, feeling and action in accordance with objective values. . . . Human reason . . . is—the expression of human adaptability to the average occurrence which has gradually become deposited in solidly organized com-

plexes, constituting our objective values" (pp. 584, 585). *Per contra*, by 'irrational' Jung does not mean what is 'contrary to reason,' but "something outside the province of reasoning, whose essence therefore is not established by reason."

To complete our general view of the ideas of the chief types, let us see what meaning Jung assigns to the terms he so frequently uses.

In the first place the terms extraversion and introversion are not to be applied to characters but only to mechanisms (p. 884). Extraversion means an outward turning of the libido. We regret that Jung still sticks to this latter vocable, and has not adopted his own preferable suggestion *hormé*. Libido is with him synonymous with psychic energy, that is the intensity of the psychic process—its psychological value, or "determining power, which is manifested in definite psychic operations ('effects')." He clearly wishes it to be understood that he does not by libido understand a psychic force, but that he employs it solely as a concept denoting 'intensity or value' (p. 571). We cannot but think that this is a somewhat 'bloodless category' for what is claimed to be the *fons et origo* of so much in psycho-analysis. Extraversion is in a sense "an outgoing transference of interest from the subject to the object. If it is an intellectual extraversion, the subject thinks himself into the object; if a feeling extraversion, then the subject feels himself into the object. The state of extraversion means a strong, if not exclusive, determination by the object" (pp. 542, 543). Introversion, on the contrary, means a turning inward of the psychic energy, "whereby a negative relation of subject to object is expressed. . . . Everyone whose attitude is introverted thinks, feels and acts in a way that clearly demonstrates that the subject is the chief factor of motivation, while the object at most receives only a secondary value" (p. 567).

Now as to the four basic functions: (1) Thinking is that which, "in accordance with its own laws, brings given presentations into conceptual connections." "Active thinking is an act of will, passive thinking an occurrence." And will is that sum of psychic energy which is disposable to consciousness. The process of will, according to Jung, is "an energetic process that is released by conscious motivation" (p. 617). Active thinking is what our author speaks of as 'directed thinking'; while he would term passive thinking as 'intuition' instead of 'phantasying,' as he did in his previous work, *Psychology of the Unconscious*. Further

he would characterize directed thinking as 'intellect,' and passive thinking as 'intellectual' intuition. (2) Feeling Jung regards as an independent function *sui genesis*. Feeling is an entirely subjective process; it is a kind of *judging*. It is moreover a *rational* function, since it bestows values; yet it is not an 'intellectual judgment,' but is "concerned with the setting up of a subjective criterion of acceptance or rejection." Feelings cannot, however, be classified (this, though not stated, is in direct contradiction to Shand); for "the very idea of a classification is intellectual and therefore incommensurable with the nature of feeling" (pp. 544ff.). (3) Intuition, which is used in so many senses by psychologists, is for Jung "that psychological function which transmits perceptions in an *unconscious way*. . . . Intuition is a kind of instinctive apprehension, irrespective of the nature of its contents." Like sensation, it is an *irrational* perceptive function (p. 568); and by 'irrational' is meant extra-rational, as we have seen above. (4) Finally sensation is "that function which transmits a physical stimulus to perception." It is, therefore, identical with perception (p. 585). Sensation is conscious, intuition unconscious perception (p. 587).

The above will, we hope, give the reader the general notion of the main elements of the psychological typology of our distinguished analyst; but it will give little idea of the richness and suggestiveness of the 400 pages which lead up to the main discussion. Of these we have unfortunately no space for noticing any but two themes. We are glad to remark the genuine appreciation of the Zürich professor for two of the great literary deposits of antiquity which contain such rich material for psychological study—namely, the Upanishad literature in India and the Gnostic in the West. Of the former Jung writes: "Our western air of superiority in the presence of Indian understanding is a part of our essential barbarism, for which any true perception of the quite extraordinary depths of these ideas and their amazing psychological accuracy is still but a remote possibility" (p. 264). Of the latter he writes: "The Gnosis displays unconscious psychology in full flower, perhaps in almost perverse luxuriance; it reveals, therefore, that very element which most stoutly resists the *regula fidei*, that Promethean and creative spirit which will submit only to the soul and to no collective ruling. Although in a crude form, we find in the Gnosis that belief in the power of individual revelation and of individual discernment which was absent in the later centuries. This belief had its source in that proud feeling of

individual relationship with God which is subject to no human statute, and which may even constrain the gods by the sheer might of the understanding. Within the Gnosis lay the beginning of that way which led to the intuitions of German mysticism (with their immense psychological significance)”—pp. 298, 299. We should look forward with deep interest to a psychological study of some of the *chef d'œuvres* of the Gnosis by our author, for as yet this very important task has not been attempted.

As to translation,—it is well and carefully done, and in collaboration with the author himself,—very differently from the deplorable hash that was made of his chief prior work, *Psychology of the Unconscious*. But our author is difficult to translate, specially because of his frequent translations from other languages. We are glad, for instance, to see him make appreciative use of Synesius' *On Dreams*; but why use the Latin version? It is a poor thing. Synesius' Greek is not easy to render adequately, but it is worth while bestowing all one's pains upon him, as we know from personal experience. A neologism that has held us up repeatedly in Dr. Baynes' version is the hybrid 'transvey.' Why this when we have both 'transfer' and 'convey' to do the work equally well?

Finally it is a very great pleasure to come across a psycho-analytic study that is sincerely open-minded and free from dogmatism; for the publications of the Freudian school have of late almost without exception vied with each other in laying down the law.

OLD CREEDS AND NEW NEEDS.

By C. A. F. Rhys Davids, D.Litt., M.A. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 193; 5s. net.

IN this simply and sincerely written book Dr. C. A. F. Rhys Davids has little trouble in showing how the old creeds of the world without exception are inadequate for the new needs of our day when at length, at any rate among the informed, the elements of a concrete 'world-consciousness' are part of a liberal education. The faiths of the past were fashioned in their origins in very restricted areas, and have been set forth from standpoints that show no acquaintance with the rest of the world's surface, its inhabitants and their religious hopes and fears. There are two main difficulties confronting the historian of religion—the first, that of the records; the impossibility of finding out what precisely

the inaugurator of a world-faith actually did and taught, and secondly the rapid deformation of the original teaching by the tendency of the later followers to deify the founder, and identify the messenger with the fullest possible development of the contents of the message. In exemplification of her thesis, our distinguished colleague treats of the three great figures of Gotama, Jesus and Mahommed, and in this what she has to say of the Buddha is specially noteworthy, as it confines itself to a discriminating appreciation of the testimony of the earliest Pāli documents, and here our author is an acknowledged expert. With the life of Jesus she does not fare so fairly, and seems to us to be somewhat too speculative. Coming to our own days Dr. Rhys Davids has a brief word to say of Bahā'ism, the Brahmo-samāj and Christian Science, and devotes a little more space to the Positivist Movement. The essay is throughout written with complete freedom from dogmatism; and as our friend says in her 'Forewords': "The book will not please anyone who is definitely committed to any one of the old-established creeds. Neither will it please those who reject all creeds, because they are without faith in the reality of anything that is supersensuous. It is not written to seek approval from any of these quarters. We honestly seek for what is true, and, speaking for all honest seekers, we want no greater joy than to be ourselves led to truth we do not yet see. We know it is a very high quest, and a very hard one. We are all of us only children in our efforts, extraordinarily ignorant. It is only the veriest children among us who hold themselves to be wise."

A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE

During the First Thirteen Centuries of our Era. By Lynn Thorndike, Ph.D., Professor of History in Western Reserve University, Author of 'The History of Medieval Europe.' London (Macmillan); 2 vols., pp. xl. + 835 and vi. + 1,086; 42s. net.

THE title of this historically painstaking and praiseworthy survey should be amended. It is not a history of magic, but a review of what very numerous and famous writers of the past have had to say about magic; and that too Western authors solely. Eastern literature is entirely neglected, and magic among primitives falls outside the scope of the undertaking. Moreover, only one side of magic is envisaged—namely the physical, and this only in so

far as it may be contrasted with the beginnings of experimental science, of which as such no 'history' is given. But whatever should be the correct description by title of Prof. Thorndike's immense labours, he has, within the measures of his perspective, produced a memorable work. His reading has been prodigious, and that too not only of printed books but of MSS. It is an admirable beginning, and points to huge masses of material that await the research of the historian in this so richly documented field. Prof. Thorndike is a historian and not a student of magic; his standpoint is one that reveals, for instance, no knowledge of or sympathy with psychical research. Accordingly his treatment tends invariably to reduce what is mainly psychical and psychological, to physical 'superstition.' This said, we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for correcting a host of false ideas, current even among the learned, concerning the nature of mediæval thinking and endeavouring, and re-orienting us concerning a large number of literary and historical facts.

It is of course true that physical science issued from the externals of magical operations, and the two great intermediary moments in this development, astrology and alchemy, as 'every school-boy knows,' were the foster-mothers of modern astronomy and chemistry. Our author's researches bring out very clearly the primacy of astrology over all other 'occult arts' in the middle ages; many great minds who rejected alchemy, were apologists of psychical sidereal theory. But what is magic? How is it to be distinguished fundamentally from religion on the one hand and science on the other? This fundamental problem our author does not tackle. Magic is ever characterized by the desire in the operator of the 'will to power.' It is always a question of *my* will, not of *thy* will,—nor even of *our* will, for magic is invariably *anti-social*. Religion is, on the contrary, for the worshipper always a case of *thy* will. Magic in final analysis is always selfish. What then of science in the ordinary sense—let us say, of experimental science? It is morally indifferent—knowledge of physical facts for the sake of knowledge. Such science is soulless. Personally, we hold that it is an error to speak of 'white' and 'black' magic; magic, when not black, may be any colour of the spectrum, but never white; for in such symbolism 'white' should stand for moral spiritual knowledge and magic is never that.

In a work of upwards of 1,900 pages dealing with so difficult and obscure a subject, a detailed review of 100 pages might very well be attempted by a fellow-student; but this is clearly

impossible in a small quarterly, and we can refer only to a few general points. Prof. Thorndike (i. 657 ff.) clearly misunderstands the enormously important concept of *spiritus* (the 'subtle body' notion) as distinguished from soul. Without a clear view of this age-old, indispensable factor in primitive and developed Eastern and Western tradition there can, in our view, be no understanding of magic,—superstitious or otherwise. If, again, as our author shows historically, astrology exercised so vast an influence on the minds of so many who were otherwise acute thinkers and observers, why does not Professor Thorndike give some indication that he has some personal knowledge of the theory; history in the ordinary sense (not in the new philosophical, Crocean sense) is all very well; but in this study what above all we need is *comparative* treatment. We ourselves, though unconvinced by any extant theory of astrology, have to admit that there is 'something' in it; it is not to be dismissed purely as 'superstition,' whatever that so wildly and widely flung-about caption may mean. In this connection it is very certain that the natural swing of the pendulum away from the late Victorian exclusive scientific interest in physics and naïve materialism to a more intensive culture of the vital sciences of biology, psychology and sociology, will result in showing that materialistic and mechanistic science has its own 'superstitions,' which are fundamentally kin to those of the mythological ages, though in another field of reference, as indeed our author is in his best moments aware. The Orthodox Scientist rolls his tongue round the vocable 'superstition' with as great gusto as the Church Fathers pronounced the sound-symbol 'heresy'; the spirit of prejudice with both is one and the same psychologically and philosophically. Again, when any research-scholar surveys the material of an encyclopædic subject, he almost invariably picks out for quotation what suits his (it may be subconscious) needs or prejudices. We certainly should have selected much that our author omits and have omitted no little that he brings into the forefront, as indeed may be seen from what we have written on the earlier literature which comes into Prof. Thorndike's survey.

There is much of interest, on the other hand, that we should like to remark upon in these closely-packed pages of information. For instance, the following judgment of the great Summist Albertus Magnus (c. 1200-1280 A.D.) is noteworthy. He differentiates magic and miracle. "Feats of magic do not . . . happen as instantaneously as miracles, although they occur much more rapidly than the ordinary processes of nature" (ii. 552). This

position is being put forward, or rather revived, in our own day by Roman Catholic Neo-scholastics, who lay it down as the traditional teaching of the Church, that the distinguishing mark of miracle is its *instantaneous* nature; the time-factor does not enter into it. Therefore in mental cures, no matter how abnormally rapid they may be, as long as there is any time-factor in them, they must be classed as 'natural' and not as 'supernatural' or 'miraculous.' This is also the position of Albert's famous pupil Thomas Aquinas, who lays it down that "a miracle is contrary to the order of all created nature and can be performed by God alone" (ii. 603). Professor Thorndike is especially good in treating of the views on magic of such great doctors of the Church, and he also does a great service in fitting Roger Bacon into his natural frame, and showing that the general estimate of this worthy's acumen and accomplishments is, to say the least of it, exaggerated; most of what Roger has to say, was said by other great minds before him, and that too in the immediately preceding generations.

Professor Thorndike's most general conclusion is that "experimental method owes a considerable debt to magic, and that magic owed a great deal to experimental method." With this we are also inclined to agree, if physical magic alone is in question.

One thing is certain,—namely, that the 'histories of magic' of an Ennemoser and a Constant are grotesqueries when compared with the type of historic work dealt with in this notice.

PSYCHOLOGY AND POLITICS.

And other Essays. By W. H. R. Rivers. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 181; 12s. 6d. net.

COMPARED with much of the late Dr. Rivers' other work the essays in this volume are very slight: they are, nevertheless, as will be expected, exceedingly suggestive and very readable. They contain indications of problems and lines of work rather than facts and conclusions. Thus, following the lead of modern medicine, practical politicians should seek the *causes* of social diseases, and turn their efforts to the counteracting and eradicating of these causes rather than to the simple removal of the *symptoms*. By far the most authoritative paper is one on 'The Aim of Ethnology,' in which, as Dr. Elliot Smith puts it, Rivers maintained that the common features of myths and folktales are not expressions of instinct or 'the collective unconscious,' nor 'typical

symbols.' "They are due to the diffusion from one centre of an arbitrary tale which had a definite history differing vastly from that postulated by either Freud or Jung." The words are Dr. Elliot Smith's, but we wonder what is the significance and justification of the term 'arbitrary.'

A. G. WIDGERY.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

ST. PHOCAS.

And other Poems. By A. M. P. Dawson. London (Swarthmore Press); pp. 64 ; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS collection of verses is one which will give pleasure to a reader who appreciates a certain serenity, balance, and quiet dignity, often conspicuous by its absence from modern poetry. In the ballads concerning incidents in the lives of some of the saints, the atmosphere has a touch of mediæval quaintness and tenderness, and specially in the opening poem 'Saint Phocas' (written in the Spenserian metre, which seems to suit this poet), there is a cloistral beauty, which makes a strong appeal. It begins:

"From holy dawn till dying, holier eve,
The gentle Phocas lived among his flowers
And tended them; no cause had he to grieve
Save when the blight put forth its fatal powers
And withered those he loved, or when rain-showers
Delayed their precious boon. His heart, at rest,
Pondered his new-found faith, through summer hours,
In Him who deemed the wayside lilies drest
Richer than David's son, Judea's King most blest."

There are beautiful passages scattered throughout these verses, as the opening lines of the 'Sonnet' (on p. 84):

"Oh trembling water, flowing restlessly
To the glad welcome of thy mother's breast!
Dost thou not image human-kind's unrest,
Seeking to empty its anxiety
On the broad bosom of its parent sea?"—

and the conclusion of the fine sonnet 'Night' (p. 27). The poem entitled 'Reincarnation' (p. 44) describes in lines of much beauty the perpetual return of the Crucified to earth.

POEMS.

By a Brother and Sister. London (Humphrey Milford); pp. 67; 4s. 6d. net.

A BOOK of pleasant verse, of which—as the headings somewhat bluntly inform us—the first and smaller part consists of 'Hers,' and the second of 'His.' Among these latter, which in their truth of metaphor, clearness of thought, and instinct for vowel-sequence, show the presence of the real artist, we may note the beauteous sonnet 'To my Wife in Absence' (p. 26), and the vigorous lines 'On the 4 P.M. West of England Express' (p. 57), of which the following are the second and fifth verses:

"Rolling West on an iron track,
Mile on mile to a destined goal,
Through the wrack of the funnel-stack,
The wraith of the dying coal.

* * * * *

"Out of the future into the past
Speeds the earth 'twixt the sun and me,
Winging fast on a time-born blast
In quest of eternity."

BARS AND SHADOWS.

The Prison Poems of Ralph Chaplin. With an Introduction by Scott Nearing. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 47; 2s. 6d. net.

THE author of this book, as we learn from the Introduction, is a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, who is serving a twenty-year term in the Federal Penitentiary, to which he was sentenced for taking part in a conspiracy with intent to obstruct the prosecution of the War. The sentiments expressed are such as we are accustomed to hear from those who believe that it is possible by economic revolution to set up heaven upon earth. Regarded, however, from a literary point of view, many of them undoubtedly show considerable power. Among those in

which politics are left on one side, and the voice of the poet as such is allowed to be heard, may be mentioned the striking sonnet called 'Prison Shadows' (p. 18); while in 'The Warrior Wind' (p. 21) if the note of personal anger is set aside, we recognize the poet's sense of kinship with Nature. The following fine verses conclude this poem:

"The wind alone, of all the gods of old,
 Men could not chain,
 O wild wind, brother to my wrath and pain,
 Like you, within a restless heart I hold
 A hurricane.

"The wind has known the dungeons of the past,
 Knows all that are;
 And in due time will strew their dust afar,
 And singing, he will shout their doom at last
 To a laughing star.

"O cleansing warrior wind, stronger than death,
 Wiser than men may know;
 O smite these stubborn walls and lay them low,
 Uproot and rend them with your mighty breath—
 Blow, wild wind, blow!"

RALPH RAWDON.

A Story in Verse. By Rev. E. E. Bradford, D.D. (Coll. Exon., Oxon.), Author of 'Sonnets,' etc. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 115; 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is the history of the development of a boy's character through youth to manhood, written in five books of pleasantly flowing verse which contain not a few passages of poetic beauty. While tracing the story of the hero through the early difficult years of life, it has a deeper purpose in attempting a solution of the eternal problem of sexual love. As a narrative it is distinctly interesting, with attractive lights and shades of character-play. The solution of the problem to which it is devoted is based on the theory of reincarnation, in which an explanation is found of the 'fancy-loves' of youth. None of these are declared to be vain, but friendship is placed on a higher level than love. The author's views on human destiny are summed up in the following beautiful lines, which conclude the poem:

"From gloom we come and into gloom we go;
 Our little day is lapped about with night,
 And like the year we wend from snow to snow—
 A starlit gloom mysteriously bright,
 And virgin snow, immaculately white.
 God maketh darkness still His secret place,
 For earthly glare obscures His heavenly light.
 We need to sleep and gather strength and grace,
 Before we wake again to run a grander race!"

AD MAGNAM AMICITIAM.

London (Cape); pp. 62; 2s. 6d. net.

IN these poems, published anonymously, is outlined the history of a spiritual friendship, which, after much struggle and suffering overcoming earthly passion, culminates in a mystic union triumphant over both separation and death. Of many memorable passages the following lines of the last poem but one, 'On the Eve of Exile' may be quoted:

"Though we may never meet again,
 Though half the world between us lie,
 The courier winds shall fetch and carry for us,
 The moon upon the further side repeat
 The messages our hearts flash to the sun,
 Kind nature be our trusty confidante;—
 What then can part us?

* * * * *

Though I discommon thee from my thoughts,
 Yet thou art there;
 Though I cut off my right hand to be free,
 Yet still the troth remains;—
 Though I cut out my heart, each crimson drop
 Would rosary-like
 Proclaim Thy Presence,
 Within that inmost shrine beyond the veil,
 Where Thou art I, and I am Thou,
 Like twin imperishable Seraphim,
 In an Eternal One."

S. E. HALL.

BAHAI: THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

By Horace Holley. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 212; 7s. 6d. net.

THE author is an American and a whole-souled enthusiast of the Bahai movement conceived of as the universal synthetic religion of the future. Bahaism is a religion possessing its own revelation and setting forth an ideal of fraternity, peace and goodwill among the world-faiths. It advocates the reconciliation of science with religion, education for all and the equal rights of women with men. The text of the book before us was completed before the recent death of Abbas Effendi, and it remains to be seen how Bahaism will develop now that its three great prophetic lights have passed away, beginning with the martyrdom of the Báb in 1851 in Persia. The claims that are now put forward for these three 'manifestations' are stupendous; they have become transfigured into a 'cosmic trinity.' The following quotations will give some notion of what white-hot faith in these days of scepticism can bring itself to credit.

"Of El Bab, Baha'o'llah [the second prophet and the greatest of the three, father of Abdul Baha] has said: 'His station is greater than all the Prophets, and his mission loftier than the knowledge and comprehension of all the Holy Ones.'

"El Bab, like Abdul Baha, manifested from the Will which we call Baha'o'llah. For the sun does not draw near to the earth, but the earth draws near to the sun; and the Sun of Truth could not establish effects upon the collective human consciousness until that consciousness had been prepared. The function of El Bab was to gather together and focus into one point the world's capacity to receive the cosmic Will. By his Manifestation the earth of consciousness was carried into the direct influence of the Sun of Truth.

"Like a flash of divine lightning the brief existence of El Bab came and went, a mystery and an amazement to all people so ever who looked upon that Love. Upon that Love the animal man directed its hate; but by his sacrifice the cosmic Purpose entered irrevocably into the life of the world. The effect of his Manifestation is concentrated into a single point, the point of the three cosmic Points which determine the plane of reality. . . .

"Therefore, when the cosmic Love had served to turn the earth of consciousness back into the orbit of approach from the orbit of recession, the cosmic Reality, the cosmic Purpose, stood

clearly revealed. In Baha'o'llah the Sun of Truth manifested—the Glory of God, the supreme Divine Manifestation for this plane, sent forth its creative rays upon the earth of consciousness in their direct fullness. Since now that earth has drawn again into the sphere of their cosmic influence, the winter of doubt has become the summer of assurance. The night of ignorance has become the dawn of wisdom around the entire world in the soul of man. . . .

“In Abdul Baha, according to our cosmic science, we have the third Point, Knowledge, which together with the Point of Love and the Point of Will determine the plane of consciousness.

“Abdul Baha manifested to surround the earth of consciousness with a spiritual atmosphere. This atmosphere translates the Light of Truth into the Water of Life. This atmosphere is the ‘Most Great Bounty,’ the ‘Mystery of God’ making our modern Revelation entirely universal, a divine Cause raised above names and forms, destined to become the very foundation of human existence in all lands.”

Another enthusiast, a Persian Bahai, writing to his co-religionists in America, declares :

“He (God) tore asunder the veils of superstition and imagination and brought them the realities and the significances of the true life, and through His Dearest Son, His Most Sincere Servant, the Priceless Pearl of the Seas of His Oneness, Abdul Baha, the Greatest Branch (may our lives be sacrificed for him!), perfected His bounty and fulfilled the glad-tidings declared in the ancient Books.”

Here Abdul Baha is made out to be greater even than Baha'o'llah, and the latter had already declared that his precursor the Bab was greater than all the prophets before him, including of course Jesus and Mohammad. These ecstatic laudations of their leaders by the Bahais are amazing, to say the least of it; they show that whenever outstanding personalities give signs of contact with the life of the Spirit many of their followers will straightway proceed to divinize them. Baha'o'llah, it is true, wrote many fine tablets and other compositions. Much that he wrote, however, is unfortunately untranslated and we would gladly welcome the publication of the whole of his output in European dress. A man through whom could be written so arresting an utterance as the following was surely inspired to do so :

“O Son of Spirit! I have created thee rich. Why dost thou make thyself poor? Noble have I made thee. Why dost thou

degrade thyself? Of the essence of Knowledge have I manifested thee. Why searchest thou for another than Me? From the clay of Love I have kneaded thee. Why seekest thou another? Turn thy sight unto thyself, that thou mayest find Me standing within thee, Powerful, Mighty and Supreme."

Bahaïsm is formally more closely allied to Sufic mysticism than any other tradition and may be said to have issued from it. It has suffered persecution, and both Baha'o'llah and Abdul Baha passed long years of their lives in captivity. Whatever else may be said of it, it is distinctly a spiritual movement with high ideals, and its effort to formulate the elements of a universal religion is an attempt to satisfy a need that is being more and more keenly felt by very large numbers to-day. Abdul Baha was always emphasizing its benevolent attitude to science; this attitude it may have, but in his own conversations and addresses there is little to show that he himself had any acquaintance with science as we know it. The tenor of Abdul Baha's teaching is summed up in the declaration: "This is the Century of Spiritual Illumination. Its basic application is: Investigate Truth, Promote Peace, Proclaim the Oneness of Mankind." Mr. Holley's book gives us no indication that there has ever been any internal disturbance in the movement: the historian has to go elsewhere for his information in this respect, and in this even Mr. Holley's 'Reading List' does not help, as may be seen from its qualification 'Constructive.'

A MANUAL OF BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY.

By William Montgomery McGovern, Ph.D. (Oxon.), Lecturer in Japanese and Chinese at the School of Oriental Studies, Univ. of Lond., Priest of Nishi Honganji, Kyoto, Japan, etc.
Vol. I. Cosmology. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 205; 10s. 6d. net.

WE are glad Trubner's famous Oriental Series is renewing the life of its honourable existence with some new volumes, of which the one under notice is the most recent. Dr. McGovern makes the general sub-title of Vol. I. of his Manual cover a wider field than the term Cosmology has so far connoted. As a matter of fact, it applies strictly only to Part I. of the volume, Parts II. and III. being captionized very illuminatingly as 'Cosmic Analysis' and 'Cosmic Dynamics.' The latter two are the more important, more instructive and better executed portions of the undertaking. The author is indeed well-equipped and trained for the exploita-

tion of the Chinese and Japanese sources of Mahāyānism ; he is a remarkable knower of Japanese and a good knower of Chinese, but throughout he also gives the Sanskrit and Pāli equivalents of the innumerable technical terms. In this, we understand, he has received the help of other scholars ; for in these fields he is not a knower sure enough for the task. And indeed no one can efficiently cover the whole of this fourfold field ; for each department requires a life of special study. We have nothing to say then on this count ; it is indeed the only way in which the fundamental problems, historical and doctrinal, of Mahāyānism, can be tackled. But on another ground we have 'something against' our Manualist. Technical Chinese, Japanese, Sanskrit and Pāli terms have of course to be given ; and with the former two of them Dr. McGovern, as we see, can deal understandingly. But to use hundreds of Sanskrit and Pāli terms without translation is, not only a wearisomeness to the flesh for the non-specialist, but an evasion of the clear duty of equivalent rendering incumbent upon any scholar, not only who would be understood by the generally instructed reader, but who desires also to assure his colleagues that he is making a substantive contribution to the supreme task of creating an adequate translation-dialect in English. The prime question learned and unlearned alike must ask is : What does this, that and the other term precisely mean ? What is the ground-idea behind the word-symbol ? Here our so learned friend in Japanese and Chinese Buddhist *sūtras* and *śāstras* gives us no help. Our contention is that the Western student of theology, philosophy and psychology *can* understand the ideas, even if he have no Orientalist training, but always provided that the 'ideas' are put into a Western tongue with which he is acquainted. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of the Orientalist to help such non-specialists in this to the fullest extent of his power. Scholars have no right to expect any but fellow-specialists to be *au fait* with their own particular jargon. It is no sin to be ignorant of ancient or modern Eastern tongues ; and the true scientific spirit should be steadily opposed to the evasive trick of camouflaging its work under a useless esoterism of *barbara nomina*. The days of magic are over, and its survival in modern technical jargons is nothing short of a scandal, now that no one, no matter how well-equipped, can possibly cover any but a small part of the gigantic area of the field of culture—there is simply physically no time to do so. This is our first grumble ; and we venture so to 'grouse' because we have a very high appreciation of our friend's abilities and industry,

and look for much from him. He is, however, just now making the pace too hot (three books in two years!) for turning out work that will really stand the strain of use, from so delicate a factory of difficult scholarship. *Festina lentius*, at the beginning, it is well to remember, if you would win a long distance event such as the 'three miles.' There are quantities of good stuff collected in these Pts. II. and III., and more attention to the point on which we have animadverted would have given us a far richer harvest than is the case. As to Pt. I., we must confess that, to our way of thinking, Dr. McGovern has fundamentally misconceived the nature of ancient cosmologizing. Of course, it is not modern science; no one dreams that it is; and to view it from this cheap critical standpoint is, at this late hour of the day in comparative study, a *vieux jeu* that may be left to the Victorian fogies of pseudo-rationalism; and Dr. McG. is assuredly not of this narrow class of mentality. What we should have liked to have seen, would have been a careful marshalling and ordering of all the Buddhist material or, failing that, at least of the chief specimens of it, and then some comparison or parallelizing of it, especially with Old Babylonian cosmologic picturing. As a scheme of symbolism conflate Buddhist cosmology might have been shown, at any rate by one acquainted with psychical imagery, to be not so idiotic and irrational a fictionizing as Dr. McGovern's ironical comments may lead us to suppose. He practically dismisses the whole of it with contempt. That is our second growl. The author might, if he so desired, have cut it entirely out of his Manual programme; but if he desires to retain this in a new edition, he will have practically to rewrite it to make it in any way adequate; at least so we humbly think, and are so bold as to remark without prejudice.

All this, not because we are indifferent to the importance and value of Mahāyānism, but rather because we believe that it has more of the living spirit of Buddhism in it than Hīnayānism, and that the future of Buddhism, as a living religious force of great power in the world, depends precisely upon the sort of work that is being done by such younger scholars as Dr. McGovern, especially if it is collaborated with that of the many Japanese and also some Chinese scholars, who are beginning a thorough-going review, and even reformation, of the Ancient Dharma in the Far East. The Japanese in particular are applying Western methods of research to this rich Buddhist tradition, as may be seen from Prof. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki's excellent periodical *The Eastern Buddhist*.

THE PROBLEMS OF HISTORISM.

By Ernst Troeltsch. *Gesammelte Schriften*, Bd. III. *Der Historismus und seine Probleme*. I. Buch—Das logische Problem der Geschichtsphilosophie. Tübingen (J. C. B. Mohr—Dr. Paul Siebeck); pp. x.+778; about 12s.

AS our readers know from Mr. Quigley's obituary notice in the April number, Prof. Troeltsch has recently passed away before he could finish the projected fourth volume of his collected works, which was to contain the system of his philosophy of history. In view of the premature loss of this great scholar, it makes melancholy reading to find him ending p. 199 of the present volume with the resigned words: "It is not the final state of humanity on earth, but the death of the individuals, which is the limit of all philosophy of history." Ay, so it is, and until Bernard Shaw's Methusalemic dreams come true, we shall again and again mourn the loss of absolutely unique and irreplaceable individuals cut off in the very moment when they intended to crown their life's work with a last masterpiece. The loss is all the heavier in this case, since we are all convinced here, in Central Europe, that none in the least like those great old *eruditissimi* of Troeltsch's generation and rank will follow during our own lifetime. Among the reviewer's own generation, which still passionately longs to pass on the lighted torch of classic scholarship and philosophic culture to the present war-ruined youth of the nation, a forlorn feeling prevails that we are the last of the Mohicans and that solid, far-reaching historic learning, as we understand it, is no longer wanted in this grim age of the thirty tyrants and the millions of slaves, all of whom persist in their selfish quarrellings without the least regard either for the past or for the future of mankind. But as long as some future is left, not only for science—and this will survive as a whole, for some time at least, because the rulers of modern society are unable to distinguish with certainty what part of it may not after all be made use of in the technique of machinery-making or money-grabbing or in doctoring their precious bodies when they are brought low by the stress of 'business'—but also for historical research and philosophic thought, Ernst Troeltsch's last great work will stand. It will have, not only to be read, but studied by all earnest workers in the boundless field of historic research, who would survey from the highest possible

point of view, not only their own limited special field of research, but that great, though elusive, totality which we call universal or world-history.

It would of course be worse than useless to try to epitomize such a work in the limited space available for such a short notice. Suffice it to say, that the author has most carefully and congenially analyzed, nay 'lived through,' nearly every single valuable thought which has been contributed to the literature of his subject during the last two centuries (and indeed the philosophy of history is not older than that). Even the most superficial glance at the list of authors' names at the end of the volume will convince the reader what an amount of painstaking has been devoted to the analysis of the leading historiologic ideas of the age. Wherever we open the book, be it at the pages devoted to Wells or to Mill, to Marx or to Leibniz, or to Simmel or even to Spencer, we feel amply rewarded by the work of a scholar who is always most careful to do full justice to the thought of the author under analysis, and at the same time never fails to emphasize his own point of view by the most stimulating criticism.

Taking into consideration the magnitude of the field covered by Troeltsch, the reviewer bears no grudge to the late venerable *praeceptor Germaniæ* for mentioning as representative of the Austrian school L. M. Hartmann's essays of 1906, while overlooking the reviewer's own *Studien zur Werttheorie* (Leipzig, 1901), which anticipated—of course with much less far-reaching reverberation—Max Weber's fundamental assertions as to the necessary elimination of all valuation from the field of objective research, and attempted to elaborate the consequences of the Mach-Avenarius empirio-criticist school for the practice and epistemological theory of historic research. Another remarkable deficiency of the book is the lack of interest in the genesis of the primary historic activity, in the origins and sociologic functions of the contemporary record, a deficiency which is explained, but not justified, by the fact that the same void is met with in all existing books on the methods of historic research. In this book of nearly 800 pages the journalist is referred to occasionally only, and that word to conjure with, THE PRESS, is not even once mentioned! Yet the fundamental problem of 'historiology' is the question, why and when a 'fact' becomes 'news'—the analysis of the will to 'believe what we wish,' and still more so to *make believe what we wish*, and to hush up, belittle or eliminate from the 'news' the 'facts' we dislike—in short the sociological functions of what

we call 'propaganda' and its influence on what we call 'reports.' It had too little interest for Troeltsch, and this because he was himself an almost perfectly unbiassed and fair recorder of facts and opinions, in short—a figure which is rarer among scholars than the laymen would be ready to believe—a perfect gentleman. Indeed it is remarkable how little fighting instinct there was in Troeltsch. Who would believe, if there was no date on the title-page (1922), that this book was written after the greatest and dirtiest of all wars, after the foulest and most venomous mutual war of propaganda, during which some of the silliest and stupidest 'propaganda' books have been written by more than one of our most renowned historians!

R. EISLER.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AND THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD.

Vol. II. The Belief among the Polynesians. By Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S., F.B.A. London (Macmillan); pp. 447; 18s. net.

IN Vol. I. the distinguished compiler of 'The Golden Bough' encyclopædia dealt with the belief in survival as found among the aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea and Melanesia. This exposition formed the subject matter of the Gifford Lectures for 1911-1912. Sir James hopes to add a third volume treating of the belief among the Micronesians and Indonesians. In the present volume we have a survey of the general religious beliefs, the conceptions of the souls of the living and of the departed, and the rites, sacrifices and taboos connected with death among the Maoris, Tongans, Samoans, Hervey Islanders, Society Islanders, Marquesans and Hawaiians, concerning all of which our information extends back only to some century and a half. Each group is treated apart and consequently there is frequent repetition; a comparative study dealing with distinctive topics and features and tracing them separately throughout the groups would have been more informative, we venture to think. So experienced and laborious a worker as Sir James may well be expected not to miss anything of importance; but with regard to the Maoris, the extraordinarily interesting study of the four MS. volumes of traditions so carefully recorded from the lips of the oldest Tohungas and preserved in the Government archives of

New Zealand, which was published some ten years ago,¹ has escaped his notice. It proved that the Maoris had some high beliefs about a supreme deity, quite unknown previously. Sir James is to be thanked for gathering together and summarizing the material scattered through an extensive literature; it is certainly a useful undertaking. Our veteran worker in so many other fields of anthropology and folk-lore is here a pioneer in a task that lies within the competence of many, but of which he alone has seen the importance. We were hoping that one who has for so many years been making such extensive researches into primitive beliefs, might have been able to throw some fresh light on the matter in hand. But this is not the case. The subject of survival and the cult of the dead is of immense interest in these days of psychical research, and primitive conceptions concerning them are now capable of a more understanding treatment than their superficial dismissal as all due to utterly irrational superstition. In one or two places, it is true, Sir James shows a slight tendency to believe that the phenomena of possession, trance-speaking, and so forth, found among all the Islanders may not be entirely faked; but he never pursues the topic. If he had made it his business to collect every scrap of information he came across illustrative of such phenomena, and made this the point of departure of his study it would have been a far more valuable contribution. In his final words the author writes: "How far such childish notions and foolish customs tend to confirm or refute the widespread, almost universal, belief in the survival of the human soul after death, is a question which I must leave my readers to answer for themselves." Our complaint is that Sir James has paid hardly any attention to the only material which can give his readers a chance of coming to an unprejudiced judgment.

For so large and well-printed a volume the price is exceedingly moderate in these days of ruinous book-prices.

THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS.

A Systematic Survey. By Alban G. Widgery, M.A., Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Cambridge, formerly Prof. of Philos. and the Com. Study of Religions, Baroda. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 371; 12s. 6d. net.

¹ *The Lore of the Whare-wānanga; or Teachings of the Maori College on Religion, Cosmogony and History.* Written down by H. T. Whatahoro from the Teachings of Te Matorohanga and Nepta Pohuhu, Priests of the Whare-wānanga of the East Coast. Translated by S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S., President of the Polynesian Society. New Plymouth, N.Z., 1913.

THIS is a tremendous subject, yet few quests are of greater importance and value. It requires for adequate treatment an uncommon equipment, deep sympathy, penetrating discernment, delicate impartiality and, above all, some first-hand religious experience proper and knowledge of psycho-religious phenomena. It is educative in a sense that scarcely any other discipline is educative, and we are ourselves bold to declare that no one has a right to dogmatize on any religion, much less on religion in general, unless they can show that they are widely acquainted with the history of the development of at least the greatest world-faiths. When so vast a field has to be surveyed by a writer on this most humanistic topic, it is easy for a critic to pitch on this or that detail, to dissent or approve or suggest, for the range is encyclopædic. To-day students of the subject are in a vastly superior position for making a survey than their predecessors; for we have now the absolutely indispensable *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, the *monumentum auri perennis* of James Hastings, who has so recently passed from the scene of his vast organizing labours in honoured ascent. Prof. Widgery does not seem to us to have made all the use he might have of this treasury of learning. Nevertheless he has done excellently in many ways, and above all he has taken up a position within the circle from which the vast field can be viewed in a perspective that is more nearly approaching an all-round view than that of most of his predecessors. His plan is to trace out certain leading ideas in the life of religion as exemplified in the great faiths, and this is far more instructive than to treat the religions by themselves separately. His scheme is as follows: Introd. 'Scientific Theology and the Comparative Study of Religions'; I. 'The Sources and Nature of Religious Truth'; II. 'Supernatural Beings, Good and Bad'; III. 'The Soul: Its Nature, Origin and Destiny'; IV. 'Sin and Suffering: Salvation and Redemption'; V. 'Religious Practices'; VI. 'The Emotional Attitudes and Religious Ideals.' Short appendixes are added dealing with: A. i. Magic; ii. Fetishism; iii. Totemism; B. Literature. Prof. Widgery is a Christian, but he is neither a Traditionalist nor an Apologist. *O si sic omnes!* His work is a valuable contribution to the most humane and humanistic of all studies—to what we may well call the Highest Criticism—and we can most heartily recommend it to our readers as a highly commendable Introduction.

THE STORY OF THE VENETIAN VIRGIN.

By Guillaume Postel. Translated from the Italian Edition of 1555 into French by M. Morard, and from the French into English by H. A. Milne Home. J. H. Keys, Whimble Street, Plymouth; pp. 60; 1s. 9d.

POSTEL, philosopher-mystic and professor at Paris, seems to have been powerfully influenced by a mysterious 'sibyl' whom he calls the Venetian Virgin, Jeho-channa; and this little treatise purports to be the result of her instructions and prophecies upon himself. The absence of any 'story' of this 'Virgin' suggests that she corresponds to Boehme's 'Sophia,' and the whole book reads much like a Christianized version of some Trismegistic extract concerning Korē Kosmou. Postel's description of her higher clairvoyant faculties leads on to a remarkable disquisition on the subtle body, the three worlds, man as a composition of the 'equilibrium of the universe' and a contrast between the higher and lower elements. Postel maintains that the word 'Ether' is not Greek, but proceeds from the Sacred Language and signifies the exhalation from one world to another! He avoids any alchemical terminology, but plainly sees eye to eye with alchemical tradition in describing the three principles of vegetable, sensitive and intellectual life—or lustful, passionate and rational force; and goes on to speak of the Celestial-Paternal, the Etheric-Maternal and Elementary-Composite as depending on the Three Intellects. On the heavenly plane Spirit produces spiritual birth; on the astral plane Water produces soul-birth, and on the terrestrial plane Blood produces physical birth (cp. I. John, v. 8). Perhaps the most remarkable section of the book is that (pp. 39-41) in which he describes some of the effects of actual 'transmutation.' He was able to gaze directly at the sun, to exist without food or sleep, and remained unhurt by deadly poison administered to him by 'certain Atheists and Lutherans.' 'Psychical Researchers' in those days evidently took strong precautions against fraud! "With regard to the physical body, as soon as the Immortal Robe (the Celestial from the Father, as well as the Etheric from the Mother) entered into my body, it began to penetrate deeply through all parts, in such manner I felt it even in my bones, as well as in the flesh and other sentient parts; so that the entire body having been penetrated and remade, at last the brain was taken possession of: the action making itself felt as being the operation of the

power of thousands of Angels at work, which affected many parts of the skin of the old body, that it could not stand such rapid action and seemed to be reduced in size to the smallest possible form. I then saw my mouth stammering, like Moses when he heard the Lord calling from the Bush." In the 'seventh prophecy' of the 'Virgin' the 'First Matter' of Alchemy is termed 'Tamar,' i.e. the true Palma, the world being fashioned according to the nature of a Palm. Palma is the Elementary seed and substance, immortal and incapable of being widowed. The purpose of the 'Marriage of Tamar' is that a single individual or human species being replanted in Heaven with the Elementary Paternal and Maternal Substance, changed into Immortality by the new First Parents, such a substance, by means of the seed, should be sent back here below to beget immortal sons in place of those destroyed by Satan.

The publication of this curious little treatise appears to have been undertaken in the interests of the Joanna Southcott tradition, but this in no way detracts from its usefulness to students of the doctrine of the subtle body and its transmutation.

A. H. E. LEE.

THE MYSTERIES OF HYPNOSIS.

By Georges De Dubor. Translated by G. M. Hort. London (Rider); pp. 235; 5s. net.

IN *Les Mystères de l'Hypnose* the author gives us a popular account of the general methods and phenomena of hypnotism with many interesting cases. There is an enormous literature on the subject, and no country has made more valuable contribution to it than France, where it has been practised with far greater assiduity than in this country. The main object of M. De Dubor is to maintain his conviction that what he calls the 'hypno-magnetic sciences' can explain the whole of the phenomena of mediumship and spiritualism without any recourse to the hypothesis of spirits. "The whole of the recorded phenomena, including those of telepathy, clairvoyance, levitation, hauntings, and the rest are capable, in my judgment, of being produced by the agency of living persons, and by means of those supernormal faculties which are, undoubtedly, possessed and exercised by certain exceptional individuals." It is the fashionable attitude of those who would be thought severely scientific. Many of the

phenomena are susceptible of explanation without any recourse to agency other than that of the living; many form a neutral or overlapping class. But in our opinion there remains over a considerable residuum that calls for the spiritistic presumption as the more reasonable and therefore more scientific hypothesis. The main thing, however, is to keep on piling up the 'facts'; the avenue of approach and point of view are at present of secondary importance. We are glad to see that M. De Dubor does not belong to the dogmatic suggestionist school, but admits the reality of what used to be called 'animal magnetism'; indeed he is an enthusiast on the subject and believes that its healing powers are opening up a new world of possibilities for the cure of human misery.

HINDU ETHICS.

A Historical and Critical Essay. By John Mckenzie, M.A.
London (Humphrey Milford); pp. 267; 10s. 6d. net.

THERE are at least two definite ways of studying the ethics of a people. One may start from a consideration of their moral judgments, as found in the precepts and maxims of ordinary life and in their moral tales and didactic literature generally. From these data the underlying principles may be arrived at, and some conception of their actual moral philosophy formed. This method has distinct advantages,—but especially this, that it keeps in close touch with the actual moral life and with the moral judgments which modern ethical science tells us (we believe rightly) must be regarded as the ultimate data of any ethics. The other method is to begin with the philosophical and religious literature and to enquire into their ethical teachings. The disadvantage of this method is that this literature may be, and generally is, almost entirely the product of restricted classes, who are liable to become dominated by forms of thought not necessarily in harmony with the world of wider experience. Further, the philosophical and religious literature may not do justice to the ethical, which it may treat, if at all, as subsidiary. The results of this latter method may be merely formal and of little or no value in understanding the ethics as such. In fact, one may easily be misled by it. This is clearly the case with Mr. John Mckenzie's survey of Hindu ethics. Of what is termed *nītisāstra*, or the science of conduct, he makes no mention: he does not even refer to the term (!). Although his book is obviously meant to have a practical purpose, he makes no use of the various collections of tales such

as those of the *Pañchatantra*, the *Sinhāsana-dvātriṃsati*, the thirty-two tales of the throne of Vikramāditya, or the *Vetāla-pañchariṃsati*, the twenty-five goblin-tales. Except for a very unsatisfactory study of the *Bhagavadgītā*, the greatest defect in this direction is the dismissal of the *Mahābhārata* in about two lines. Yet Dr. Dahlmann, in the first volume of his *Das Mahābhārata* (Berlin, 1895), shows that the epic is a 'dharmaśāstra, a book of sacred law, of duties, and customs.' And Mr. Vaidya, *The Mahābhārata* (Bombay, 1905), can go even so far as to say: "In fact, the work has almost lost its character as an epic poem and has become and has always been acknowledged as a *smṛiti* and a *dharmaśāstra*." Even the most superficial study of the texts of Buddhism should convince any fair-minded person of their high and comprehensive moral ideals. And Mrs. Stevenson, none too favourable to the Jains, might have taught the author something of "the amazing knowledge of human nature which its (Jain) ethics display," and of the justification of the Jain claim that "the philosophy of their faith is an ethical philosophy." If Jainism is included, why is there no reference to Sikhism, which, whether the Sikhs like to call themselves Hindus or not, is largely an off-spring from the Bhakti saints and in fundamental ideas is upanishadic? Of Sikhism, Macauliffe said with much justification: "It would be difficult to point to a religion of greater originality or to a more comprehensive ethical system." Turning to modern movements in Hinduism, the social work of the Rāma-kṛishna movement and the ethical character of the Dev Samāj are entirely ignored. The fact is impressed upon us that one may obtain from this book little more concerning Hindu ethics than might be gleamed from a popular treatise of the usual missionary type on Hinduism. Perhaps if Mr. McKenzie would consider more seriously some of the philosophical difficulties of Christianity which Hindus feel, he would be able to appreciate to a greater extent some of the grounds which have led to the Hindu philosophical attitudes which he criticizes. A. G. WIDGERY.

CONFLICT AND DREAM.

By W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. With a Preface by G. Elliot Smith, F.R.S. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 195; 12s. 6d.

ANTHROPOLOGY and psychology have lost a most painstaking and keen-witted worker by the passing of Rivers. In the one of his

two posthumous works before us he deals faithfully with a number of the Freudian dogmas, submitting them to a drastic criticism, and that too, not from the standpoint of a sceptical outsider, but as a worker within the psycho-analytic field of reference. The main points of erroneous theory to which Rivers calls attention are: (i.) That a dream, so far from being explicable as a 'wish-fulfilment,' is as frequently the very opposite,—namely, the direct negation of a wish. Not only so but, instead of the dream being always the fulfilment of a wish, it may be the expression of any other affective state (p. 117). (ii.) The exaggerated importance assigned by Freud to incidents in the dreamer's early life is shown to be untrue to fact. Here Rivers demonstrates that recent conflicts are in general more important as causal agents. (iii.) The notorious 'King Charles' head' obsession of Freudian libidinism, which interprets all dream-symbolism as rooted in sexual motives, is convicted of being thoroughly unscientific; and Rivers does well to point out that the Freudian notion "that an event of a dream may indicate either one thing or its opposite, gives an arbitrary character to the whole process of dream-interpretation." So far so good; and we have often made the same criticisms ourselves. This clears the ground for a better understanding of dream-stuff, dream-work and dream-interpretation. But does Rivers solve any of the really fundamental problems? It must regretfully be said that, as far as we can see, he does not. His is essentially a theorizing that moves entirely within the 'private universe' presumption as applicable to all dream-content and dream-activity; and with this, as students of psychical and mystical phenomena, we cannot be content. In any vivid dreams, and especially in visions, there is an element of 'otherness,' of 'objectivism,' of its own order, which cannot be explained away on the dogmatic 'private universe' basis. Rivers bestowed an infinity of patience and keen analytic ability on the investigation of a number of his own dreams. These,—as is the case with so many other psycho-analysts who deal with their own pedestrian dreams,—are, when compared with the thousands of striking dreams known to any old student of the subject, indeed paltry. This is one of the great difficulties. The 'trained psychologist' rarely has any experience of his own that is supranormal; yet he presumes to legislate for, and set up criteria for, and give explanations of the over-mastering experiences of others, similar experience to which he has never lived through himself. We, for our part, contend that unless you have had some such sane 'eostatic'

experiences yourself, you cannot appreciate, much less evaluate, such 'dreams,' 'visions,' 'intuitions' or 'illuminations,' and so distinguish them factually and morally from pathological swampings. As far as the *lower* dream-level with which Rivers deals is concerned, however,—his supposition is surely to be preferred to the Freudian formula. His working hypothesis is that: "The dream is the solution or attempted solution of a conflict which finds expression in ways characteristic of different levels of early experience" (p. 17).

DO THE DEAD LIVE?

An Enquiry into the Present State of Psychical Research. By Paul Heuzé. Translated from the French. London (Murray); pp. 172; 5s. net.

THIS consists of the collected interviews of a French journalist on the staff of *L'Opinion*. M. Heuzé retails the opinions on the present state of psychical research as reported by him from the mouths of Delanne, Geley, Conan Doyle, Flammarion, Richet, Maeterlinck, Mme. Curie, Père Mainage, Mme. Bisson and Branly. It is essentially a newspaper book and moves within such measures. It is of popular interest, and testifies to the widely extending concern on the part of the general public in psychical matters. Its value to students, however, is small; they prefer to learn the views of the authors from their own works. In one instance at least there is a sharp disagreement on the part of a famous man of science and student of psychical phenomena with the opinion attributed to him by M. Heuzé. One thing emerges from the enquiry: the subject is being taken seriously and the denials of contemptuous and ignorant scepticism can no longer be regarded as the pronouncements of science.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

A Study of Mind and Body in their Relation to the Spiritual Life. By J. B. Pratt. London (George Allen & Unwin); pp. 232; 7s. 6d. net.

DR. PRATT in the earlier lectures in this book reviews the 'nonsense' (his own apt and oft-used term) written concerning matter and spirit (to our surprise) by some contemporary occupants of chairs of philosophy. He has little difficulty in unmasking the

materialism of some of these so-called psychological accounts of mind, and in showing how inadequate they are. In the later lectures he himself propounds 'a *dualism of process*.' We would like to ask Dr. Pratt just one question: Has he anything to tell us of any *unity of significance*?

A. G. WIDGERY.

THE NEW ART.

A Study of the Principles of Non-representational Art and their Application in the Work of Lawrence Atkinson. By Horace Shipp. With 24 full-page Plates. London (Cecil Palmer); pp. 115.

I OPENED this book hoping to find an explanation of the phrase 'New Art,' about which we hear so much loose talk in these days; I closed it disappointed. Mr. Shipp offers us statements such as these: "The fundamental law of the new work is that the workmanship is governed by the thing expressed." . . . "An object is affected by its environment and in its turn re-acts upon it." Well—throughout the ages artists have known all this but, thank heaven, they have not called it 'spatial accordancy.' If we judge from the sneers levelled by Mr. Shipp at those who uphold the importance of good technique, he is not aware that the reason for their opinion is that such things as bad drawing distract the mind from the essential ideas which it is the function of art to express. The question of the relationship of symbolism to art is too large to be discussed here. Whether the illustrations given of Mr. Lawrence Atkinson's work on symbolic lines will lead to agreement with Mr. Shipp's somewhat arbitrary claims on the subject will be a matter for individual taste. But Mr. Shipp's interpretation of what he calls 'representational' art appears to me false. "The method of illusion makes its appeal to the senses by a pretence of being that which it is not," he says; and if this is all that he can discover in the tradition which includes such names as Masaccio, Titian, Rembrandt, etc., he had better not write about it. His claim seems to be that the 'new' art is an expression of the sub-conscious mind and works its effect upon it. It is probable that all art does this to some extent, but surely great art—the only kind that matters, that which being immortal is never either old or new—expresses and appeals to the *whole* of man, his inner and outer self.

M. LEGGE.

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THE QUEST

WORLD ETHICS AND THE COMMON GOOD.

Rev. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, D.D., M.A.

"God," said a frail much-travelled Jew to a group of philosophers and their followers on the Areopagus at Athens,—“God made of one all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.” In the persons of the missionary preacher and his hearers two continents, Asia and Europe, from which all modern civilization has been derived, were brought into passing touch. In what did this element of unity which Paul proclaimed, really consist? Where shall we find its expression? By what symbol shall we designate it? What means can we employ to give it effect? The scribes who copied the Christian books evidently thought that some defining term was needed, and they added the word blood as the physical emblem of the identity of man from race to race. The forefathers of the Apostle had early been exercised by the problem. They found one solution in tracing all the families of the earth to a single pair, or arranging them in three groups as the progeny of the three sons of one father,

the initiator of a new humanity, the hero of the deluge, Noah. Another solution fixed on language as the common bond, and told an ancient tale of the dissolution of a single speech into a confusion of tongues which led to the dispersal of the peoples, while later prophecy hoped for a great reunion of the nations with pure lips, so that the diversities of utterance which made men unintelligible and hence unfriendly to each other should pass away.

Paul himself lived under an immense political experiment, the Roman Empire, which for some centuries brought to the world as it was then known a tranquillity which it had never realized before. From the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic, from the cataracts of the Nile to our own Tyne, peace was secure. In a common citizenship a multitude of nations were bound together under a common law. City after city greeted Augustus as divine. The Greeks called him the 'Saviour of the world.' Inscriptions (dated 11 or 9 B.C.) welcomed his birthday as the inauguration of a new era like the beginning of all things. He was the end of sorrow that ever man was born. He had been filled with virtue by Providence for the good service of mankind, and had been sent as a Deliverer to put an end to war, and set all things in order. Earth and sea were at peace. Well might his birthday be hailed as the beginning of glad tidings (Greek 'gospels') for the world. There was reason for the exuberance of these hopes, couched in the language of oriental flattery. Italy had been racked by twelve successive civil wars, in which many of the provinces had been involved. Political violence culminated in murders like those of Cæsar and Cicero. Military brutality had not shrunk from the slaughter of multitudes of prisoners. Who

that had seen it, or even only heard of it, could forget the six thousand victims whose crosses stood on either side of 150 miles of road from Rome to Capua! Amid the reckless ambitions of rival leaders, the devastations caused by the methods of warfare, the growth of slavery and the aggrandizement of capitalism, the establishment of the Empire afforded the precious guarantee of peace. The complete suppression of war on land and piracy on sea opened prospects of welfare which seemed like blessings from heaven. New roads were made, new bridges built, new harbours constructed; new systems of posts established communication between the capital and the farthest limits of the Empire. The peoples within its boundaries were united in a common allegiance, and enjoyed a common security. What Virgil called 'the long night of universal dread' was over. "See," cried the poet—

"See, in the dawning of a new creation,
The heart of all things living throbs with joy."

But the constituent nations had not been federated as self-governing elements in an organic whole. They were the servants of an autocracy in which they had no share.

Nineteen centuries have passed and the nations of the earth are immeasurably more numerous than those embraced under the sway of Rome. But wherever the traveller has pursued his way in continent and island between the equator and the poles, he has found men 'made of one,' not only in blood and limbs and sense but in mind as well as in person. They think by the same capacities of thought, are moved by the same passions, respond to the same affections. Be it that their knowledge is limited, their culture poor, their

habits untrained, their social order rude; they possess some rules by which they live; there are some characters which they condemn, some which they admire; they share in the common heritage of humanity. The advance of exploration, the progress of invention, the development of science, have knit the whole world into a unity on a scale before unknown. By the improvement of the means of transport and the methods of communication around the globe all interests, all concerns, all efforts, have been internationalized. Our daily food is gathered from many lands. The products of our industry are borne across the seas through every zone. By the operations of credit the nations are brought into a mighty system for the supply of each other's wants. Before the late war a multitude of international associations—over 400 in number—had been created in every department of human activity, in agriculture, in manufacture, in banking, in history, education, science, art, law, politics, religion. They sought to bring the fruits of knowledge and the methods of culture into the common stock. They provided the intellectual and moral forces for gradually uniting divided peoples in the pursuit of universal truth and mutual good. Slowly, amid grave difficulties, such efforts are being renewed. At the 22nd International Peace Congress which met in London in 1922 the twenty nations represented included some of the late belligerents. To those who look upon such renewal of intercourse between recent opponents with unfriendly eyes, we may commend an incident of our own times from the Far East. During the Boxer rising in 1900 a large Buddhist Temple at Amoy was burned to the ground by the Chinese. On October 11 the Superintendents of the six leading

Buddhist denominations in Japan issued an appeal against any demand for compensation in the following terms :

We Buddhists, desirous to persuade the Home Government to refrain from pressing the Chinese authorities on this particular account, have renounced all claim for damages, and this we did simply with a view to the discretion which we ought to exercise in the interests of religion. A glance at history shows us that the great teachers of every religion in antiquity, despite the persecution which they have incurred, have not only not displayed any spirit of hostility or vengeance, but on the contrary have prayed with compassion to have the heavenly blessing bestowed upon the persecutors. It is earnestly to be recommended therefore that we, together with all the propagators of religion in the world, would be prepared to inspire ourselves with the noble spirit of the Ancient Sages, and instead of holding inimical feelings against the Chinese who have perpetrated so much havoc and atrocity upon the missionaries, should endeavour to do good for evil, and supplicate a permanent blessing on this pitiful race.

Who were the ancient sages to whom these Buddhists appealed? Their own teacher, five hundred years before Christ, had warned them against cherishing angry and vengeful feelings: " ' He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me '—in those who harbour such thoughts hatred will never cease. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love. This is an old rule." " Let not any one do to others," said another poet contemporary with early Buddhism, " what he would not have done to himself by others." There was a tale told by the Buddha of the great King of Glory who went forth with his horses and chariots, his elephants and his men, in splendid array, but they carried no arms. The kings of the east and south, the west and north, came to welcome him, and prayed him " Be a Teacher to us," and the first commandment ran

“Ye shall slay no living thing.” Meditating in his palace he let his mind pervade the whole wide world with thoughts of love, of pity, sympathy, and equanimity; and he established a perpetual grant to provide food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, raiment for the naked, and the means of meeting every kind of human need even (with humorous touch) to the supply of wives for those who wanted them. Confronted with this ideal the great Emperor Asoka, whose dominions are said to have exceeded the area of the British Empire of India to-day, publicly confessed his grief for the wanton conquest of the people known as Kalingas on the coast of the Bay of Bengal in 261 B.C. Shortly afterwards he became a follower of the Buddha, and in a series of edicts inscribed on rocks in different localities for the promotion of good government and religious toleration, he recorded that in that war 150,000 persons had been carried captive, 100,000 slain, and many times that number had perished. “His Majesty feels remorse,” he added, “on account of the conquest of the Kalingas, because during the subjugation of a previously unconquered country, slaughter, death, and taking away captive of the people necessarily occur, whereat His Majesty feels profound sorrow and regret.” What other sovereign has thus inscribed in characters that can still be read after more than two thousand years his penitence for the barbarities of war?

The sages of China who meditated on the conduct of human affairs, reached similar principles. The great contemporary of the Buddha, Confucius, was one day asked by a disciple, “Is there one word which may serve as a rule of conduct for all one’s life?” The Master said, “Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others.” This

was only the negative form of the aim which he set himself in different social relations (but sorrowfully confessed that he had not attained) as son to father, as younger brother to elder, as friend to friend, as minister to prince, to behave in each case as he would have required son or brother, friend or minister to serve him, had their situations been reversed. A few generations later the philosopher Mih Tse¹ briefly summed up the whole problem :

It is the business of the sages to effect the good government of the world. They must examine therefore into the cause of disorder; and when they do so they will find that it arises from want of mutual love. . . . The robber loves his own person, and does not love his neighbour; he therefore does violence to his neighbour to benefit himself. The prince loves his own State, and does not love his neighbour's; he therefore attacks his neighbour's State to benefit his own. All disorder in the kingdom has the same explanation. When we examine into the cause of it, it is found to be the want of mutual love.

From Greece in the same period came the voice of Zeno, founder of Stoicism, who looked for a time when a man would no longer say "I am of Athens," or "of Sidon," but "I am a citizen of the world"; beside loyalty to the city-state which was the citizen's duty, he must remember that he belonged to a world-wide commonwealth. And of this, he said, Love was the God, a fellow-worker for the security of the city. No law-courts would be needed, for the citizens would do each other no harm; they would in fact all be wise, and would devote themselves to the service of society.

This was only the consummation of the temper and conduct inculcated by philosophy and practical wisdom. "Never mind," said Socrates, "if someone

¹ Also known in different dialectic spelling as Mo Ti (Legge, *Chinese Classics*, vol. ii., p. 101).

despises you as a fool, and insults you if he has a mind; let him strike you by 'Zeus, and do you be of good cheer, and do not mind the insulting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practice of virtue, if you are a really good and true man." "In anger," said the orator Isocrates, "behave to the offenders as thou wouldest that others should behave to thee when thou offendest." Seneca taught the same lesson in inverted order, "Expect from another what thou hast done to another." With similar insight Hillel at Jerusalem, the elder contemporary of Jesus, when asked by a proselyte to teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot, replied, "What is hateful to thyself, do not to another"; and similarly the learned Jew of Alexandria, Philo, urged the same principle: "What any man dislikes to suffer, let him not do."

Such maxims of self-control might point the rule of personal duty, but, as Zeno saw, they were not sufficient to regulate social or State action until a higher point of view had been reached, affording an outlook over the whole community of mankind. Such an elevation Hebrew piety reached as its seers beheld the mountain of the Lord's house at Jerusalem rise like a beacon above the surrounding hills, and draw the nations of the world to receive teaching from it. Their swords should be beaten into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation should not lift up sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more. With daring application to the situation which had again and again cost Israel so much as it lay between the rival empires of Egypt and Assyria (like Belgium between France and Germany) the prophet announced that: "In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, a blessing in

the midst of the earth, for that the Lord of hosts hath blessed them, saying: Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance."

The latest religion aspiring to world-wide influence urges the same ideal. Exiled from his native Persia, the late Abbas Effendi, successor of Beha-Ullah as head of the community of the Behais, declared:

It is for us to consider how we may educate men that the darkness of ignorance and heedlessness may disappear, and the radiance of the Kingdom may encompass the world; that the nations of men may be delivered from selfish ambition and strife and be revived by the fragrance of God; that animosity and hatred may be dispersed and wholly disappear, while the attracting power of the love of God so completely unifies the hearts of men that all hearts beat as a single heart, that contention and war may utterly pass away, while peace and reconciliation lift their standard in the midst of the earth.

The political means for realizing the hopes of the sages and seers of the past did not lie in the hands of those who conceived them. They are much more nearly within our reach to-day. The principle of representation has put a new instrument in the grasp of the citizens of states under constitutional government. On the North American continent (as on a small scale in Switzerland), a further principle of federation binds together under a common law no less than 48 organized communities from sea to sea. The British commonwealth of nations is slowly elaborating a yet more difficult experiment in maintaining peace among about a fourth of the population of the globe, in lands widely sundered from the Mother-country and each other. The rapid increase of the means of communication gives us an unexampled opportunity. What use are we going to make of it? The war-spirit dies hard. It

prompts ambition, it stirs the blood with tales of courage and self-sacrifice. It is not only the German militarist who told us that war produces the most sublime manifestations of masculine personality. English militarism is not far behind. The theoretical craze for No-war is unintelligible to it. A Europe where men no longer fight, or want to fight, or learn to fight, and there is no need for a stout heart and a dripping sword, is denounced as "one of the drollest views ever kibbled for a democratic table." To talk of the abolition of war is to conceive a life without strife, which is its inherent reason and beauty. The militarist, therefore, contemplates everywhere the enforcement of universal service on land, at sea, in air, the continuous application of science to agencies and devices of competitive destruction, the abolition of all restraints that have hitherto been respected for safeguarding non-combatants, the entire control of society by men whose sole pre-occupation is how to kill !

Over against this deadly egotism stands the spirit which seeks the common good. It is well aware that its task is difficult, but for great moral ends obstacles only exist to call forth great endeavours. Nine years ago, under the stimulus of a grave moral wrong, the vast mass of this people braced themselves to defend what they believed to be the cause of justice and liberty. Then they lived for the ideal. Then they sought over the battle to erect the sovereignty of right ; then fathers and mothers freely gave their sons, and wives their husbands ; then men of all ranks marched blithely into the jaws of death, and women toiled in factories and nursed in hospitals, that the curse of war between civilized nations might be lifted for ever from the face of the earth. Did England's effort, with all the splendid

help afforded by the young nations of its own blood and speech across the seas, exhaust its strength to pursue this high aim? There are moral dangers to be met and overcome in racial animosities, antipathies of colour, commercial rivalry, greed of territory, political ambition. They can only be conquered by the gradual substitution of law for force, the growth of mutual confidence to dispel suspicion, the establishment of security to disarm fear. Fifty years ago by its acceptance of arbitration on the claims for the depredations of the Alabama preferred by the government of the United States, and its ready payment of the damages imposed by the tribunal at Geneva, this country gave substantial evidence of its desire to avoid all occasions of war. The problem is presented now on a much vaster scale. The nations of the world are summoned to a more difficult enterprise. International goodwill must be embodied in definite institutions. The aspirations of ancient wisdom have pointed out the goal. Tragic experience has emphasized the need of striving for it. Facilities of communication have knit the continents and islands of the globe together. The intellectual difficulties of giving shape and form to the agencies needed to control aggression have been surmounted by a large measure of consent. By the Covenant inserted in the Treaty of Versailles a League of Nations was created, and since the ratification of the Treaty by Germany in January, 1920, fifty-two states have been enrolled within it. What does it seek to do, and what has it already done?

The League has two main purposes, to which others deeply affecting human welfare are attached. It aims in the first place at providing for the settlement of international disputes on secure foundations of

justice; and in the second at controlling any one of the constituent states that attacks another, as well as at assisting any one attacked from outside. The more successfully the first aim is established, the less necessity will there be for the second. Accordingly the several members agree, in the words of the Preamble:

To promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of law among Governments, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another.

Here is the beginning of a great international effort to organize the conscience of mankind against the promptings of lust of dominion, enmity, revenge. It is the attempt to translate the principle of brotherhood, so long and so widely accepted in antiquity as an ideal, and so emphatically affirmed by Christianity, into the conduct of actual political life. The unity which Paul declared at Athens is forced upon us as a practical fact. We have learned from the war the tremendous lesson that no nation can live for itself. The world's food, the world's coal, the world's oil, the world's raw materials, the world's transport, the world's credit, must not be monopolized by the great and powerful, they must be brought within the reach of all. The future of existence for millions of our fellow-men, the future of civilization, of all the gains, the labours, the achievements, the sufferings of the whole human race, is at stake. Can we surrender the narrow patriotisms, overcome the prejudices, disperse the apprehensions, master the antipathies and violences of national egotism,

which keep us asunder and prevent the growth of respect and trust? This country has once more given proof of the sincerity of its professed desire. At the Washington Conference summoned by the President of the United States in harmony with the objects of the League though without participation in it, England and America agreed to accept definite limitations on their naval strength. Great Britain, said a leading New York publicist, might have acted on the instinct of pride and maintained her supremacy of armed sea-power, and if America had entered the race she could have won it. But, he went on, "in this act Great Britain surrendered actual dominance of naval power, and we surrendered potential dominance. Great Britain gave up the heritage she had held for more than 200 years; and we gave up the ambition to take it from her for ourselves. It was in a sense placed in a partnership to be administered for the common good." That is the ideal of the League of Nations. What has the League done to give effect to it?

It is sometimes urged that it has been idle or useless because it has not at once healed all Europe's sores. That is the objection of irresponsible and thoughtless haste. The hatreds left by the aftermath of strife are not to be thus swiftly calmed. The preparation for a change of heart among peoples still unmoved by reverence for law, order, right, still unswayed by sentiments of goodwill, must needs be slow. But the beginnings of far-reaching operations have been securely made. There can be no international justice till there is a Court to administer it, and a law for the Court to administer. Such a permanent Court has been created at the Hague, and though its Statute does not establish compulsory jurisdiction,

many of the Contracting States have signed the optional clause by which one State in conflict with another can compel the latter to appear and accept the Court's judgment. To this tribunal are to be referred all difficulties arising out of the interpretation of treaties, or breaches of international obligation. It will deal also with disputes concerning the application of labour conventions, or the protection for racial and religious minorities required by the treaties of peace. Out of its decisions a body of principles will be gradually evolved which will provide the basis for universal international law. In this Court of eleven judges and four deputy judges the fifty-two Constituent States provide the permanent instrument for the attainment of the first object of the League, and the education of the common conscience of the world.

In the second place it seeks to restrain war. To remove all danger of aggression it was established as protector of the Free City of Danzig by the Treaty of Versailles, and under the same authority it acts as trustee for the population of the Saar territory, through a League of Nations Commission directly responsible to the Council of the League till 1935. Similarly the Powers which have received mandates from the League for the administration of portions of the former dominions of Germany and Turkey, are bound to render reports of their proceedings to the Permanent Mandates Commission. Peace over these territories is thus secured. But in four grave dangers of conflict the intervention of the League has been of the highest value. It solved the delicate problem of the sovereignty of the Aaland Islands. It prevented the outbreak of hostilities between Poland and Lithuania, and received formal pledges from their representatives to abstain

from any acts leading to war. It protected Albania from the invasion of her territory, and compelled the withdrawal of the Serbian troops. And in Upper Silesia it effected a division of territory between Germany and Poland which the Supreme Council had been unable to accomplish, with economic arrangements designed "to prevent the political frontier from constituting in any way a barrier to trade."¹

Meanwhile an important Temporary Mixed Commission has been considering the practical conditions for the reduction of armaments for land and air on the basis of a general Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, and the Assembly of September, 1922, requested the Council to submit certain proposals for this end to their various Governments for observation while the Mixed Commission continues its investigations. Proportionate readjustment of armaments would not affect the relative strength of the Powers, or prevent all risks of war. But the diminution in the quantity and variety of armaments would remove part of the temptation to use them; and the public acceptance of the principles of reduction and guarantee would powerfully contribute to the moral education of the world.

Beyond these two classes of achievement stretches a third group of activities of constantly increasing range, variety, and importance, concerned with the development of social ideals and public welfare. Chief among these in magnitude and significance is the aid rendered to Austria under the League's supervision. In December of 1922 the National Assembly at Vienna accepted the scheme proposed by the League for the financial restoration of their country, and new hope

¹ On the action of the League in the Italo-Greek dispute (since this paper was written) see the full account given by Lord Robert Cecil to the Dominion Premiers, in the *Times*, Oct. 13, 1923.

and energy have thus been infused into their depressed and afflicted people. The International Labour Organization has had to deal with numerous topics affecting the conditions of employment for men, women and children, in all countries, especially where hours of work are long, wages are low, and protection in dangerous trades is inadequate. No less than sixteen labour treaties have been thus drafted for ratification by the constituent States. From the Conference at Barcelona in 1921 came a series of conventions on freedom of transit, the regulation of international water-ways, and recommendations for the preparation of a Railway Convention, the outlines of which have already been prepared. The Health Organization has energetically combated the danger of Epidemics from Eastern Europe, and in March, 1922, a Conference was held in Warsaw, when the European members of the League were joined by representatives from Germany, Russia, Soviet Ukraine, Hungary and Turkey. The British Government has offered £100,000 for the promotion of the objects of the Epidemic Commission, if other Governments will unite to contribute £200,000 more. Through other agencies instituted by the League it has been sought to suppress the abominable traffic in women and children; to reclaim those of Greek, Armenian, and Syrian race, deported to Turkey and Asia Minor; and to control the traffic in opium. The aid given by the League to Dr. Nansen enabled him to report to the Third Assembly in September, 1922, that no less than 427,886 prisoners of war, in Russia and Siberia from Central Europe and in Germany from Russia, had been repatriated. Large numbers of Russian refugees driven from their country by the Revolution in 1917 have been helped to find

admission into other countries by providing special certificates of identity and means of transport and maintenance. Other aid has been provided for the hapless multitudes of Greek and Armenian refugees from Asia Minor in consequence of the Turkish victories at the end of the summer of 1922.

Here is a long list of modes of action promoting international co-operation for the common good. They create valuable links of goodwill not only among the constituent States themselves, but reaching out to the belligerents in the late war. They are in many cases little noticed except by those interested in their special objects, yet they may be more effective in the end in promoting mutual understanding. For their execution the Secretariat at Geneva is divided into eleven sections; the united staffs, drawn from some thirty countries and numbering over six hundred persons, form a kind of international civil service which is itself a potent instrument of concord. The spirit of the League finds especial expression in the Committee on intellectual co-operation. Its aim was defined in a report presented by Prof. Gilbert Murray to the Second Assembly in September, 1921, which emphasized "the great importance of the organization of intellectual work," and declared "that the future of the League of Nations depends on the realization of a universal consciousness of duty. This can only be created and developed if the scholars, the thinkers, and the writers in all countries maintain close mutual contact and spread peace among the peoples."

"Thoughts," said Emerson once, "rule the world." There are difficulties and disappointments when bad thoughts get the upper hand, and the mastery passes to greed and vanity and hate. The political action of

the League depends chiefly on its Council, and the representatives of the governments composing it must interpret the aims and sentiments of the nations behind them. The contracting States must themselves be the sources of the League's power; they must ultimately determine the directions as they must supply the energy of its action. The timid must be encouraged and the froward brought into sympathy. We are engaged in a spiritual warfare with fear and suspicion, selfishness and ill-will. The path to victory in this conflict is long. There are dangers and pitfalls on the way. The advance must be slow; we must meet many an obstacle, we may suffer grievous defeats. But our eyes have been opened to the gravity of the issue. Either we must end war, it has been said, or war will end us. In moving words we were pointed nine years ago to sources of confidence and hope. They are as true of the contest with the powers of evil as of the struggle on the battlefield.

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life :

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour :

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
'I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;
I saw the morning break.'

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

SYMBIOTIC LIFE.

H. REINHEIMER.

THE previous paper¹ helped us to discern a new significance in the concept of the 'struggle for existence.' Darwin, it may be recalled, employed this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another. Although this dependence was ill understood, or even misconceived, there was sufficient plausibility in the Darwinian idea, that every organism has somehow to make good, to ensure widespread acceptance of the theory of Natural Selection, inadequate though it was felt to be on many counts.

Every organism, and indeed every biological unit, has to make good. This is quite important to remember. But, I would add, by way of re-interpreting the 'struggle for existence,' that in order to 'make good,' the organism, or organ, has to *be* good. It has to be good in a real sense, since economic laws are eternal, since things refuse to be mismanaged long, since the good of the whole must take precedence of that of the individual, or even of the species.

According to Darwinism, the organism has to 'make good,' not in a socio-physiological, but simply in an expedient sense; although, in a real sense, this may mean 'making bad,' as in the case of parasites, for instance. That is to say, that Natural Selection is not a theory of values. It was, of course, never meant to be such. It would have been well-nigh

¹ 'Symbiosis and the Integration of Life' in the last number.

impossible in Darwin's day to present a theory of values, or, for that matter, a comprehensive theory of evolution at all. The material was far too scanty. The pioneers of evolution were too busy with the fact that organisms descended with modification at all, to go beyond the development and illustration of this great truth. From many of his utterances it is evident that Darwin himself realized the inadequacy of his theory. He stressed with enormous emphasis the importance of mutual relations, regarding which he stated, as his disciples do to this day, that we are profoundly ignorant. "No one," he says in chap. iv. of the *Origin*, "ought to feel surprise at much remaining as yet unexplained on the origin of the species" in view of this ignorance; and in the Introduction he admits that scarcely a single point is discussed in the volume on which facts cannot be adduced often apparently leading to conclusions directly opposite to those at which he has arrived. This is not only apparently so, but very really so. Most of the points in that great granary of facts, which the *Origin* is, are not only capable of, but urgently in need of, fresh interpretation. Above all there is a need of an interpretation in terms of co-operation instead of competition. In Darwin's day Symbiosis was not known. Nor was there an inkling of the importance of food. Physiology and pathology were disconcertingly backward, and still are to-day.

Hence, nothing less is wanted than a new synthesis, a new system of coherent thought, unprejudiced by Darwinian ideas, and covering *inter alia* the gaping apertures of biology under the heads of: (a) the biology of food; (b) organic sociality; (c) evolutionary pathology. The whole of biology languishes for lack

of clarity on these important matters. To cite but one instance from the more purely medical field, I might refer to a paper (Pres. Address) on 'Natural Resistance and the Study of Normal Defence Mechanisms' by Prof. J. C. G. Ledingham, C.M.G., M.B., F.R.S. (*Lancet*, 28 Oct. 1922). He confesses that there is little that is solid to hang on the theses so far propounded regarding this important subject. We quite ignore what normal immunity consists of, and equally so what it is that constitutes a normal metabolism. We merely get the hint that the dietetic factor may prove of supreme importance, and, further, that perhaps the study of the relation between parasite and host may furnish some light. All of which is symptomatic, and not isolated evidence. It is corroborative of my remarks concerning the big gaps in biology. It is only too true, therefore, what I have stated elsewhere (*Symbiosis v. Cancer*), we live in the midst of Nature, and know her not. We stumbled across the negative factors of evolution before we recognized the positive; we built on the phenomena of disease rather than upon those of health; we argued from artificial and mostly pathological processes as to the norm of Nature; from the lesser and inferior to the larger and superior; from abuse as to use. We took greater interest in law-breaking than in law-abiding organisms; we knew the deadliness of the alkaloids before we realized the beneficence of the vitamins. We praised competition before we appreciated co-operation; and warfare before industry.

Look where we may, the dietetic factor is everywhere coming into prominence, be it in integrative or in disintegrative processes. In what is called colony-formation—a kind of integration—amongst algæ

(*Chlamydomonas*), the first step towards complexity of organization depends upon the supply of appropriate nutritive media. Required are mineral salts, *i.e.* that kind of food ideally appropriate, as we shall see, to gregariousness, to permanence of association, to Symbiosis. Such food constitutes what I have termed 'cross-feeding,' in contradistinction to 'in-feeding.' It was noted in the previous paper that a trace of zinc is necessary to the optimal growth of the mould *Aspergillus*. This, too, is cross-feeding, and the same truth is demonstrable everywhere.

It can be shown that the social states of the insects—bees, wasps, ants and beetles—have their inception and *raison d'être* in special feeding habits. That is to say, these animals subsist, as symbiotic cross-feeders, on the spare products of the plant-kingdom. Such a food basis is indispensable to gregariousness and to social life. Birds of prey are not gregarious. Gregariousness, as Herbert Spencer pointed out, is an indispensable condition of sympathy and of improved parental relations. He was aware, too, that the respective gregarious creatures must have "kinds of foods and supplies of food that permit association." In his *Principles of Psychology* he urged that the parental and sexual relations can be expected to further the development of sympathy to a considerable degree only if they have considerable permanence, *i.e.* if parent and offspring, male and female, are capable of protracted social intercourse, which connects the problem with that of longevity.

Upon the improvement of parental care, indeed, everything in evolution depended. It is a factor of first importance. And it was the food appropriate to gregariousness (and, hence, also to Symbiosis) which

has led to a **lengthening** of the adult life of the animals. Such a **food-basis** enabled the parents to acquire contact and acquaintance with their young, and has given them an interest in providing them with the same kind of food as that on which they themselves habitually feed.

It is not difficult to understand in this connection that, in proportion as mutual service in Norm-Symbiosis increased, new scope was afforded for a lengthening of the span of life, for longevity, and for an enhancement of status. The plant, in furnishing increasingly adequate spare products for symbiotic partners, incidentally and *pari ratione* elaborated better embryonic food-material for its own progeny. That is to say, it felt incited by Symbiosis to augment its reproductive expenditure. And this involved protracted gestation and increased parental care, which conduced to longevity and, likewise, to exaltation of type.

In the course of evolution, such vegetable gains communicated themselves to the co-evolving animal, in so far as it sustained itself on the spare products of the plant. It was this spare material which provided a kind of tutored food, ideal for both symbiotic partner and offspring. Plants and animals thus evolved inter-dependently and *pari passu* along many parallel paths. It was a case of creative and aggregative evolution, due, in the last analysis, to improved services and counter-services in Norm-Symbiosis.

The success of the insects as a class has often been marvelled at. They present a wonderful wealth of species. There are more kinds of species of insects in the world than of all other animals. Their numbers have been placed by various authorities at from one to ten million. In the *Cambridge Natural History* we read: "The insects, taken as a whole, are the most

successful of all the forms of terrestrial life." Recently they have been indicted as the most formidable rivals of man, and a crusade against them has been called for. Dr. L. O. Howard says: "The culminating arthropod type—the insect—and the culminating vertebrate type—man—are disputing the mastery of the world"—a case of *Insecta v. Hominidæ*. The insect is in many ways better fitted for existence on this earth than is man himself. It constitutes a much older geological type, in existence for ages before man's appearance. The success of the insects has also been attributed to the use of 'shock-tactics,' *i.e.* to their enormous rates of reproduction, as though to them individuals never counted. But when we come to the Hymenoptera—a high order of insects—we find that they are particularly notable for the extreme care they take to provide for future generations, and in their case the number of young produced by the individual is in all cases relatively small. It should be remembered that the neuters which form the bulk of the hive-population—as of the vespiary or formicarium—are not, strictly speaking, individuals at all; for they are incapable of reproduction and cannot exist except as parts of the original colony, any more than the leaves of a tree can survive detachment. Redundant multiplication amongst insects is usually the mark of failing species, *i.e.* of parasites, which certainly are not in the line of evolutionary progress.

The wealth of species presented by the insects may legitimately be viewed as a case of true dominance. We may say that the success of the insects, specially marked amongst the social types, is one due to a legitimate nutritional basis—a basis that is in accordance with Norm-Symbiosis. The case stands

very much the same as that of man ; and, like him, the insects are as a rule little organized for aggression, like him they depended chiefly on symbiotic cross-feeding.¹ Careful analysis has shown that in the state of New Jersey almost one-half of all the insects therein recorded, were plant-feeders, about one-sixth were predaceous, living mostly upon other insects, another one-sixth were scavengers, living mostly upon decaying organic matter, and one-eighth were parasitic upon other animals, mostly insects. This is convincing evidence of the prevalence of cross-feeding among insects. We may conclude, what is also supported by other evidence, that the basis of insect life was provided by Symbiosis with plants. This is the secret of their success. The predaceous species simply recruited themselves from time to time from amongst the cross-feeders, on the principle of abuse of power.

Prof. Wheeler has recently made a thorough study of social insects, and this is what he concludes: "The facts certainly force even those who, like myself, are not vegetarians, to confess that the whole trend of evolution in the most interesting of social insects is towards an ever-increasing vegetarianism." He points out in this connection that pollen and honey are ideal foods for the young insects (the larvæ), since pollen is rich in proteids and oils, whilst the latter is rich in sugar and water, and both contain sufficient amounts of various salts. The dependence of the animal on the plant is much more thorough than has hitherto been supposed even by biologists. It has been seen, for instance, that a vast number of animals is dependent

¹ "Human and insect societies are so similar," says Professor W. M. Wheeler, "that it is difficult to detect really fundamental biological differences between them."

upon green plants for their ability to carry on the function of respiration as well as that of nutrition. Mr. John F. Fulton, Jr., has recently shown (*Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, Vol. 66, Part ii.) that chlorophyll, which is probably never formed by the animal body itself, is very extensively taken in with vegetable food, and that it forms the basis from which a large number of animal pigments are built up, including the widely distributed respiratory pigment, hæmoglobin. It has been shown in this connection that feeding with chlorophyll is apt to relieve anæmia, which goes to show that there is a return to a normal metabolism with a mode of feeding which is in accordance with Symbiosis, or at any rate nearly approaching to it. We are plant-fed and plant-supported. Possibly we are also plant-inspired. "Plants," says Le Dantec, "have a logic of their own and act on it, just as we do, so that we cannot dispute their intelligence." That the plants have forestalled many of our inventions is an established fact. The plant is the fundamental and universal provider. All integration is based on this central fact.

Hence it is not surprising to find that those animals which obtain first-hand supplies of pabulum direct from the plant, namely the cross-feeders, excel in wealth of species. This is true, amongst higher animals, of the Rodents, for example, which are almost complete cross-feeders. It is usually overlooked in this connection that those animals which subsist almost exclusively on vegetable products, the symbiotic cross-feeders, do not devour their food-plants wholesale, but, as a rule, take only parts, such as can be spared by the plant without permanent injury. That is to say, the behaviour of those animals is charac-

terized by symbiotic moderation, which preserves them on the pathway of life, as against immoderate animals, which enter the path of death. The gifts of the plant enure to the benefit of those who act with forbearance. The case recalls the fair, though legendary, judgment in the case of Siddārtha v. Devadatta, who with wilful shaft, as the story goes, had wounded a wild swan, bringing it down, and claiming it, as the slayer, against the claims of Siddārtha, the soother and healer. The unknown priest, however, spoke thus :

“ If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay. The slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains.”

It was a novel ruling, but it appealed to the hearts of men, as new truths happily sometimes do. With Prince Siddārtha a new dispensation was ushered into the world, one which, if it appealed to the hearts of good men and women, was also in accordance with the law of Nature, as can now be shown.

“ *Denkt nicht wir scherzen,
Ist nicht die Natur
Menschen im Herzen ?* ”

In-feeding, as I have stated, represents the path of suicidal evolution. I have laid it down that Nature abhors perpetual in-feeding. By the term ‘in-feeding’ I mean the indolent appropriation of food manufactured by close relatives, and the correlated shirking of the economic duty of production, or of counter-services in some kind. By ‘cross-feeding,’ on the other hand, I mean feeding on material—generally of another ‘kingdom’—which obviates the non-symbiotic devouring of organism by organism—the killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Darwin stated that pollination of plants by insect agency might be a great gain to plants, although nine-tenths of the pollen be eaten by the insect, so long as at least a cross was effected, *i.e.* so long as sufficient compensation obtained. The gains are indeed considerable, but it should not be overlooked that they depend in the first place on a legitimate socio-physiological basis of life, as provided by symbiotic cross-feeding.

The plants have actually to some extent adapted themselves to hermaphroditism, in order to function the better in Norm-Symbiosis—so greatly are mutuality, subordination and control the golden rule in the web of life. In order to ensure insect aid in fertilization, two ways were open. The female blossom, as well as the male, might offer something attractive to the insects, or hermaphrodite flowers might be formed. Both ways have been followed. The securing of cross-fertilization by the development of hermaphrodite flowers has been the more frequent way of solving the problem. This method secured the profitable crossing much more perfectly. For the pollen had necessarily to be carried from blossom to blossom, whilst, in cases like that of the willow, where the sexes are separated, innumerable male blossoms might be visited for nectar, one after another, before the insect made up its mind to fly to a female blossom of the same species. Evidently the economy of Nature is very precise; and evidently in Nature, as amongst men, the better is the enemy of the good. The entomophilous plants, relying on insect-fertilization, are higher in the evolutionary scale than the anemophilous, relying on wind-fertilization. That is to say that Symbiosis is the ideal road to elevation of type.

There is, of course, frequent abuse of Symbiosis. The animal, spurning the controlled life, starts to obtain food feloniously, turning what I have termed plant-assassin, which frequently means the inception of suicidal evolution. I can here touch only briefly upon this matter. The plant is obliged to protect itself against plant-assassins, and there is, therefore, an astounding number of devices by which the plant seeks to avoid plundering attacks. Botanists are astonished at the number and diversity of such contrivances. But have they ever realized the magnitude of the pact between animal and plant?

The metabolism of plants is certain to suffer if they are forced to contrive ever new defences, diverting their energies from more wholesome directions. This in the end reacts unfavourably on the animal world. It means disease, just as licentiousness on the part of tissues in the individual body means cancer. Plant-murderers turn acromegalic. That is to say, they suffer from glandular anarchy, and tend to monstrous size, with many stigmata of disease in their structure. Examples are: the elephant, the Irish elk, the megatherium.

Quite recently, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, whilst advocating a closer co-operation between Natural History and Medicine (*New Statesman*, 4/11/22), has referred to Dr. Werber's contribution to the problem of the origin of monstrosities. It was found that a little butyric acid induced in some cases extraordinary monstrosities. It dislocates and in part disturbs the germinal material of the head. When something goes wrong with the chemical routine dealing with carbohydrate food, there may be a formation of butyric acid as a by-product. And butyric acid in the blood of the

mammalian mother might seep through to the young embryo and induce monstrosities. Now such and similar defectiveness of carbo-hydrate metabolism is precisely what I conceive to be a nemesis of plant-assassination with its aforesaid action and reaction. The metabolism of both plant and animal is certain to become poisonous with any protracted deterioration in the bio-social basis of life. I have throughout maintained the similarity of cause and effect in the development of monstrosity amongst species and of that of the carcinoma in cancer, and it is not a little significant to find Prof. Thomson suggesting that if we could put our best brains into reflecting on such data as the formation of butyric acid, we might perhaps get a gleam of light on the dark problem of cancer. They might do well at the same time to ponder the subject of Symbiosis.

Here are a few further cases of disintegration, resulting from a divorce from Symbiosis. The oyster may serve as an example of a parasite. Like other sluggish bivalves, it feeds on microscopic animals and organic *débris* wafted to the mouth by the gills. It is monstrously redundant, and renders no counter-services to life. Such redundancy may justly be viewed as pathological, as a phenomenon of disintegration. The mortality amongst the offspring is enormous. Only very few young survive to reach the adult stage. It has recently been found that the oyster is not only a cannibal, but also devours its own young before extrusion, which again suggests the path of suicidal evolution. Such sluggish creatures are, as Dr. John M. Clarke (an American paleobiologist of note) states, moving slowly into an ever more hopeless state, and examples quite as explicit in their teaching permeate the more advanced groups of life.

Predaceous animals very commonly turn cannibals. The case was recently reported in the press of 'Pogo,' the cannibal, to whom in the Zoo six mice a week were allowed. But this was not enough for that bloated scoundrel, the Transvaal speckled frog, who gulped down his poor wife. So snakes devour their neighbours of the same species scarcely smaller than themselves. There is also the case of the young praying mantis, insects which were fed on mosquitoes swept from bushes in the gardens. But these small cannibals, finding their brothers and sisters more substantial diet, devoured them. So spiders, since they are prone to devour each other, have to be kept in separate glass receptacles securely covered. Amongst the felines, the father is prone to devour the young. With other carnivorous animals, the embryos devour their weaker brothers and sisters. On all these counts there is much mortality amongst carnivores. It is the nemesis of evil parental habits that such traits communicate themselves to the young, inciting them to internecine warfare. Darwinism makes the 'struggle for existence' answerable for such warfare. It might as well make responsible Shiva, the Indian deity, which slays, in order to do better subsequently.

Very frequently the predatory habit leads up to parasitism. The state of parasitism proper, I consider to be pathological, and so, consistently, I regard its antecedent, predacity, only to a less degree. Orthodox biologists are loth to accept this view. Some have even declared it to be inconceivable. But inconceivability is no proof. It is, in this instance, indeed, proof of ignorance and prejudice. The habit of devouring other creatures very generally coincides with infection and disease, as though the predaceous species had given

hostages to Satan. The notions of hell, fantastic though they were, stood for a truth which we cannot ignore. A small mollusc, which lives upon reed-grass, encloses a sporocyst or larval stage of a Trematode worm, which at its adult stage inhabits the digestive tube of certain birds. This sporocyst appears upon the head of the mollusc in the form of an excrescence or outgrowth, in form or colour resembling a caterpillar. The bird, attracted by this deceptive guise, swallows at one swoop both host and worm, and the latter proceeds forthwith to live as a parasite upon the victim that has devoured it.

The Cestode, which lives in the body of the mouse, at the bladder-worm stage must pass into the intestine of the cat, if it is to develop into a tapeworm. Remembering Samuel Butler's saying that eating is a mode of love, we may argue that the tapeworm is symbolic (in satanic, *i.e.* pathological genealogy) of the love the cat bears to the mouse—evidently not a very felicitous kind of fondness. The tapeworm is in a sense the offspring of this love. On the road to parasitism, sanction after sanction is being lost, precisely as in the case of moral pathology amongst men. An organism turned parasite becomes confused. Evil becomes its good, and good its evil. It has an interest in disorder. In Nature, too, the inexorable law of moral consequences holds good. A parasite forfeits the sense of proportion, the power of orientation. It is a case of *furiosus furore suo punitur*. The powerlessness of many animals to struggle against parasitic imposition is very remarkable, and is a proof of the aforesaid loss of sense of orientation. It is specially marked amongst in-feeding species, many of which submit without reacting in the faintest degree. The cross-feeders, on the other

hand, defend themselves much better, as they also show more general immunity. The large fruit-eating bats of the East Indies, *Pteropus medius*, have practically no microbes in their intestine. The gorilla, which, as Carl Akeley says, is a vegetarian, living in amity with other animals, shows complete freedom from parasitical disease. Many rodents incarcerate the intruder. Their cells give forth a secretion which forms a hard case around the *Bacillus*, and in this prison it finally decomposes or returns to its elements.

The ugliness of parasites is a notorious fact. They are "things of obscene and unlovely forms." It is only too true that, as Samuel Butler said, "form is mind made manifest in flesh through action." Prof. J. Arthur Thomson states: "Many parasites are æsthetically repulsive in form, colour and movements.—The ugliness is the brand of degeneracy.—It is as though Nature said this asylum is open, if you will, but if you enter, you must wear the livery of dishonour."

But it is necessary to realize, further, that all predaceous animals are on the road to ugliness. It was to some extent realized by Dr. Wood Hutchinson, when he stated that: "The habitual murderers, the professional assassins and liars-in-wait, like the alligator, the rattlesnake, the puff-adder, and the shark, bear the brand of Cain on every inch of their surface—in their dull, muddy, blotchy colours, uncouth or hideous shapes, and general repulsiveness of appearance." Some of the angler-fishes, which seek their prey by stealth, are, as Mr. C. Cordley says, villainously ugly. Many highly predaceous cuttle-fish are odd and most odious. Some are hideous monsters; and so are most deep-sea fishes, notorious in-feeders.

The clear and definite conclusion, then, which we

reach is this, that there are two distinct and opposite pathways of life. The one, which pays best, and which conduces to progressive integration, is that of Symbiosis. The other, which leads to losses and to disintegration, is that of predacity. It constitutes a stupendous miscalculation.

It may be fitting finally to add a few words from Samuel Butler, of whom it was said that he foreshadowed a religion of evolution. He certainly adumbrated an urgently required department of science, namely, psycho-biology. In championing the case of Lamarck and of Erasmus Darwin, as against that of Charles Darwin, whose theory he denounced as the most absolute denial of God which it is possible for the human mind to conceive, Butler states this: "As we are extending reason to the lower animals, so we must extend a system of moral government by rewards and punishments no less surely; and if we admit that to some considerable extent man is man, and master of his fate, we should admit also that all organic forms which are saved at all have been in proportionate degree masters of their fate too, and have worked out not only their own salvation, but their salvation according, in no small measure, to their own goodwill and pleasure, at times with a light heart, and at times in fear and trembling. I do not say that Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck saw all the foregoing as clearly as it is easy to see it now; what I have said, however, is only the natural development of their system."

Butler evidently was not a determinist. Once we have an adequate psycho-biology, duly supplemented, as it needs to be, by socio-physiology, it may not be a far step to a religion of evolution.

H. REINHEIMER.

THE FIRST GNOSTIC COMMUNITY OF JOHN THE BAPTIZER.

FROM THE JOHN-BOOK OF THE MANDÆANS.

THE EDITOR.

FOR an Introduction to this very arresting and important subject and for the intention of these preliminary papers, which are mainly of translation, the reader is referred to the contribution in the last number, entitled 'The Gnostic John the Baptizer.' The present paper will present, first of all, three more pieces completing the information as to Yōhānā himself, for which space did not serve in the last issue, and will then continue with the distinctive extracts concerning Miryai, a name by which the first Gnostic Community of Yōhānā is personified, as a manifestation of a Miryai on high.

JOHN'S MARRIAGE (§ 31).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and speaks: "The [heavenly] wheels and chariots¹ quaked. Sun and Moon weep and the eyes of Rūhā² shed tears."

He³ says: "Yahyā, thou art like to a scorched mountain, which brings forth no grapes in this world. Thou art like to a dried-up stream, on whose banks no plants are raised. Thou

¹ The celestial spheres.

² The World-Mother-Spirit.

³ Who, is not clear; perhaps Gnosis of Life, the M. Saviour.

hast become a land without a lord, a house without worth. A false prophet hast thou become, who hast left no one to remember thy name. Who will provide thee with provision, who with victuals, and who will follow to the grave after thee?"

When Yahyā heard this, a tear gathered in his eye; a tear in his eye gathered, and he spake: "It would be pleasant to take a wife, and delightful for me to have children. But only if I take no woman,—and then comes sleep, desire for her seizes me and I neglect my night-prayer. If only desire does not wake in me, and I forget my Lord out of my mind. If only desire does not wake in me, and I neglect my prayer every time."

When Yahyā said this, there came a Letter from the House of Abathur: "Yahyā, take a wife and found a family, and see that thou dost not let this world come to an end. On the night of Monday and on the night of Tuesday go to thy first¹ bedding. On the night of Wednesday and on the night of Thursday devote thyself to thy hallowed praying. On the night of Friday and on the night of Saturday go to thy first bedding. On the night of Sunday and (? yea) on the night of the Day devote thyself to thy hallowed praying. On Sunday take three and leave three, take three and leave three.² See that thou dost not let the world come to an end."

Thereon they³ fashioned for Yahyā a wife out of thee, thou Region of the Faithful.⁴ From the first conception were Handan and Sharrath born. From the middle conception were Bīrhām and R'himath-Haiyē born. From the last conception were Nṣab, Sām, Anhar-Zīwā <and Sharrath> born.⁵ These three conceptions took place in thee, thou Ruins, Jerusalem.

¹ That is, after the marriage-ceremony.

² This is unexplained. Lidzbarski thinks it means three baths; but more probably it means three hours for sleep and three hours for prayer, and these again repeated.

³ Presumably the Divine Powers.

⁴ That is, those faithful to Truth. It refers to the M. Abode of the Blessed, Mshunē Kushtā. She is thus the personified Mother of the wife of Yahyā.

⁵ These are elsewhere mostly names of heavenly beings and are in part to be paralleled with the children of Eve (Hawwā) in the *Genzā* (R. 108). Handan is otherwise unknown. Shar-rath may be Shar, who is elsewhere called "the great, hidden First Vine, who bears a thousand times a thousand fruits and ten thousand times ten thousand shoots." Bīrhām is a later form of the Avestan Verethragna; he is generally called 'the Great.' R'himath-

Yahyā opened his mouth and spake to Anhar in Jerusalem: "Instruct thy daughter, that she may not perish; and I will enlighten my sons and teach [them], that they may not be hindered." Thereon Anhar opened her mouth and spake to Yahyā in Jerusalem. "I have borne sons in this world," said she to him, "yet have I not given birth to [their] heart¹ in the world. If they let themselves be instructed, then will they ascend to Light's region; if they let not themselves be instructed, then will the blazing fire consume them."

JOHN ON HIS OWN PASSING (§ 81 CONTD.).

Yahyā opened his mouth and spake to Anhar in Jerusalem: "If I leave the world, tell me, what wilt thou do after me?"—"I will not eat and will not drink," she answered him, "until I see thee again."—"A lie hast thou spoken, Anhar, and thy word has come forth in deception. If a day comes and a day goes, thou eatest and drinkest and forgettest me out of thy mind. I asked thee rather, by Great Life and by the eve of the Day whose name is dear: If I leave the world, tell me, what wilt thou do after me?"—"I will not wash and I will not comb me," says she to him, "until I see thee again."—"Again hast thou spoken a lie and thy word has come forth in deception. If a month comes and a month goes, thou wasthest and combest thee and forgettest me out of thy mind. Again did I ask thee, Anhar, by the first bed in which we both lie: If I leave my body, tell me, what wilt thou do after me?"—"I will put on no new garments," she answers him, "until I see thee again."—"Again hast thou spoken

Haiyē = the Living or Life's R. In the *Qolastā* or Liturgies there is a R'hum-Hai twice mentioned; he is 'Life's Beloved,' one of the four Sons of Light, or alternately of Salvation. Nsab is elsewhere (§ 4, 8) called N.-Ziwā, that is Radiant N.; he is regarded as the Great Watcher (§ 9), and his name means 'Planter,' 'Fashioner.' Sam is also called S.-Haiyē, S. the Living; he too is 'Watcher of the sons' (G. R. 313, 12ff.), and his name means 'Stabliher.' Anhar-Ziwā or the Radiant A. is feminine (cp. § 69, 7); the name might possibly remind us of the Zoroastrian Anāhitā, Anāitis. Anhar is elsewhere called the 'Hidden Light,' and her name means 'Lightener.' Can she then have any connection with the Iexai or Yechai, the complement of Elxai (the 'Hidden Power'), mentioned by Epiphanius? The muddled-up account of the Elchasæans in the heresiological Fathers seems to me to have a close connection with Mandæan notions (see my *D. J. L. 100 B.C.* ?—ch. xviii, 'Concerning the Book of Elxai,' pp. 365-387 (London, 1903), and Brandt's study, *Elchasai: ein Religionsstifter und sein Werk* (Leipzig, 1912). The second Sharrath is evidently a doublet.

¹ That is, spiritual sense.

a lie, Anhar, and thy word has come forth in deception. If a year comes and a year goes, thou puttest new garments on thee and forgettest me out of thy mind."

"Why dost thou not tell me all, Yahyā," says she to him; "and how sorely thou bruiseest the whole of my body! If thou dost depart, when wilt thou return, that my eyes may fall upon thine?"—"If a woman in labour descends into Sheōl¹ and a bell is hung up for her in the graveyard. If they paint a picture in Sheōl, and she then goes forth and they give a feast in the graveyard. If a bride parades round in Sheōl, and they celebrate marriage in the graveyard. If the wedding-companions borrow in Sheōl, and the paying-back takes place in the graveyard."²

Then answered she him: "My lord, how shall it be that a woman in labour . . . " [and so on, repeating the above].

"If thou knowest," he makes answer unto her, "that this does never happen, why dost thou press me with asking: When dost thou return? I go hence and return not. Happy the day when thou dost still see me. If there were a going-away and returning, then would no widow be found in this world. If there were a going-away and returning, then would no fatherless be found in the world. If there were a going-away and returning, then no Nazōræans would be found in the world."

Thereon Anhar opened her mouth and spake to Yahyā in Jerusalem: "I will buy thee for dear gold a brick grave³ and have a boxing of wood⁴ joinered together for thee in the graveyard." But Yahyā opened his mouth and spake to Anhar in Jerusalem: "Why wilt thou buy a brick grave for dear gold and have a boxing of wood joinered for me in the graveyard? Art sure that I am

¹ That is, dies.

² It was the popular custom apparently, which, however, the Mandæans did not follow, when a woman was in labour, to ring a bell to ward off evil influences (cp. the Egyptian sistrum); and a picture (or pantacle) also, with a similar apotropaic purpose, was painted. If the birth was successful, a birth-feast was given. It was also the custom, when bride and groom were poor, for their friends to borrow money or go bail for the expenses of the wedding-festivities.

³ L. prefers to translate this as 'vault,' but he seems to me to miss the meaning and that too in face of his own note, where he admits that the first word simply means 'brick.'

⁴ Both references seem to refer to Egyptian motives in burial customs. For the extraordinarily interesting deduction to be made from this hint in connection with a striking phrase in one of the following Miryai-pieces (§ 85) see the note appended there.

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returning, that thou dost say : No dust shall fall on him ? Instead of buying a brick grave for dear gold, go rather and share out for me bread. Instead of getting a boxing joinered together, go rather and read for me masses for the departed."

Thereon Anhar opened her mouth and spake to Yahyā in Jerusalem : "Thou dost go hence and forget me, and I shall be cut off in the Sinners' Dwelling."¹

[But Yahyā answered her:] "If I forget thee, may the Light Dwelling forget me. If I forget thee, may my eyes not fall on Abathur. If I ascend to Life's House, thy wailing will arise in the graveyard."

Praised be Life, and Life is victorious.

JOHN'S BIRTH, UPBRINGING AND FIRST APPEARANCE (§ 32).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims in the nights and speaks : "The [heavenly] wheels and chariots quaked. Earth and Heaven weep and the tears of the Clouds flow down."

"My father," says Yahyā, "was ninety and nine and my mother eighty and eight years old. Out of the basin of Jordan they² took me. They bore me up and laid me in the womb of Enishbai. 'Nine months,' said they, 'thou shalt stay in her womb, as do all other children.'³ No wise woman,"⁴ said he, "brought me into the world in Judæa, and they have not cut my cord in Jerusalem. They made for me no picture of lies, and for me hung up no bell of deceit.⁵ I was born from Enishbai in the region of Jerusalem."

The region of Jerusalem quakes and the wall of the priests rocks. Elizar, the great house, stands there and his body trembles. The Jews gather together, come unto Old Father Zakhriā and they speak to him : "O Old Father Zakhriā, thou art to have a son. Tell us now, what name shall we give him ? Shall we give

¹ That is the Dwelling of the Seven Rulers, and therefore this world.

² Sc. the heavenly messengers.

³ This is perhaps to guard against docetism.

⁴ Presumably = midwife.

⁵ See above § 31, note.

him for name 'Yaqif of Wisdom,' that he may teach the Book in Jerusalem? Or shall we give him for name 'Zatan the Pillar,'¹ so that the Jews may swear by him and commit no deceit?"

When Enishbai heard this, she cried out and she said: "Of all these names which you name, will I not give him one; but the name Yahyā-Yōhānā will I give him, [the name] which Life's self has given unto him."

When the Jews heard this, they were filled with wicked anger against her and said: "What weapon shall we make ready for [a certain] one² and his mother, that he be slain by our hand?"

When Anōsh,³ the treasure,⁴ heard this he took the child and brought it to Parwan, the white mountain, to Mount Parwan, on which sucklings and little ones on holy drink⁵ are reared up.

[There I remained] until I was two and twenty years old.⁶ I learned there the whole of my wisdom and made fully my own the

¹ Zatan-Eṣṭūnā, a name found also in § 85 below.

² Jesus is sometimes in the Talmūd referred to simply as 'a certain one' or 'that one.'

³ Enoch.

⁴ *Uthra* (ūtrā) is a frequently occurring general term in Mandæan, of which the precise meaning has not yet been determined; L. leaves it untranslated. *Uthra* means literally 'Riches,' 'Wealth'; and may very well then stand for the notion of Treasure. It might even convey the idea of Fulness (Gk. *Plērōma*), but this is hazardous. The difficulty with Treasure is that there are also two technical M. terms for Treasure, Treasury or Treasure-house (sc. of Life, cp. § 57, forewords). *Uthra* seems sometimes to equate with Angel; but again this has a term for itself (*malaka*). In any case it means a heavenly or spiritual being, excarnate or incarnate, and therefore the phrase signifies the Heavenly or Spiritual Enoch. See L.'s dissertation, '*Uthra und Malaka*,' in *Orientalische Studien Theodor Nöldeke zum siebenzigsten Geburtstag (12 März, 1906) gewidmet* (Giessen, 1906), pp. 537-545.

⁵ Cp. with the above threat of killing and the removal of the child the 'Slaughter of the Innocents' and the 'Flight into Egypt' motives of the parallel Christian stories. The 'little ones' is elsewhere found frequently in Mandæan as a technical term for the initiands of the community. The sacred drink, the *mambāhū* of the M. 'eucharist,' doubtless throws back to the Mazda-yasnian *haōma*. Parwan is mentioned only in this passage. It may, however, be a clerical error; for occasionally mention is made of a land called the 'pure Tarwan.' Or is it Mt. Karmel?

⁶ The numbers 99, 88, and 22 seem to belong to some system of mystic psephology, or *gematria* as the Kabalists afterwards called it. Cp. the 888 value of the name of Christ in the second-century system of the Gnostic Markos and the 666 of the Beast in the Apocalypse. I would suggest, though with hesitation, that 10's, 100's and 1000's represent 'powers,' i.e. so-called higher or wider planes of activity or development, and digits certain fundamental characteristics. In this connection it is of interest to note that such numbers as 1111, 2222, occur in classical Pythagorean psephology.

whole of my discourse. They clothed me with vestures of glory and veiled me with cloud-veils.¹ They wound round me a girdle,² of [living] water a girdle, which shone beyond measure and glistened. They set me within a cloud, a cloud of splendour, and in the seventh hour of a Sunday they brought me to the Jerusalem region. Then cried a voice in Judæa, a crying proclaimed in Jerusalem. They call out: "What woman had a son, who then was stolen? What woman has made for him a vow³ and been heedless about it? What woman had a son, who was stolen? Let her come and see after her son."

Who told Battai, who instructed Battai, who told Battai to go and say to Enishbai: "A youth has come to Judæa, a prophet come to Jerusalem. A youth has come to Judæa; his guardian angel stands by him. His mouth is like thee and his lips [like] his father, Old Father Zakhriā. His eyes are like thee and his brows [like] his father, Old Father Zakhriā. His nose is like thee and his hands [like] his father, Old Father Zakhriā."

When Enishbai heard this, she hurried out veil-less. When Old Father Zakhriā saw her thus, he wrote her a bill of divorcement. The Sun down-murmured from heaven and the Moon from its place mid the stars. The Sun opened his mouth and spake to Old Father Zakhriā in Jerusalem: "Old Father Zakhriā, thou great dotard (?), who has grown old and lost his wits, like an Arab whom his *kismet* has forsaken.⁴ A youth has come to Judæa, a prophet come to Jerusalem. A youth has come to Judæa; why dost thou send Enishbai away?"

When the youth saw her alone, he set himself free and fell down from the cloud. He set himself free and fell down from the cloud and kissed the mouth of Enishbai. When Anōsh, the treasure, saw him [do this], he spake unto Yahyā in Jerusalem: "Stands it for thee written in thy book, is it declared unto thee

¹ This is a reference to the heavenly cloud or surround; *e.g.* Enoch dwells in a cloud and from its matter fashions the body in which he appears upon earth or elsewhere in man-form.

² This spiritual girdle is symbolized by the M. sacred thread or cord; *cp.* the Parsi cord or *kusti*, composed of 72 strands and wound three times round the body, and also the Brāhmanical sacred thread.

³ Presumably before his birth, and perhaps dedicating him to God as a Nazir.

⁴ This phrase is most probably a late interpolation.

on thy page, to kiss her alone, on the mouth?"—Thereon answered Yahyā and spake unto Anōsh, the treasure, in Jerusalem: "Nine months I abode in her womb,¹ so long as all other children abide there, without any reluctance on her part; therefore is it no charge against me now to kiss her alone, on the mouth. Nay, hail and again hail to the man who repays father and mother in full. A man who recompenses father and mother, has not his like in the world."

When Yahyā said this, Anōsh, the treasure, knew that Yahyā is wise. Thereon Anōsh, the treasure, spake to the Sun in Jerusalem: "Take for me care of the youth, the Man, who is sent by the King. Take for me care of the youth, until we ask for him." Then Anōsh, the treasure, spake to the Moon in Jerusalem: "Take for me care of the youth, the Man, who is sent by the King. Take for me care of the youth, until we ask for him."

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

JOHN'S ANSWER TO JESUS CONCERNING THE ANGEL OF DEATH (§ 88).

Yahyā proclaims in the nights, Yōhānā on the Night's evenings.

YAHYĀ proclaims and speaks: "Stand I not alone? Because of my voice the [heavenly] wheels quake and the chariots capsize. The tempest became silent and settled down in the world's deserts. Sun and Moon wail, and Earth and Heaven mourn."

Messiah opened his mouth and spake to Yahyā in Jerusalem:

¹ Cp. *Pistis Sophia* (p. 115; Mead², p. 97), where Jesus is made to say to his mother: "'Thou, also, Mary, hast received form which is in Barbēlō [the Great Mother], according to matter, and hast received likeness which is in the Virgin of Light, according to light . . . ; and on thy account the darkness hath arisen, and moreover out of thee did come forth the material body in which I am, which I have purified and refined.'" Again (p. 120; M. p. 100): "Mary, my mother according to matter, thou in whom I have sojourned." And again, Mary speaking (p. 128; M. p. 103): "'Grace and Truth met together,'—it is I, Mary, thy mother, and Elizabeth, mother of John, whom I have met. 'Grace' then is the power of Sabaōth in me, which went forth out of me, which thou art. . . . 'Truth' on the other hand is the power in Elizabeth, which is John, who did come and hath made proclamation concerning the way of Truth [the M. *Kushṭā*], which thou art,—who hath made proclamation before thee."

"I asked thee, Yahyā, by Great Life and by Sunday, whose name is dear. I asked thee Yahyā, by the Way, whereby the Men of piety put to the test go without hindrance. Tell me: To what is the shape of Šauriēl's¹ knife like? Tell me: If the soul leaves the body, with what is it clothed, and to what is it like in the vain body? Surely the soul is not possibly like the blood, that it should become heated in the body and come to a stop in it? Surely the soul is not possibly like the wind, that it should fare to the mountains, be lost there and come to a stop? Surely the soul is not possibly like the dew, that it should fall on the fruit and be lost?"

When Messiah said this, Yahyā cries aloud; tears come to him without ceasing, and he speaks: "[God] forbid that the high King of Light should look for lot in deceivers. The soul is not like the blood, that it should become heated in the body and come to a stop. The soul is not like the dew, that it should fall on the fruit and be lost. The soul is not like the wind, that it should fare to the mountains and come to a stop. Firmly developed has the soul been brought into the vain body. If the soul has kept herself perfect, she ascends in a garment of glory.

"Šauriēl's knife consists of three flames." When he (Š) drives her (the soul) to hasten, so as to bear her away, he lets loose the three flames against her. One he lets loose against her in the evening, the other at cock-crow; the third lets he loose 'gainst her at the coming-forth of the rays. If the fire begins to be fierce, the soul slips out of the feet and the knees. Out of the feet and the knees slips she, and draws nigh to the hips. Thereon leaves she the hips, reaches the heart, and seeks to keep there her ground. Then falls she into the breast, and it squeezes The eyes, the face and the lips of the man twitch, and the tongue twists hither and thither.

"Then Šauriēl sits on the eyebrows; [he sits] and speaks to her: 'Go hence, O Soul! Why dost thou still watch over the body?'—Then says she to him: 'Thou wilt hale me, Šauriēl, out of the body. First show me my vesture [and clothe me therewith]; then hale me out and hence bring me.'—'First bring me

¹ The Angel of Death, as with the Jews. Cp. the knife, sword or scymitar of the Ophite Diagram in Origen's reply to Celsus.

² Cp. the flaming sword of the Hebrew form of the Paradise-myth.

thy works and thy wage,' makes he answer to her; 'then will I show thee thy vesture and clothe thee.'—'I knew not, O Šauriël,' says she to him, 'that my time is come, and they then send quickly for me, for doing good works, so that thou mayest bring me my vesture and clothe me therewith.'—Natheless he made answer unto her: 'Has no one yet died before thee and have they not yet carried forth anyone to the graveyard?'—Thereon she says to him: 'Through the power of him who has died before me, and through the power of him whom they have carried forth to the graveyard¹

"[The women] who wept ran hither and thither and [the men] who wailed ran hither and thither, as long as the body lay there before them. When the soul leaves the body, four² go forth to the graveyard. [The women] who wept ran hither and thither, the men who wailed ran hither and thither; and they ran hither and thither crying, until they lowered it into the pit. When they had lowered the vain body and covered it over [sc. with earth], then the women ceased from their death-wail. They filled up the pit, and the men went away. In haste left they the body and grave and went away; they took hold of cup and ate bread and forgot the vain body.—Now, an thou wilt, Šauriël, let me stay here still two days. Then will I sell the whole of my goods and share out among my sons, and will take my vesture with me, the robe that ascends to Light's region.'

"Natheless Šauriël returned answer unto her: 'Is there a child that has left the womb of its mother, and that they shall have brought back again into its mother, that I should leave thee in the Wicked Ones'³ Dwelling, so that thou mayest see after a sharing among thy sons? I will lead thee hence and put the robe of darkness upon [thee], for that thou hast not let thyself be warnèd in this world, and hast not loved thy way to Light's region. Therefore shalt thou be put in ward in the House of the Wicked, till Heaven and Earth pass away.'"

And praised be Life.

¹ Here something seems to have fallen out. The following recital of the soul describes a burial which has taken place.

² Unexplained; it may possibly mean two female and two male professional mourners.

³ Sc. the Seven Rulers.

MIRYAI IS EXPELLED FROM JEWRY (§ 84).

In the Name of Great Life, may hallowed Light be glorified.

MIRYAI am I, of the Kings of Babel¹ a daughter, a daughter of Jerusalem's mighty rulers. They have given me birth; the priests brought me up. In the fold of their robe they carried me up into the dark house, into the temple. Adonai laid a charge on my hands and on my two arms: I must scour and cleanse the house [that is] without firmness. There is naught therein for supporting the poor, naught to revive the tormented souls.

My father went to the house of the people, my mother went to the temple. My father went out and said to me, and my mother went out and charged me: "Miryai, close thy inner doors and bolt the bar. See that thou goest not forth into the main streets and that the suns of my Lord² fall not upon thee."

But I, Miryai, listened not to what my mother did tell me, and hearkened not with the ear to what my father did charge me. I opened the inner doors, and the outer let I stand open. Out went I into the main streets and the suns of *my* Lord fell upon me. To the house of the people would I not go, but my way bore me unto the temple [sc. of the Mandæans]. I went and I found my brothers and sisters, how they stand and carry on proclamations. My brothers carry on proclamations and my sisters throw out explanations.³ With the voice of their proclamations and with the voice of their explanations I became drowsy and laid me down on the spot.⁴ My brothers went forth and did not wake me, and my sisters withdrew and roused me not. But thou, my sister in Truth,⁵ dost rouse me from sleep and dost say: "Arise, arise, Miryai, before the day breaks and the cock lets crow his morn-call, before the sun shines and his glory rises over the worlds, before the priests and the priests' sons go forth and sit them down in the shade of the Ruins—Jerusalem, before thy

¹ Is this a by-name for Jerusalem?

² Presumably Adonai; M.'s Lord is (below) the King of Light and later on her Lord is Gnosis of Life.

³ Cp. the prophesyings and interpretations of Early Christendom and the 'glossolaly' of the earliest Pauline communities.

⁴ M. became entranced.

⁵ Presumably a heavenly visitant.

father comes and brings upset upon thee such as thou never hast had."

I, Miryai, keep secret my prayers and utterly secret keep my discourses.

Early, day began to dawn, early the cock let crow his call, early the sun shone and his glory rose over the worlds. The priests and priests' sons went out and sat them down in the shade of the Ruins—Jerusalem. Then came my bodily father and brought on me upset such as I never have had. He spake:

"Where hast come from, thou debauched trough, whom [? locks] and bars [cannot keep in]? Where hast thou come from? Woe [unto thee], thou bitch in heat, who [? mindest] not [door-]pins and lockings! Where hast thou come from? Woe, woe [unto thee], thou bit of coarse stuff that has been patched on my robe!"—

"If I am a debauched trough, I will burst thy [boltings] and bars. If I am a bitch in heat, I will draw back the pins and the lockings. If I am a bit of coarse stuff that has been patched on thy robe, then out of thy robe cut and rip me."

Thereon he cried: "Come (pl.), look on Miryai, who has left Jewry and gone to make love with her lord. Come, look on Miryai, who has left off coloured raiment and gone to make love with her lord. She forsook gold and silver and went to make love with her lord. She forsook the phylacteries¹ and went to make love with the man with the head-band."²

Then Miryai makes answer unto him: "Far lies it from me to love him whom I have hated. Far lies it from me to hate him whom I have loved. Nay, far from me lies it to hate my Lord, the Life's Gnosis, who is for me in the world a support. A support is he in the world for me and a helper in the Light's region. Dust in the mouth of the Jews, ashes in the mouth of all of the priests! May the dung that is under the feet of the horses, come on the high ones and Jerusalem's mighty rulers."

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

¹ *Taʿlīfāt* = Heb. *tefillīm*.

² Cp. § 22, 'the pure *burzinqū*,' and J. B., pp. 30¹ and 50¹.

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A VARIANT OF THE ABOVE FROM THE OXFORD MS. (L.'s J. B.,
PP. 123-125).

In the name of Great Life, may hallowed Light be glorified.

AT the door of the house of the people her mother came upon Miryai. Her mother came upon Miryai and put question to her: "Whence com'st thou, my daughter, Miryai, whose face gathers roses? Roses gathers thy face and of sleep are thy eyes full. Full of sleep are thy eyes, and upon thy forehead lies slumber."

Thereon she made answer: "It is two,—three days to-day that my brothers sat down in the house of my Father. In my Father's house sat down my brothers and let wonderful proclamations be heard. Because of the voice and the ringing of the proclamation of the treasures, my brothers, there comes no sleep over my eyes. Sleep comes not over my eyes, nor slumber upon my forehead."

"Hast thou not heard, Miryai, my daughter, what the Jews are saying about thee? The Jews are saying: Thy daughter has fallen in love with a man. She has gotten hate against Jewry and love for Nazoræanity. Hate has she gotten against the house of the people and love for the door of the temple (sc. of the MM.). Hate has she gotten against the phylacteries and love for the flaunting wreaths. Work does she on Sabbath; on Sunday she keeps her hands still. Miryai has cast aside straightway the Law that the Seven have laid [upon us]."

As Miryai stands there, she puts dust on her feet, and speaks: "Dust in the mouth of the Jews and ashes in the mouth of all of the priests! May the dung that lies under the horses, come on the elders who are in Jerusalem! I cannot hate him whose love I have won, nor love him 'gainst whom I have gotten hate. Yea, I have won the love of my Lord the Life's Gnosis, [and hope] that in him a helper will for me arise, a helper and a support from the region of Darkness unto Light's region."

Thou hast won the victory, Gnosis of Life, and helped all thy friends to victory.

And Life is victorious.

THE EXILED COMMUNITY SETTLE ON THE EUPHRATES (§ 35).

In the Name of Great Life, may hallowed Light be glorified.

MIRYAI am I, a vine, a tree, who stands at the mouth of Eu-phrates (Frash). The tree's leaves are precious stones, the tree's fruits pearls. The vine-tree's foliage is glory, its shoots precious light. Among the trees its scent it diffuses, and it spreads over all the worlds. The birds of the air scented it; a flock settled down on the tree. A flock on it down-settled, and they would build their nest there. They flutter about in it and settle not down in it firmly. Of its foliage they eat . . . , from its inner part they drink wine. They eat what is not to be cast away, and drink what was not wine.¹

While the birds sat on the vine, winds and tempests broke loose. They shook the good birdlets awake, they smote 'gainst the tree; on all sides they scattered the leaves of the vine-tree and scared the birds out of their place. Many a bird there was who flew not away, but held on fast with claws and with wings, till the winds and the tempests were over. Many again held not on fast and were hurried away Woe unto those who did not hold fast, but were dashed from the tree and flew off. How fair is the tree of Life and fair the birds who dwell on it !

The winds and the tempests passed and rest came over the world.

As the birds sit there and chirp and would be a-building their nest, as the birds sit on the vine, an eagle wheeled and flew hither. A white eagle-bird² came, looked down and caught sight of the birds. Round wheeled he, sped down on them with his wings, and came and sat on the tree. In converse with him joined the birds, and said to him :

"By thy Life, Eagle ! On this tree were we birds without number.—But there broke loose against them the winds, and on the tree came raging tempests. They shook them off from the tree, so that they tore their wings from them [nearly]. Many a one held fast, whom the winds and tempests could not tear away ; but many a one flew off at top speed.—We speak to thee, therefore,

¹ The whole description is intentionally symbolic or allegorical.

² The White Eagle is manifestly Gnosis of Life.

O Eagle, we ask thee respecting the birds, because thou art sharp of sight and dost see all in this world: What have the winds and the tempests done with those birds, our brothers? What spyest thou out (?) over them?"

Then made he answer unto them: "You had better not to have known, my brothers, what has become of those birds. Sling-shots drove them far from me; their wings broke; torn off were they, broken off; they went hence and relied on the bird-catchers.¹ The harrier and hawk wheeled round them, tore pieces out of their flesh and fed on those who were fat. Woe to those who fell prey to the water,² if there was no portion for them at the crossing. Well for you, ye birds, who hold fast to this vine [here]; you became a companionship of Miryai, the vine, who stands at the mouth of Euphrates. See and satisfy yourselves, ye birds, that I have come to you. I have come to my brothers to be a support for them in this world. I have come to heal Miryai, [come] to bring water to the good, beloved plants, to the vines, who stand at the mouth of Euphrates. In a white³ pail I draw water and bring it to my plants. I bear and I hold [it] on the arms of glory which are my own. I bear and I hold [it] and give [them] to drink. Well for him who has drunk of my water. He drinks, finds healing and confirmation, and grows to double [his stature]. The vines who drank water, brought forth good fruit. Their leaves turned on high and made a brave show. The branches which drank no water, brought forth bitter herbs and worm-wood (?). Woe to those who have not gone forward upon the Way; woe to those who have not passed on by the way-stone! They hated Life's Treasure-House,⁴ Miryai, the dear Truth.

"My brothers, hold fast, be a companionship of Miryai. I will look round in the world, let Life's call sound forth and rouse the sleeping and wake [them]."

The eagle flew off from the tree; he wheeled round and instructed his friends. He speaks to them: "Give ear to me, my

¹ Presumably the Seven.

² Presumably the End-Sea.

³ White for purity, the M. colour *par excellence*. The water is of course the Living Water or Water of Life.

⁴ Or Treasury, Simath-Haiyē, a feminine personification, called elsewhere the 'Mother of all the [Light] Kings'; she is *par excellence* the Treasure or Treasury of Light.

brothers! Stay fast and endure persecution. Be a companionship to Miryai. Woe to the Jews, who were a persecution for Miryai! Woe to Elizar, the great house, the pillar that props the temple! Woe to Zatan, the pillar,¹ who has witnessed lies against Miryai!"

THE JEWS PERSECUTE THE MANDÆANS (§ 85 CONTD.).

ALL the Jews gathered together, the teachers, the great and the little; they came [together] and spake of Miryai:

"She ran away from the priests, fell in love with a man, and they took hold of each other's hands. Hold of each other's hands they took, went forth and settled at the mouth of Euphrates. We will slay them and make Miryai scorned in Jerusalem. A stake² will we set up for the man who has ruined Miryai and led her away. There shall be no day in the world when a stranger³ enters Jerusalem."

They split open their fellings and catch the doves in Jerusalem.⁴

THEY BEG THEM TO RETURN (§ 85 CONTD.).

ALL the Jews gathered together and followed after Miryai. They went and found that a throne was set up for Miryai on the bank of Euphrates. A white standard was for her unfurled and a book stood upright on her lap. She reads in the Books of Truth and rouses all worlds from their sleep. She holds in her hand the Staff of Life's water; the girdle is bound round her loins. Miryai in humbleness prays and proclaims with wondrous voice. The fishes gather out of the sea, the birds⁵ from the mouth of Euphrates. They come to hear Miryai's voice, and no more long to lie down to sleep. They breathe in the sweet scent around her and forget the world.

¹ Mentioned also in § 32, but unexplained.

² In the Lud (cp. note on R. Eliezar, founder of the Lud school in the last no., p. 8) Ben Stada Talmūd Jesus stories, Jeshu is stoned and hanged on a stake afterwards (see *D. J. L. 100 B. C.*!—pp. 176ff.). It was the custom for the dead body after the stoning (e.g. of an adulterer, or of a fornicator—i.e. heretic) to be exposed on a stake or post.

³ Gnosis of Life is called the Stranger (sc. to the world) *par excellence*.

⁴ The MM. were bitterly persecuted. The fellings or slaughterings of the 'trees' and the snating or imprisonment of the 'doves' refer to the martyrdom of the faithful. Cp. the hewing-down of the 'trees' in the Synoptic John-sermon and also the John-Jonah (Dove) word-play.

⁵ 'Fishes' and 'birds' are the new 'hearers' of the faith.

When the Jews saw this, they stood up before her. They felt shamed, doubled their fists, smote on the fore-court of their breast and lamented. The mother of Miryai spake, and tears streamed into her bosom.

"Look on me, Miryai, my daughter," says she unto her; "look on me who am thy mother! My daughter art thou and the daughter of all of the priests. Thy head is the great chief of the temple. Rememberest thou not, Miryai, that the Thora lay on thy lap? Thou didst open it, read therein and knewest what stands in it. The outer keys lay in thy hands, and the inner thou didst put in chains.¹ All the priests and priests' sons came and kissed thy hand. For whom thou wouldst, thou didst open the door; whom thou wouldst not, must turn and go back to his seat. A thousand stand there and two thousand sit there. They submit themselves to thee, as a eunuch-made slave, and they give ear to thy word in Jerusalem. Why didst thou forget thy brothers and thy heart abandon the priests? Lo, the brides weep in Judæa, the women and men in Jerusalem. Their beloved gold have they cast from them, and they give themselves up to wailing and mourning for thee. They say: 'We will make away with our goods, until Miryai returns. Gold forge we [? no longer], and cast away fair raiments of silk and bracelets (?).' They stand on the roofs and look out, that they may see thee again in Jerusalem. For thee they make vows, if thou comest to me and we go hence. My daughter, arise, come back to thy dwelling-place, the city Jerusalem. Come, light up thy lamps, which have been put out from the day when thou withdrewest thyself.² Have no longing after this man, who has prisoned thee and taken thee off. Leave

¹ That is, kept hidden, or made conditions concerning their revelation.

² Compare with the above eloquent invitation to return the similar motive in the Talmūd Jesus stories: (1) "When King Jannai directed the destruction of the Rabbis, R. Joshua ben Perachiah and Jeshu went to Alexandria. When security returned, R. Simeon ben Shetach sent him a letter to this effect: 'From me, Jerusalem the holy city, to thee, Alexandria in Egypt, my sister. My spouse tarries in thee, and I dwell desolate'" (*Bab. Sanhedrim*, 107b, *Sota*, 47a). (2) "The inhabitants of Jerusalem intended to appoint Jehuda ben Tabbai as Nasi [Prince or President of the Sanhedrim] in Jerusalem. He fled and went away to Alexandria, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem wrote: 'From Jerusalem the Great to Alexandria the Little: How long lives my betrothed with thee, whilst I am sitting grieving for him?'" (*Pal. Chagiga*, 77d). See my *D. J. L. 100 B.C.*?—pp. 137ff., 148ff.—for a discussion of these passages. Can Tabbai possibly in any way connect with the Tab-Yōmīn of the Portents-pieces § 18 in the last number?

the man, who is not of thy dwelling-place,¹ alone by himself in the world. Let him not say: I have gone and carried off Miryai from her place. Come, teach the children, so that they may learn. Lay the Thora in thy lap and let us hear thy voice as it used to be. From the moment and the day when thou didst detach the dough² has it been covered up"

When Miryai heard this from her mother, she laughed and rejoiced in her mind. "It *surely* could not be the Jews," says she unto her, "the infamous, worthless priests! It surely would not be the Jews who stand there and bow down to a brick-grave!³ They shall be buried in the Darkness.

"Go, go," says she unto them, "ye fools, ye abortions,⁴ ye who were not of the world.⁵ I am no woman who is stripped for wantoning; and it is not that I have fallen in love with a man. Stripped am I not for returning to you and for again seeing you, doming of blasphemy. Go, go hence from me, ye who have witnessed falsehood and lying against me. Against me ye wit-

¹ Clearly indicating that the Mandā was originally not Jewish.

² Heb. *hallah*, the priests' share of the dough. Cp. Lev. xv. 20, 21: "Of the first of your dough (marg. coarse meal) ye shall offer up a cake for a heave-offering."

³ Cp. L.'s note (p. 114³), referring to the above-quoted (p. 195 n. 2) Talmūd passage (1), where the same bowing down is recorded of Jeshu, namely: "he set up a brick-bat and worshipped it." L. again prefers to render the two words here as 'vault' simply. The Talmūd puzzle has never been solved; but the passage of the J. B. above (§ 31) connects it with a coffin, and strongly suggests an Egyptian atmosphere. Cp. now what Josephus (*Antiqq.* I. ii.; Cory's *An. Fragg.* pp. 171, 172), Hebraizing the Egyptian tradition, says of the Sons of Sēth (=Sōthis=Sirius), how "they made two [kinds of] monuments, one of brick and the other of stone, and on each engraved their discoveries." This passage is from Manetho's lost work *Sothis*, on the authenticity of which and its implications, I would refer the reader to my lengthy researches in *Thrice-greatest Hermes*, i. 99-127: the above passage will be found on p. 114. From this I would venture to suggest that the Talmūd charge against Jeshu of learning 'magic' in Egypt is reflected in the queer term 'brick-bat' or 'bricking.' According to Manetho's legend or tradition the most ancient lore of the priests, of the period of the First Thoth or Hermes, before the Flood, was preserved in the most primitive brick pyramids. The pyramids were originally tombs. That my suggested version is in the right direction is borne out by the following sentence of the text: "They shall be *buried* in the Darkness."

⁴ A common Gnostic figure, appearing frequently in Manichæism. In the Christianized Gnosis it is the technical term for the unripe birth from Achamōth, the Wisdom Without. For the most interesting echo in the N.T. cp. Paul's famous utterance: "And last of all he appeared unto me also, as unto 'the Abortion' "—sc. of whom you have all heard.

⁵ This is presumably ironical = "who thought that ye were not of this world."

nessed wantonness and thieving, and held me up as ye are yourselves. Blessed be the Man who freed me from my fetters and planted my feet here. No wantonness have I committed with him and attempted no theft in the world. Instead of the witness ye have witnessed against me, there came to me prayer and praise-giving."

As the priests stand there and speak with Miryai at the mouth of Euphrates, there came a pure eagle-bird, whose wings are the fulness of worlds.¹ He flew down on the Jews, dashed at them with his wings, bound them and sank them down unto the water's bottom, deeper [down] than the foul-smelling mud. He sank them deeper down than the blazing [water], that is inside the dark water. He sank their ships down to the blazing water's bottom. He destroyed the temple and laid fire to Jerusalem.²

He brought downfall upon them and in Jerusalem slew the disciples.

He descended unto her (Miryai), folded before her his wings, settled down by her, narrated and proclaimed to her; and they held out the loved hand of Truth to each other. He embraced her in potent embracing, forced her down and set her on the throne.

"Miryai," he speaks to her, "with favour look upon me, remember me in the Life's presence. I am thy Good Messenger, the Man, who gives ear to thy discourse. I beseech thee for the high Truth, the Truth which the Jordans have chosen."

"O Good Treasure," she makes answer unto him, "Treasure whom Life has sent! Thy glory and thy light has risen upon us, and thy honour is approved in Light's region. Everyone who gives ear to thy voice, will be in the pure region included. In Life's Treasury will he be included and thy rays will rise [over him] twofold. For everyone who gives not ear to thy voice, waking and sleep will be wiped out. Let him belong to the Jews, to the slaves and all of the priests, the sons of the Harlot. I and thou will circle aloft and victorious mount to Light's region."

May Life be our pledge, and Life is victorious.

G. R. S. MEAD.

¹ That is, presumably, fill the whole of the worlds in their span.

² The MM. evidently believed that the destruction of Jerusalem was a retribution for the persecution of their community.

SOME TAOIST ALCHEMICAL LEGENDS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

(THE quality of Gustav Meyrink's work is known to our readers from translations of a number of short pieces which have appeared in our pages. The author of *The Golem*, *The Green Face* and *Walpurgis Night* published last year another of his remarkable 'mystic' novels—*The White Dominican* (Vienna, Rikola Verlag). Though it has not been noticed so widely by the general public as the former works of this celebrated writer, in Continental mystical and psychical circles it has created quite a sensation on account of the strangely curious Taoist doctrines underlying its plot, which were hitherto almost unknown even to the most learned students of the West. They are not mentioned in the article 'Taoism' of the *Ency. of Rel. and Ethics*, nor in the article 'Mysticism' (Chinese). As certain ignorant readers and even learned critics have expressed strong doubt as to the real existence of such a mysterious lore, and have supposed these alleged traditions to be the pure fiction of a fanciful author, our readers may be interested in being supplied with some first-hand knowledge of the Chinese books which speak of these apparently so strange methods for the West of freeing the 'spirit' from the bondage of the body by what is called the Loosening or Dissolution of the Corpse or by the mystic Sword.

The following extracts are based on a German translation of the relevant Chinese treatises, by Prof. A. Pfizmaier, Fellow of the Vienna Academy, which appeared in vol. lxiv. of the *Philosophic Transactions of the Academy* as long ago as 1870. The contribution contains records of a great number of 'cases,' of which we give only a few typical specimens; for even if the whole were given they would not add a jot more conviction for the critical and sceptical Western mind than these few instances. They are certainly not test cases fit for publication in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*! Nevertheless we have thought it advisable to give some of them in full with all

the apparently irrelevant details which may or may not have a deeper meaning.

The vagueness and apparent obscurity of the texts are due in part to the character of the Chinese script and language, in part to the 'esoterism' of the accounts and to the subject itself. Yet there is no doubt, at least for the present translators, as to the main notion,—namely that the practice in question is not one of vulgar magic, but that the texts aim at describing psychic achievements of a peculiar character, and different from anything occurring in the more generally known and fully exploited Indian Yoga texts.

Although disliking over-emphasis, we have used initial capitals wherever we believe that some inner meaning is hidden by an otherwise inconspicuous word. We do not, however, pretend to know this hidden meaning, and therefore refrain from putting forward guesses, however tempting it may seem to do so, or even comparisons with and parallels to ideas and terms from similar or cognate Eastern and Western gnostical literature. It is, however, manifest on all hands that we have most immediately to do with *psychical* alchemy and the subtle embodiment notion. Pfizmaier himself gives no explanations at all.

The Chinese Taoist works often mention certain transformations as preliminaries or means for reaching their highest goal. The most arresting of these are *Shi-kiai*, the Loosening of the Corpses, and *Kien-kiai*, the Loosening of the Swords. According to the ancient authors in question the first term indicates a state in which the form of a 'Departed,' that is of one who has succeeded in loosening or dissolving himself, becomes invisible and the 'adept' reaches the rank of an Immortal. In certain imperfect cases the body loses only its weight, but continues to retain the appearance of a living person. The Loosening of the Sword is fabled to leave in the coffin of the 'Departed' nothing but a sword (occasionally also a knife, a staff, a cloak or shoes) instead of the dead body, as has, it is said, been occasionally found by chance excavators. Both Solutions or Dissolvings are the enigmatic secret which the legends of the alchemic 'Way' (Tao) in the Far East set forth in even more evasive and gorgeous diction than that of the West. By 'Corpse' is frequently meant the ordinary body even when living. The Taoist 'Immortals' perhaps looked upon the majority of mankind as the Dead.

Doubtless Pfizmaier's versions are tentative, especially with regard to technical terms. Thus, an excellent scholar of Chinese informs us that the first term should mean usually simply 'release from the flesh' and the second 'release [from the flesh] by the sword' but we have perforce to follow the German renderings.—R. E. and G. R. S. M.)

THE Traditions coming down from the True Man of the Clan Wang from the Western Stronghold say :

On the Way of Dissolution and Metamorphosis it comes to pass that the Corpse is incapable of changing together with the Spirit.

The Higher Book of the Precious Sword says :

By the method of the Dissolution of the Corpses it comes to pass that one dies and returns again to life. It comes to pass that the Head is cut off and reappears on one side. It comes to pass that the Form remains, but the Bones disappear.

The Dissolving of the Corpses is in reality the refining and skin-sloughing of the True Men. It is the hidden changes of the Five Kinds. Although this is the lowest degree among the different classes of Immortals, the gift is certainly not inconsiderable. It is what is called Revolving in the Hidden round the Three Lights, or Sinking into the Dry Ground in Full Daylight. Those who practise the lowest way of Dissolving the Corpses, cannot return and look upon their Home. This latter contemplation is called the Way of the Highest Solution. Their Names company with the Purple Writing-tablets. The Three Authorities are not allowed to measure again the imperfections and deficiencies of such Men. Even if the former have succeeded in hiding themselves, in vanishing from their age, their mind is not tranquillized. They

are not at liberty to return to their Home as well. They stroll about at their pleasure and sit down without vocation.

If pills are simply dissolved in water and drunk, if bundles of plants are taken under the arms, and if one lies down [thus], he is injured and dies in the empty inner House. This is called the Dissolution of the Weapons.

The highest classes are simply the hierarchical manifestations of the Eight Unadorned. They take charge, but they act no longer. The rest loosen themselves in Full Daylight with the Corpses. They achieve the transformation into Flying Immortals.

The Hidden Decisions of the Ascending True Men say :

The Corpse-Dissolvers are men who, at the time of their passing-away, perhaps as a result of being cut off by Swords, Weapons, Water, Fire and painful Thorns, do not continue the life of their generation. When they have died, their Spirit is able to change from place to place and remove, but their Shape is unable to go away.

Tung-tshung-khiü was a native of Hoai-nan. In his youth he used the Air (breathing exercises) and refined his Form. At a hundred years he had not grown older. He was often unjustly accused and put in prison. His Corpse was dissolved and he disappeared as an Immortal.

Lieu-ping-hu had no name and no youth's name. Towards the close of the age of Han he was an Elder of Ping-hu in Kieu-kiang. He practised the art of

a physician, and thus got merit and virtues. He used to help men in their sicknesses and sorrows, as if these were his own sufferings. On one of his travels he met the Immortal Tsheu-tsching-shi, who handed on to him the (knowledge of the) Way of the Hidden Existence. Dwelling in an Inner House of the Depths of the Fang-shan, he used the Divine Air of the Sun and Moon (*hatha-yoga* breathing exercises). His looks were extremely youthful. Later he dissolved himself with his Corpse and disappeared.

He who receives the Great Exhortation, dies. He destroys the Measure, refines the Spirit. [Rising] upwards he supplants the Authorities of Heaven. This is called the Dissolving of the Corpse.

If a man has died and one sees distinctly that his Form is like that of a living person, if you can see that his feet are not green, his skin not wrinkled, his eyes brilliant and not sunken—in all such cases there is a Dissolution of the Corpse. He who dissolves himself with his Corpse in broad daylight, is an Immortal. It is not the manner of the Dissolution of the Corpse when drugs are used. Those who achieve the Dissolution of the Corpse, without using the dissolving and permuting of the pure spiritual pills, are not allowed to return to their Home; they are held fast by the Three Authorities.

Disappearing in Full Daylight is called the Higher Dissolution; Disappearing by Midnight the Lower Dissolution of the Corpse. Those who disappear at the Border-time of the Evening are called the Foremost Provosts under the Earth.

The Books of the Six Expositions of the Ornament-Script of the Rubies say :

He who has gotten the middle Book of the Nine True Men, dissolves himself with his Corpse in Full Daylight. Some say: He travels flying; his passage with wings is easy.

The same Books say :

The pure spiritual Book, the Plant of Immortality, or the precious Book of the Five Ancients,—he who owns them loosens himself with the Corpse.

The Traditions about the Divine Immortals say :

Kiai-Siang had the youth's name Yuen-tsi, and hailed from Kuei-ki. The former Provost of U held him in high esteem. He usually addressed him as Master of Kiai (sc. Loosening). Siang continually strove to get away; but the Provost would not hear of it. Siang reported himself ill. The Provost ordered the people of his neighbourhood to present a small case of fine Pears to Siang. In a short time Siang loosened himself with his Corpse and disappeared.

The Queen Ngan of the Nine Flowers of the upper Palace of the Purple Pure One said to the Ruler of the Yang Clan: You can seek for the way of the Loosened Swords, practise the art of the Blissful End, fully accomplish on the way the convention of 'Coming forward' and of Silence, show the Footprints of Hiding and Publicity.

Kö-yuen bore the youth's name Hiao-sien. He attached himself to Tso-thse and received the Books of the Nine Red-lead Men and of the Gold Tincture. He generally used as a lure Mountain-thistle. He said to his disciple Tschang-fung: I shall loosen myself

with the Corpse and disappear. On the 12th day of the 8th month the time will be ripe. When the appointed time came, Yuen laid down dressed and with his cap on. He had no breath; but his appearance remained unchanged. He loosened himself with his Corpse and disappeared.

Pao-tsing bore the youth's name Tai-yuen and hailed from Lang-ye. The Ruler from the Yin Clan, the father of the wife of Kō-hung, a contemporary of the Emperor Ming of Tsin, handed on to him his way of the Dissolution of the Corpses and Disappearing. He explained it once and said: Tsing is the descendant of Pao-siuen, a native of Shang-thang and Inspector of troops in the age of Han. He harmonized himself, developed his native faculties. When over seventy he dissolved himself and disappeared. A certain Siü-ning served Tsing as his master. Ning heard by night in the Inner House of Tsing the sound of lutes and inquired about it. Tsing answered: Ki-shō shows in the night the Footprints on the Eastern Market, and he loosens himself in reality as a Weapon only.

When there is not yet traffic on the Six Ways, when that which has been planted, is still little, then one enters the middle class, and gets the Retirement and the Change of the Dissolution of the Corpse. If one descends hence, it is right use, exalted merit. If the Action is superficial and defective, one treads on the steps. If one conquers on the lower steps, he destroys the Measure and returns to life. After returning to life, he practises the Way, pursues merits, be they many or few. Then only does he become capable of participating in the Way.

The Book of the Jewel Lang from the Great Hail of the Great Highest says :

He who practises the highest way of the Learning, enters in due course the Forests of the Mountains, and uses as a lure pure spiritual drugs. He profits by the Occasions, responds to the Passer-by. If he also lies down on the ground and loosens his Corpse, his corresponding accordant Splendour is highly esteemed in that age. The great difference between him and his age is : He has no Inner and no Outer Coffin ; he removes the dust from the height of the plains of the Mountains, he sweeps the low ground beneath the deep Trees ; his indivisible Sheath covers the Earth.

The Traditions about the Immortals say :

Ning-fung in the times of the Yellow Emperor was the proper man of the Potter's Vessels. He consumed himself with Fire, following in the trail of the Smoke he rose and sank upwards and downwards.

The Reports of the True Men say :

The Student of the Ning Clan used the Stone-brain, and dissolved in Fire. And so he effected the Dissolution through Fire.

Sse-ma-ki-tshü was a contemporary of Emperor Wen of Han. He received the way of Dissolution as a Sword that had come from Si-ling-tse-tu. He lived on the Mount of the Lowered Wings and had a great Palace. He used the Flowers of the light Red-lead, the Sunlight of the all-embracing Early Dawn. His appearance was that of a young girl, his Hair-tuft had a length of three feet. He had a son named Fă-yǒ, a daughter named Thsi-hoa. They reached the Way together.

The Reports of the True Men say:

Ki-tshü used the spiritual Powder. He floated up swimming; and it was as if head and feet were in different places. In this case one speaks of the accomplishment of the way of Loosening oneself as a Sword and Weapon. If it was Loosening as a Weapon, he did not succeed in finding himself at the Great Culmination. His daughter meantime still always read the Book of the Depths by herself. Forthwith she practised withal the high method by itself.

The Traditions from the Ruler of the Lao Clan say:

The Five Stones of the Nine True Men penetrate daily immediately into the Great Yin. Only he whose power exceeds that of the Three Authorities, receives the method of the Supreme Dissolution.

The Prince of the Purple Yang handed down the way of Loosening oneself as Sword which hails from the Western Stronghold. He who practises this method, and keeps hanging from his Girdle the divine Sword for seven years, together with the credential marks of the Light Red Book, loosens himself, transmutes and disappears. If he sets himself as his task the pure spiritual Flight of the Curved Early Dawn, he instantly acquires the power to transmute himself, to withdraw, to hide himself and metamorphose. The Tai-yi sends the Precious Robes of the Fortunate Splendour and comes to meet him.

Wang-yuen had the youth's name Fang-ping. He saw the Bones of Tsai-king and noticed that he was about to loosen himself with his Corpse. He also

foretold to him words of promise. Fang-ping wore a Cap of Far-away Strolling, Light-red Clothes, a Tiger's-head Pocket, a Five-coloured broad Ribbon and a Sword from his Girdle. He had a sparse yellow beard and was a man of middle form. He rode on a Winged Car drawn by Five Dragons. In his Girdle with the broad Ribbon of various colours he carried before and behind a Notched Reed with Streamers, and descended with Flags from the Heaven. Forthwith he moved on and visited the father and the elder brother of Tsai-king. On this occasion he despatched messengers and had the Cousin (*Muhme*) of the Ma Clan summoned. The Cousin made known that she had already received previously a most sublime message that she should go to Fung-lai. She would now go at once, and hoped that they would not have left before she should come. In this way two hours passed, when the Cousin from the Ma Clan was heard to arrive. First the sounds of Men and Horses were heard. The dignitaries accompanying her were half the number of Yuen's.

When the Cousin arrived, she was seen by the whole house of Tsai-king also. She was a stately Maiden with all the gifts of her years. She had a hairpin in the crown of her head thus making a chignon. The rest of her hair hung loose down to her waist. Her Clothes had divers adornments of colour, and even what was not gold-embroidered silk tissue or multi-coloured weaving, blinded the eye with its iridescent Splendour in an indescribable manner. Nothing like it was to be seen in that age. She entered and bowed before Yuen. Yuen rose up before her, and remained standing. He handed to all the portable kitchen. When the course of dried meat was served, he said it was dried Unicorn meat. Yuen [then] went away.

Tsai-king's parents wondered, and questioned King about him confidentially. King said: The Master of the Wang Clan lives generally on the Kuen-lün Mountain. From there he betakes himself to the Lo-feu and to other Mountains. On the Mountain are Palaces and Inner Houses. When the Master from the Wang Clan goes forth, he rides only on a Yellow Unicorn, and he has ten Men in attendance. Whenever he goes on a journey, the gods of the Mountains and of the Sea come to meet him, bow down before him and present themselves for an audience. Yuen once gave a writing to Tshin-yō. This writing was about the Great and the Whole, and withal was quite artless. Before this nobody knew that Fang-ping had the name Yuen; but on this occasion it became known. The man from Clan Tshin kept the autograph writing of the Master from the Wang Clan in a little case together with a statement. Later on King loosened himself with his Corpse and disappeared.

(Other perhaps even more strangely quaint legends, mainly about the enigmatical Sword, are held over for the next number. It may well be that no greater curiosities of literature exist; and this is our main excuse for bringing them to the notice of our readers.)

CONCERTO IN A MINOR.

CHARLES WHITBY, M.D.

I. ALLEGRO.

RAPT and aloof I feel
in halcyon tones of sense
Life's tyrannous appeal,
portentous imminence.

Ungessed as yet the theme, albeit I hear
elusive cadences of hope and fear :
Song-snatches, laughter full of godlike scorn,
the distant challenge of an elfin horn,
clashing of swords, a ravenous tiger's roar,
thunder of breakers on a rockbound shore,
the tramp of armies marching forth to die,
one redbreast warbling to a wintry sky.

Ah Life, reveal thy face !
Ah Fate, unseal thy womb !
Darkling my dubious path I trace
to rapture or to doom.

From the ends of the Earth the desires of all peoples and nations,
flames kindled and fed through the ages by dumb tribulations,
fierce tendrils out-thrusting converge to beleaguer my breast,
and questioning vainly my heart for the source of its yearning
I wander bemused in the by-ways, no beacon discerning
but only a vision which mocks me and murders my rest.

Where cypress and cedar swart boughs intertwine
to ridge the deep azure of passionate sky,
cloud-masses are piled near the zenith supine
and the scent of mimosa floats fitfully by.
The glen with its verdure, oak, myrtle and vine,
full-clad opens out on a turf-covered space

sun-steeped and with moss-cushioned boulders bestrewn,
 where birches are leaning in languorous grace
 o'er bowers which clematis-tangles festoon.
 A stillness broods heavily over the place
 expectant meseems of a Presence delayed,
 and breathless I listen and gaze in suspense.
 Ah me, it is here! In the heart of the glade
 she dawns on my dazzled and quivering sense
 the Mistress of Vision, the Heavenly Maid!
 In stature surpassing mortality's mould,
 white-robed in a vesture of opaline gleams,
 her eyes are a wonder which cannot be told,
 her chapleted brows are a palace of dreams.
 Anon she displays on a charter unrolled
 the names of dead heroes and martyrs of song
 emblazoned in letters of purple and gold;
 and I seem to descry an etherial throng
 beyond the diaphanous curtain of day,
 Parnassian potentates barely revealed
 before like a vapour they vanish away.
 But see, with a gesture of queenly command
 which claims me, affirms me her votary sealed,
 incredible bounty! she raises her hand
 and the soul-flooding voice is out-pealed:

"I am Calliope
 dear to Apollo.
 Lords of song-wizardry
 serve me and follow,
 chanting sublime the great
 lore that I lend them,
 flouting Death, Time and Fate,
 so I befriend them.

"They have quaffed Hippocrene, the delectable waters that rise
 where the winged steed's hoof spurned the rock ere he soared to
 the skies,
 upwelling in amber and violet sheen from their fount
 with music that ravishes reason, on Helicon's mount.
 Cold fire is that rivulet, quick with light's essence divine,
 and none dare assay it but those that are loved of the Nine.

“ For it riddles with rapture and pain
the merciful mists of the brain,
unshutters the eyes of the soul
and strips her of earthly control,
erasing the limits assigned
by the Gods to mankind.

“ So they who drink of it learn
for weal or woe to discern
heights holy and hidden
or depths foul and forbidden,
shapes awful and bright
or hags o’ the night.

“ In the dusk of deep woodlands where Summer in ecstasy swoons,
their musings are marred by the flaunting of amorous boons ;
The lure of the Dryad, the lust of the Satyr they feel
in the scent of syringa, the hawthorn’s erotic appeal.
Hot pleadings they hear, wanton laughter—o’er sun-dappled
lawns
the naked Nymphs fly to fresh coverts pursued by the Fauns.

“ Or wandering lone by the shore,
when the rose of the after-glow fades,
one hears through the tumble and roar
the croon of the shy Ocean-Maids,
the gleam of white shoulders espies
in pools which no Triton invades
and hair that in tawny cascades
o’ershadows their eyes.

“ Or else in some valley benighted
he cowers amazed and affrighted,
while past him the rout Corybantic
goes reeling vertiginous frantic.
’Mid clashing of cymbals and waving
of torches with chanting and raving
and the snarls of yoked blond and striped creatures,
he glimpses the ivy-crowned features,
mild cruel capricious divine,
of the Giver of Wine.

**“Thou too with shuddering lips didst brave
the fateful draught of Helicon’s wave
unweeting all that the deed portended.
Thenceforward, body and soul, thy powers
to lifelong fealty pledged are ours,
alone by the sacred Nine befriended.**

**“Lightly as their husbandry hearts of men are sold,
this man’s heart for sovrantry, that man’s heart for gold,
this one for a breath of fame, that for greed or lust :
Heed not thou their praise or blame veered by every gust.**

**“Single-counselled, undismayed, spurning tinsel toys,
look to us alone for aid in all thy griefs and joys ;
Gaze until the depths are stirred, the vision there to see,
listen for the secret word that sets the vision free.**

**“Yet not every while control the portals of thy heart
nor the gateways of thy soul : Fling them wide apart !
He who shuns the market-place, flouts the commonweal,
seldom wins my crowning grace, makes the great appeal.**

**“Those, my laurelled hierophants, whose triumphal quire
now the shimmering host enchants throned above desire,
lovers all of solitude—oft their pilgrim feet
missed me in the trackless wood, found me in the street.**

**“Vanished the days beyond recall
of minstrelsy beloved by all,
of martial pageant, pomp and state,
of kingship held inviolate,
of lords cuirassed in burnished mail,
of pages pert and princelings pale,
of abbots flaunting rings and chains
and velvet-gowned coifed chatelaines,
of mystic souls immured apart
with dreadful knowledge in their eyes,
transmuting in each flaming heart
the world’s brutalities.**

**Yes, fled the days beyond recall
when, wheresoever he might roam,
in swineherd’s cabin, baron’s hall
the singer was at home.**

“Solitude, hunger and scorn
are the dole of my vassals to-day
since hucksters ravished the shrine
where music of rapture is born.
Lords of the Delphian line
in Babylon pent behold
hirelings wearing the bay,
Apollo betrayed for gold.
Honour is bought and sold
and chivalry swept aside,
gluttony unrestrained,
the wrath of the Gods defied.
Merely a remnant now
by the mire of the mart unstained,
craving Beauty as bride,
at the altar of Helicon bow.”

Calliope's greeting, each word
as lustrous and globed to the hearing
as pearls to the vision, the touch,
to ecstasy kindled I heard.
She ceased. On the instant the vale
and she who ensouled it, she
who gave, who demanded so much,
were gone, disappearing
like smoke-wreaths dispersed by the gale
or raindrops dissolved in the sea,
yet left me a glamour ensphering
my heart that erewhile had been free,
a mystical glamour endearing
my thraldom to me.

Rapt and aloof I feel
in halcyon tones of sense
Life's tyrannous appeal
portentous imminence.

Troubling the visionary theme, I hear
elusive cadences of hope and fear.

•

THE QUEST

Ah Life, reveal thy face !
Ah Fate, unseal thy womb !
Darkling my dubious path I trace
to rapture or to doom.

II. ADAGIO.

Over the labyrinthine skein
of Destiny's configuration
immanent in the dark inane
poring, perplexed I sought in vain
one glimpse of pattern, dominant clue
thridding the maze where strands of every hue
shimmered in convolute amalgamation.

Here fervid filaments of pain
flanked sombre strands of desolation,
while hope's tenacious fibrils there
wreathed dusky dendrites of despair.
Here love's auroral tints might be divined
with scarlet hatred strangely intertwined,
there purple strands of grief companioned by
fine threads of golden-gleaming ecstasy.

Pale horror, lurid lust
I noted, murky shame,
green malice, grey mistrust.
And ever and anon
out of the void there came
a sudden soundless gust
that shook them and was gone,
quickenings into flame
the quintessential force
which pulsed through every strand
from some sequestered source,
constraining hearts unknown
with strife misdeemed their own
to issues blessed or banned.

That portent passed. I crouched alone
in Life's Gargantuan puppet-show
where, steeped in shadow, swathed in storm,

her hoodwinked mimes ran to and fro :
Fate's playthings ! Many a hapless wight
beset by myrmidons of woe
I noted, shuddering at their plight,
for most were maimed or overthrown.
Nor lacked there one attenuate form
staggering under blow on blow
whose desperate glance met mine, and lo,
It was my own, it was my own !

Thick darkness and horror were blended
at sight of that agonized face,
through measureless leagues I ascended
shocked out of the body's embrace,
to wake where that exodus ended
afloat in some limbo of space.

Then out of the night that surrounded
my stricken and shimmering shell,
such laughter in pæans resounded
as crowns a carousal in hell.
I listened aghast and astounded
awaiting what further befell.

Dimly, with gradual confidence descried
athwart the gloom that scarce perceptibly cleared,
huge pillars, lofty walls on every side
in sombre sheen appeared.

Thence issued many a vaulted corridor
whose black maws menaced yet allured me. Anon,
slow traversing the burnished basalt floor,
I wandered forth and on.

And as I went, responsive to some call,
that would not be refuted nor deferred,
Meseemed my steps were dogged by steps whose fall
I rather felt than heard.

Vague whispers, muffled laughter, mocked me too
from nooks where hooded forms of sinister mien
revealed by drifting lights of spectral hue
were momentarily seen.

Cowed yet constrained to thread that haunted maze,
my devious course I held, emerging where
under a granite arch there met my gaze
a narrow winding stair.

Then as I climbed I felt my soul submerged
in wave on wave of irrepressible fear,
as if to some vast Presence blindly urged
my grudging steps drew near.

Mounting interminably I stood at length
under the starlit sky. The midnight air
assailing re-invoked my inward strength,
so keen it was and rare.

The Cyclopean pile its range disclosed,
sheer to the parapet ringed with wavering light
from brands upheld by bronze torch-bearers, posed
portentous on the night.

And in the midst colossal on a throne
of ebony faced me, terrible and sublime,
One who might well have brooded there alone
from the birth-dawn of Time.

Loose-robed with mighty thews and sinews bare,
his temples weighted by an iron crown
and fraught with unimaginaire care
the ridges of his frown.

Behind him in the depths of space enorme
the stars of Libra shone with tranquil beam,
and like the ominous rumbling of a storm
he broached his fateful theme.

“ So thou hast found me, earthborn truant, freed
a moment from the shackles of thy clay
and from the irksome task, thy doom decreed,
whereto my hand constrains thee day by day.
Narrow and lone thy pathway, whether it lead
o'er wastes where vultures gorge and jackals prowl
and bones lie bleaching in the immitigate glare,
or through dank woods and sunless giens where foul
miasma festers in the stagnant air,

or skirts with crumbling edge the beetling brows
of wave-lashed rocks precipitous and bare.
But mostly immured where herded hodmen house,
thy pinioned powers to menial usage bent,
all boons debarred for which thy frailty yearns,
thy tedious term of exile shall be spent.
Baffled and bruised by Fate's malignant spurns,
all visions dogged by disillusionment,
all hopes frustrate, all ecstasies unshared,
no cup of bitterness but thou shalt drain,
nor shall one seedling of delight be spared.
Yea, Destiny vice-gerent of my domain
shall fiercely assay the mettle of thy intent,
rasp thee with inhibitions, drive thee down
from towering flights of dream in steep descent.
In the world's tears thy soul shall well-nigh drown,—
I Saturn Lord of Sorrow admonish thee,—
nor only so ; thereafter she shall brave
the terrors of a darker bitterer sea,
of whose infinitude one crimson wave
bespeaks thy house bereft, thy heart forlorn.
Not once nor twice with pangs unspeakable
the quick roots of that heart shall be uptorn.
The world's indifferent sneer thou shalt know well,
friends proven false albeit thou fail not them,
Envy's opprobriously-meted praise
and Spite self-ambushed safelier to condemn.
Avid of peace thou shalt drag out thy days
in warfare. Votaries of a blander strain
thrusting thee by shall trespass in thy field,
trampling thy wheat yet feasting on the grain.
But thou in ghostly strife beset shalt wield
a blade which rings not in the world's dull ear,
until thy cosmic dungeon stands revealed
one reeking charnel-house of blood and fear."

Such were his words, but ah, to tell
the bleak dismay, the shuddering sense
of bruised and baffled impotence

clanged through and through me by the knell
of every iron syllable !

The might that through abysmal years
had curbed presumptuous impulse, reined
rebellious orbs within their spheres,
in glacial stupor locked the poles,
tethered the fierce tornado, chained
the thunder, yea, that e'en controls
by ineluctable decrees

men's wayward hearts and wilful souls,
apportioning their destinies,—

That might, that lordship strong as death
not less, nay more, when silence fell,
investing all the interstices
of being, stormed the citadel
and numbed me with its ioy breath.

The jagg'd unscaleable rocks, which tear
the drowning mariner's clutching hands,
the waves which buffet his despair
or fling its husk on alien sands,
flames which devour with equal zest,
in bondage kind or license cruel,
our worthless worst or priceless best,
the senseless or the shrieking fuel :

In images like these I saw
the ruthlessness of Saturn's law,
whether on some supernal boon intent
immeasurably outweighing our weal and woe,
or superciliously malevolent
as Nero gloating over a bestial show.

Recalled to Earth, I stood alone
housed in my tenement of clay,
unweeting whence or whither I had flown
upon some height unknown,
whence under skies austere grey
I might survey
a rolling waste with scant grass overgrown,
thistles, lank weeds and shrubs of stunted growth,

with rocks at random strown
 to shapes uncouth
 weathered or crumbling into heaps of stone.
 A pilgrim's hodden cloak I wore,
 a staff and wallet bore,
 and over the landscape, trackless, desolate, grim,
 brooding astare,
 knew that I might delay
 merely to scan and note my way,
 from where I stood to where
 it crossed the dim
 horizon-brim.

III. FINALE.

Animato con espressione.

" He is ours, he is ours, he is ours !
 He stumbles, he reels, he is falling !
 Rain harder and faster your blows,
 affright him with spectres appalling ! "

" I am lost, I am lost, I am lost
 in this gloom so malignantly haunted,
 oppressed by opprobrious powers,
 bemused, excoriate, daunted ! "

" To his aid, to his aid, to his aid !
 He succumbs and he must be defended.
 Turn back the assaults of his foes :
 not here is his long travail ended."

" Away ! we are thwarted and crossed,
 assurance of victory cheated.
 Yet doubtless it is but delayed :
 disheartened's as good as defeated."

Do I dream that above and about me in shining array
 celestial guardians alight, an invincible band ?
 Why else do that spawn of corruption abandon their prey
 in desperate flight from a danger they dare not withstand ?
 'Twas Fancy who fashioned so fleetly that daedal display
 of youth with maturity, fire with sublimity blent,
 the sheen of their limbs, of their harness, the flash of their blades.

There was never for mortal behoof such a starry descent !
Here then, as the demons who dog me, absorbed by the shades,
no longer molest, I will couch me awhile on the ground,
the scent of the night in my nostrils, its dew on my hair,
and lulled by the shingle's remote unassuageable sound.
Released from the torment of hope and the burden of care,
ensconced in her niche of abstraction my soul shall survey
the maelstrom of life and the straws reeling helplessly there,
each vaunting as wisdom or prowess its impotent way.

Blindly, it seems, the universe teems
bringing to birth here upon Earth
germs of illusion, seeds of confusion,
conflict eternal, hatred infernal.
Seething and surging its frenzies converging
hound us and pound us inveigling and urging.
Ardour is tamed, beauty is maimed,
integrity blamed, purity shamed.
Ruthlessly killed, blighted or chilled
are buds in their jubilant frailty emerging.
Age in despair, broken with care,
fretted by scorn, dwindles forlorn.
Youth from its dreaming seduced and its vision
into the steaming morass of ambition,
reft of its bloom, dazed by the gloom,
wanders agley in the way of perdition,
or heedlessly hurled by the wrath of the world
on the spate of catastrophe, leaves us to mourn.
Told from of old was the fateful story,
that blood not gold is the price of glory,
that in love lurks hate as a fervid leaven,
that we dwell in hell ere we compass heaven.
The Gods are immersed in their task sublime,
hammering Man on the anvil of Time ;
naught reck they of their victim's groans,
prayers, remonstrances, anguished moans,
naught of his cravings, his heart's desires
merged in the glow of their smelting-fires.
Snarling and biting, jostling and fighting,
wearily wending, slowly ascending,

out of the depths, out of the slime,
under their goads they have watched us climb.
Rude-built hovels at every stage
front the brunt of the tempest's rage,
mangled carcasses, fleshless bones
left regardless among the stones.
"Onward! Upward! we must not stay:
the wolves come forth at the close of day.
We soon shall attain to a blissful plain,
and strive nor thirst nor hunger again."
Laughter is heard or a taunting bird:
O race presumptuous, hopes absurd!
Dulcet dreams of secure stagnation
drowned in ecstasy, purged of pain:
manhood's ultimate abnegation
tempts and lulls in the siren strain.
Not raging and rushing or stormfully gushing,
rending all obstacles, raping all hearts,
but secretly stealing, shyly appealing,
Wisdom arrives and her whisper imparts.
Hist, now! Hark to the piercing wail
of the firstlings flung to the maw of Baal:
one by one on the sloping hands
laid by the mitred priest who stands,
arms outstretched to a frantic mother,
feeds his God and awaits another.
Into the ravening flames they fall:
Moloch's belly has room for all!
Clash your cymbals, thrash your drums
louder still as the victim comes!
Sweet limbs moulded in hope and fear
charred in a trice to cinders here!
Note the pride of the matricide
in his human flambeaus' fume and flare;
list, if you dare, to the tortured prayer
of the slave-girl chained to the white-hot chair!
A heart of steel might shudder and reel
o'er the tale of woes that the years disclose:
the cross, the gallows, the rack, the wheel—

was Wisdom's harvest reaped by those ?
 Obsessed by schemes or dazed with dreams
 each landlocked heart voyages apart,
 questing, questing ever in vain
 for a fairway into the open main,
 for a jovial gale and a forthright run,
 for the frequent hail of a kindred sail,
 for a chart, helm, compass in unison,
 till the course be steered and the venture won.
 But the Gods who reign in aloof disdain,
 deaf to our prayers, blind to our pain,
 in strict control have curbed each soul,
 tho' we strive amain to rend their chain :
 to the vulpine heart and the sordid brain
 Earth's heaped-up gain they richly impart ;
 the just man strives and with pain survives,
 the scoundrel robs at his ease and thrives
 frail winged lives, to the claws of lust
 hurled, are trampled into the dust,
 hearts in the bonds of love linked fast
 sundered pine till they break at last.
 Still to no token of judgment woken
 Olympus broods, its calm unbroken.
 No word from heaven in anger spoken
 is heard, from the heights is launched no levin
 that suddenly smites Earth's impious wights
 and sets Jove's toppling balances even.

But through Life's turbulent welter creeping,
 over its obstacles climbing or leaping,
 thridding its labyrinths, probing its glooms,
 breasting its hurricanes, braving its dooms,
 thin flames hooded in oaskets frail,
 the depths we sound or the heights we scale.

Yet no foul blow that her hand in the dark may deal me
 against the enchantress Life shall utterly steel me ;
 no word by her lips let fall of the woes Time brings me
 seal my soul to the siren-song she sings me ;
 and while that rare smile haunts me and still delights me,

no mask she dons of devil or beast affrights me.
Where darkness broods and silence reigns unbroken,
deep deep within me blissful pangs betoken
ecstatic urgencies of aspiration
and hard-won victories of self-creation.
There, fed by joy, by agony braced and moulded,
Life's potencies indomitably unfolded,
all smokeless flame, clear tissue, supernal nature
refashion me godlike in form and stature.

Manhood distilled into the brain,
its essence to spirit sublimed again :
fire-chariots these, whereon I soar
to realms but vaguely glimpsed before.
And ranging there o'er upland meads
through crystal air my soul proceeds
to where a vast white fane is glassed
on breadths of blue ; entranced I view
beyond the lake a laureate throng
in regal progress issuing through
the portico. Salute, proud heart,
the wise, the true, the brave, the strong
revered so long, revealed at last :
the Priests of Thought, the Kings of Art,
the Lords of Life, the Gods of Song !
For these be they who starkly wrought
celestial chores on Earth or fought
Hell's Principalities, to gage
the substance of their noble rage,
their dubious dream. To cyclic things
beyond our dwarfed imaginings
their quenchless fires are dedicate.

How swiftly and smoothly toward me cleaves
her mirrored way the boat that leaves
their shore ! O hearts emancipate,
can it be I whom ye await ?

CHARLES WHITBY.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

PROLOGUE—HERE.

JOHN HANCOCK.¹

“WHEN one says the name ‘Bert Joy,’ it is as though from that moment a being possessed of that name is created—or was created, for Bert Joy is dead. It sets the machinery of things moving around him, shouting louder traits of his character, earth side-lights of the progress of his spiritual flame, with increasing vigour at the passing of each generation. From the moment he was born, from the first opening of blue eyes after the first sleep, there grew up the plant of his influence, branch leading out from branch, each year adding to its gift of leaves, each season its flower, its fruit, its seed bursting apart—a thousand winged influences borne like dandelion-seed on the wind.”

There were many beings crying aloud the history of their days. At first I seemed alone, listening to the voice which had begun to speak of one, Bert Joy. I felt as though his history was of vital importance to me. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, I became aware of other listeners around me and became one of many, losing the sense of my own individuality.

In the silence that followed this first speaking, I heard the murmurings of a myriad sorrowful lips.

¹ For an appreciation of this so short-lived artistic and literary genius, see ‘John Hancock: Prophet-Artist,’ by Madeleine Kent, in the July number. The piece that follows was the last thing but one he ever wrote.—Ed.

Were there a roof to over-arch their lamentations, they would change to a rain of tears falling upon the earth, washing men clean, creating them anew.

I saw in a vision a spider become a fly, a snake a frog, and a boy become a tadpole. And then I saw their life: the fly eaten by a spider, the frog by a snake, the tadpole caught in an old tin by a little boy and left to die. And then I saw them return here, wringing their hands in reproach.

We listened for the voice to begin again, knowing that when it did the curtain of darkness would lift and we should see as though with a universal mind's eye the drama of Bert Joy.

It was almost as though some being greater than man told a story such as we tell of animals, endowing them with thoughts and speech, with life and personality suited to our own comprehension. It seemed as though we were all waiting for a judgment—possibly upon ourselves. As an undercurrent ran the wailing cries of others with odd snatches of their detail; but they seemed to us but as a subsidiary chorus echoing with tragic variations all that was summed up in the narrative to which we now listened.

“I have said that Bert Joy was a mighty tree casting forth his seed of influence into the world. He had no active place or significance in the large world of the famous, of those seen of many. No, he slunk about the eddies and backwaters of a provincial town, was born, passed his youth and spent the whole course of his life in the narrow circle of its confining interests. He was one of many children and was thrust out, when his first helplessness had passed, into the big

world by a mother who, from over an eternal wash-tub, hurriedly gave him her affectionate blessing, as though he were setting out on a journey, and as though she would never see him again. Perhaps she never did see him again. Some mothers don't.

“In her narrow, busy life it was but seldom that she could pause to repeat that blessing or seal it with an actual caress. It was only when viewing her possessions, her place in the circle in which she moved, or her duties, that she cast her eye over him, as over her other possessions, to see that everything was in its place and could be put out of her mind to make room for the next call upon her attention. There came, too, rare moments, sudden driftings in a sort of grey void with almost the sound of a voice over her shoulder, whispering doubts and fears—about her marriage, her children, everything—a sudden descent of listlessness. But these were few in her round of work, and she considered them to be due to over-tiredness. Gazing practically at her youngest son, and seeing him grow sturdy and well formed, she would dismiss all further disquieting thoughts of his future and the present influences from which he was learning.

“Bert was one of a streetful, when I passed one day that way with my mother; but I noticed the curious lift of his eyes and his archaically chiselled mouth. That was all I saw of him in those early days. But from that time I watched him; and among the horde of more ordinary children my eyes would seek his and his almost ellipse-shaped mouth.

“His brothers and his sister, as I knew, kept him from playing with this neighbour's child or that, who did not number among the friends of their parents. I saw them dress him somewhat elaborately. He

wore large 'lace' collars, till his sickly honey-coloured curls were cut off. Then, as he grew older, his hair grew darker and as a schoolboy it fell heavily over his forehead right to his eye-brows. To my fancy this increased the fascination of his slightly pink-lidded eyes. As a child he was spoilt. He was haughty among his companions and, when he walked down the garden path to the street, he hit the tops of the flowers off with his stick. These were only beginnings. But they were to bear great fruit in his later youth. Perhaps all these tendencies and driftings, arising, as it seemed to me, through the slumbering of his Imagination, had their summing-up, their first child-manifestation, in the next scene in which I remember seeing him. His Imagination was not awake. He was possessed of no sympathy; for that is bred of Imagination. One is bred from the other as out of a vision grows a prophet's religion.

"It was not that he did not possess this, nor that it did not come to early, tender blossomings, those first questionings of lovely simplicity which are one with the serenity of children's eyes. He was awake—asking, pondering, fancy-weaving, creating his dreams of the way the world turns. But these dreams were suppressed, deadened beneath the weight of a formal sort of decorous propriety. This was no dignity of labour, but of fancied position and its prosperity. It crushed his Imagination, and awoke his precocity. Ears that should have heard the talk of animals, eyes that should have considered the friendliness of the stars, were aware of worldly failings, sins, and those easy truths and elastic virtues, which are the materialist's honour-posts, and which are so easily stretched to reach the ever-increasing frontier-line of

the easiest way. Instead of bearing wild flowers to his mother's lap, he took tales to her ear. . . .

“A travelling menagerie came to the town every year. This was before the music-hall was opened. It was an occasion for him of the wildest excitement. Bert screamed and jumped, pointed and laughed before every cage—almost an indecent sight, so unchildlike, so unsympathetic. I who watched him then, have often thought of that day—of the sight I then saw, of the hundred torments inflicted upon those unfortunate beasts in addition to the already heavy burden of ludicrous and shameful performance through which they cringed and snarled twice every day. Boys, running under the cages between the gaily-coloured wheels, banged the bottoms with sticks; the people, gaudily dressed, shrieking raucous laughter and waving handkerchiefs, sticks, umbrellas, beset their ever-restless eyes with disquieting flickers all through the long, draughty afternoons; farmers from miles around came flocking in, hitting any beasts they could reach with their heavy hedge-sticks, just as every week they drove the cows and sheep through the country-lanes to the market towns; and to increase further the din—the clatter of the merry-go-rounds outside, the sudden screeching of engine-whistles at the beginning of every pennyworth, the flap and lift of tent-canvas, shouting voices and the thud of cokernut-shies.

“The least molested were the elephants, for their size and vague memories of the tale of the tailor who pricked the trunk of one with his needle, to his cost, gave them protection.

“But for me among all the faces there Bert Joy's stood out from the crowd. Not that he was specially conspicuous for his brutality; no, it was his whole

attitude to the poor beasts that astonished and overwhelmed me. It seemed unbelievable. They were for him grotesque curiosities, dolls constructed and dressed up in glory of fur and hide to cause him merriment. He laughed at them just as he laughed at his father and mother, when they stood before the fantastic mirrors that elongated and compressed their forms to all manner of fantastic shapes. Yet was his laughter not so genuine when he himself stood before the mirrors. The beasts had, of course, the advantage of being quite unlike himself and his kind. There was no hint of human caricature to moderate his merriment.

“I really believe that he almost thought the creatures were made for his amusement by the show’s owner who walked with such assurance and bombast into the lions’ cages. Being myself but little more than a child then, I could not understand as I do now. Then, it seemed to me that devils lurked in those slightly-twisted eyes of his—I wondered if he saw the world a little out of the straight—and that they fired-up with his excitement to a truly malignant intensity. I felt as though he were a pervading spirit of evil in that place, shrieking with those that laughed, prodding with the farmers’ sticks, ducking, banging, shouting with every troop of unruly children. All the things that distressed me, came to be summed up in this one boy. He figured in my early thoughts as the arch-instigator of all cruelty; and from that moment I began to hate him. It was partly this anger against all he stood for in my thoughts, that made me watch him with such interest whenever I met him by chance in the after-years, till he came to be with me a student at the same evening art-school.

“After this I saw him from time to time for seven or eight years—in the streets, in places of amusement, sometimes with his mother. He was always noticeable by the shape of his lips and the upturning corners of his eyes—features which became more marked as he grew older. His mouth became more emphatically marked with the little puffs and depressions . . . of gratified appetites. These were not, however, appetites to him. He never thought of them in that way. To him they were the prerogatives of his approaching manhood. Of restraint there was none. How should there have been with a provincial respectability as the standard of all excellence? How, there where none of these things ever creep to the surface; where pointing fingers and whispering lips begin their embargo on pleasures which lie comfortably enjoyed, and accepted as a sort of underlayer of activity among all the outwardly passive occupations and relaxations of work and of pleasure?

“I wish I could convey some impression of the setting in which he lived—of his town, its thoughts and its expression. For provincial towns differ from larger centres with more diverse population in having a unanimous thought that lays a heavy conventionalizing hand on their population. I could tell you so many things that are significant; but what is the use? All that, for us, now is past forever. We have eaten of, and been benefited and formed by those influences of drab towns and their factories. We have absorbed them into our beings. I believe that one after another those things will fill us with new insight, so that we shall wake to a new view of drab houses. We shall suffer for all that was lacking in our building, and be fired anew with a fresh intake of more glorious

creative energy. I see streets of Westminster Abbeys and St. Mark's as at Venice, in which each of us will dwell. We shall all have moreover been the architects of our own dwellings. So shall factories and drab houses germinate in us, and we shall be heavily burdened with all we accepted or which seemed admirable. These will become the starting-off places for greater things, germs of those factories where soul-fabrics shall be worked and sandals of unsweated labour fit to be worn on the Way. And the wisdom of earthly statesmen shall come to form the bases of the law of angels, binding them into a more harmonious, exquisite unity.

"But these things, though they are past for us, were the environment of Bert Joy—factories and drab streets and the thoughts of an æsthetic socialism which, coming among the thousand hardships and natural dissatisfactions of such an existence, embittered everything as Midas' touch embittered Midas.

"In the life of this town Bert was truly happy—in a material sense. His desires were not great—sensation, health, entertainments, leisure bound into parcels of time by Sunday following Sunday, when he joined whole-heartedly in the singing at the chapel beside the girl with whom he always went there, and the nightly promenade up and down the principal street. That promenade is, perhaps, one of the most characteristic things in such a town. As the dusk settled down on the streets and shop-lights were lit, and the working-day came to its close with its clearing-up of tossed materials on drapery-counters and the banging-up of chemists' shop-shutters, followed by the release of all the assistants with a final slamming of side-doors—the street became thronged with slow-moving people

drifting in a procession of twos and threes or odd groups up and down, the air filled with talking laughter and the hubbub of gossip.

“But you have been there with me. You must have seen many Berts Joys, and the other folk promenading. Why should we talk then about it? It serves for a setting of deep significance to Bert Joy. It must not be thought that he was an active personality, as a revolutionary or reformer is active. Both he and his work were passive; that is, his work was a necessity of his existence, coming among naturally-ordered things of which he never thought, such as the movement of his muscles or the beating of his heart. He had never felt the desire to create. His Imagination had been so successfully, though unconsciously, crushed; and the labour by which he lived, could in no way be dragged over the insurmountable line which he drew between work and leisure.

“Even his leisure was passive. As he grew to manhood, his idle moments were like the driftings of a rainless cloud. He was content to watch things—other people playing games, other people quarrelling, other people at work—without any active receptivity on the part of his brain. As one apart, he watched the drab, monotonous pageant of routine without in any way considering or questioning. He leapt awake to his first activity when he became aware of sex—that activity which has become the undercurrent of human nature, but which is usually ignored when man in his amazing way casts his eye over the panorama of empire, town, village or private family. It was here only that he evoked the poor, dead ghost of his Imagination; only in the rare moments of passionate attachments that he came to live in actual relation with the

imaginative, creative man soaring with delight on the wings of the future.

“It can be understood how golden a way this was to him after such a dull childhood ; with what an intense enjoyment he sipped the honey of manhood. And, after all that he had known or not known, was not his lavish rioting among these delicate experiences the very result of such an upbringing ? How true it is that from the rotten, the decayed, the most superabundant life uprises. I seem to see him passing, massive-limbed—he who was really so crushed—over free uplands with flying hair in the wind, passing among women, screaming his many loves—this at night—and rising in the mornings narrow-chested, passing up some toilsome hill-side to spend all the sun-time hidden away from its light, working mechanically, feeding on those experiences which in the aridness of his imaginative desert seemed the splendours of the night.

“When I think of his attitude toward women, then are my eyes suddenly confronted with a vision of his childhood,—of his standing before those cages, jumping up and down, pointing. And though I try in sympathy to dispel this sight of him and all it suggests, I cannot ; for it is just this earlier attitude toward the animals that has its later expression in his relationship with women. As with the animals, here too he is the master using the materials of nature. He is the man bred of the boy who breaks his toys when they no longer amuse him. Bert passes among these female figures ; he kisses many, yet never considers such kisses anything but indexes of passion.

“One day he saw *her*. It was from that moment, except for its reality, as though his passion were at an end. Perhaps she was an echo of his dreams, or she

may have simply piqued his curiosity, as people are piqued who poke frogs to see them hop, or buy minnows to admire and then forget.

“I often saw her. She appealed to my eye. The artist within me was awakened by certain suggestions in her face,—a curious, almost impassive wisdom of ages blending with much that was purely peasant in her features. I watched her dawning smile with elation, seeing an echo in life of what is projected with more than human perfection upon the aged canvas. She had in her face stray reminiscences of the *Monna Liza*,—the curves of her forehead, and sometimes a faint promise even perchance of the real smile, which yet, even while one eagerly watched, was shattered to pieces by her noisy laughter. She was never a very vivid personality to me because of her relation with the other, the projected dream. She was but another of those passive characters, quiet with the recognition of ineffectual discontent. I often think of her, as my artist friend described her in letters, after I had left the town, sitting idly, rather straight, with her legs firmly planted, her head a little on one side, gazing down on the ground. It was a quaint Madonna attitude of the Dutch style, only requiring a little old-faced, very red, wrinkled baby to complete the picture. Sometimes I have wondered since if that was what she was striving to imagine—just that wrinkled-faced baby lying a-sprawl across her lap. Though as an art-student she might possibly have seen some of the early Dutch Madonnas, I am sure the attitude was quite unconscious, being just the position of those who, when their work is done, watch others unthinkingly, as though a procession were trailing across an all-but-unconscious retina.

“ She was a curious girl. When I talked and some new idea struck her, it almost seemed as if her Imagination whirled chaotically, trying to adjust itself to something that had called its attention. ‘ New idea,’ say I, not that I suppose I talked my own ideas. I was very young, and life seemed even then terribly complex. But I had been given or had developed a faith on which I fed, and which eagerly repaid every demand I made upon it. It routed all stray, insinuating thoughts. I was happy in that one rich possession. Even when I wept through fits of wild depression, never for a moment was lost what seemed to me the ultimate freedom of the Way upon which I should pass in joyous self-bondage. My ideas ? What are my ideas ? Such as have wandered into these memories while I have been talking, just as my breath has come and gone ! They are as natural and as much a part of me, stray thrills of what might appear to be gleams of fancy, but which are in truth the voices of the in-all-rejoicing Imagination singing the songs of the divine Camel and the immortal Caterpillar, with all the sweet and happy sympathy with which it sings of the flaming, progressive stars and ever-loving angels. It is through the hearing of these songs that man comes to perceive his place in the world and his relationship with created things. Had Bert Joy heard the sweetly humorous, sympathetic, human history of bird and insect and tree sung by his Imagination, these influences might not be now flying in the wind.

“ The whole secret of any faith I have, lies in the peculiarity of my spiritual eyes, by which I see things anew, marking the insignificant with all the joy of a marvellous, suddenly revealed perfection. I do not see man great ; I see him small. I see that his hands

are but the rudimentary beginnings of powers which shall cherish many spiritual excellencies in their clasp. I see men and women as women and men, quite irrespective of what their sex may proclaim, or see them as neither or other, as something further, transcending all known capabilities. All winds breathe one word to my ear: *Change*. All roads point one way. They lead through Rome, if you will, or upon the way of Buddha or Mahomet, upon all the paths of religions that build up. But from all disintegrations, all dissents, all paring-down of mystic trinities to the unity of the uninspired understanding I turn away. Life is so complex that religion must be trebly complex to explain all its complications. All roads point inevitably to Change, which is the one eternal pathway to eternal excellence. Perhaps that is all my idea; perhaps that is the one sum of all ideas.

“Of course, being enthusiastic, young and, I fancy, rather proud of what my own nature and its demands had brought within myself, I talked to any who would listen of all these things. It was in the evenings mainly, amid all the loose and long talk that goes on in every art-school, when I was examining the drawings of those eager young people who after their dull day's work came there, some in earnest to draw, some to snatch at a vague happiness lurking for them in artistic things. They thought that to be able to copy these things would open some magic door through which they might see the colour in shadows that artists seemed to see. It was here that I first saw Bert Joy's woman. She was usually very quiet, or rather still, as late evening is still just after a blackbird has ceased to sing; and I liked talking to her, to see her become lost in her own thoughts suggested by mine and to watch

the faint Lisa-smile play fitfully—a tantalising promise never fulfilled—upon her lips.

“Bert Joy came on those evenings too; he was studying design, fitting together new wall-paper patterns from old Morris designs. Such was *his* art-education: you see, the masters neither knew his Imagination was dead nor that it could have a resurrection.

“Shortly afterwards I left the town for good; and it was with deep sorrow, with a sense of the significance of the insignificant, of the impotence of best intentions, of the cruelty of indifference, that I heard the sad details of the effect of my leave-taking upon the little circle of my influence.

“My friend wrote me about it: ‘Those fancies you threw out from the place of your dreams, or your belief, as you would call it, flew into the air like lost fairies until they found a sympathetic haven in her receptive heart.’

“Alas! I can imagine her sad circumstances. She was not in love with me. I was rather an influence acting upon her, communicating many strange and, for her, ennobling laws beneath which she strove and progressed; just as for others a creed, an ideal, may be a self-induced guide. She gave to me the adoration of a deity, coming twice a week to those evening-lessons as though to a shrine. Then she felt as worshippers might feel to find that thieves had stolen away the precious statues which had always filled their vision.

“My friend told me that he stood at the art-school door telling her that I had left the town. ‘For good?’ she asked. ‘Yes, he has left with his parents.’ She laughed,—which startled him. She turned away from the school, saying she would not work that evening;

and while she spoke, Bert Joy came up and heard her last words. He did not speak, but he smiled broadly and, bowing elaborately, offered her his arm.

“Hitherto she had always avoided him; but now she slipped her arm through his and passed out into the street. She accepted the man by her side resolutely; there was a passive sort of anger, as one is angry with the inevitable, about her resolution. It was as though she suddenly renounced a visionary life and clutched at reality in its place,—intense, vulgar, dangerous reality,—as a sort of penance for what figured in her anger as her deception. It was as though she had been defrauded of something to which she had come to have a spiritual claim. She had thought to have me always by her side to keep ever noble her attitude towards life. She now gave herself up to a loosening of the restraints which I had unconsciously imposed upon her through her appreciation of some peculiar quality, or perhaps through a quite personal faith in me.

“My fanaticism, enthusiasm, youth, probably attached themselves to hers; and long crushed beneath the hard, colourless joylessness of her childhood, she at last rose in some sort of rebirth through contact with me. But now she went talking and laughing with this man, and all her thoughts were flying away from her. Her heart seemed to pound ‘Nothing matters, nothing matters.’

“The man from the first had understood her acceptance of his arm as being the complete surrender. There was elation in his heart; he was adrift in the dreamland of sense, which was the only form of mystic delight he knew. The man was sunk in the outwardly listless, sensuous delight which was the only saving

beauty of an enervating existence. He was not evil. There cannot be anything evil in the intent of such a dreamer entering the realm of his only form of idealism. His whole being was lost in a trance-like state of physical and mental happiness. Perhaps his soul, in this hampered existence beneath which it was bound, had its active part here too; in one so seldom lost to reality this might have been his one spiritual emotion. No, his was no evil nature: any evil lay in the results which the influences might call into being in this his brightest, fairest hour.

“He, of course, did not think of any of these things. He never consciously considered the question at all. Probably it figured to him as enjoyment, and, as I have said, the prerogative of his manhood. He basked in the light that diffused around and for himself. He repeated, as prayers slipped from a rosary, all the actual facts from which his passion arose; and, unconscious or not, the slow moving dark of the matured Spring which surrounded them, the rustle of grass as their feet passed over it, and the young night-glow on the face near his had place among these facts and created intense results.

“When next I heard of the woman, it was to gather that out of the thin fabric of my idealisms she was busily creating a cloak in which to wrap her child. With all the world of her small town horrified and antagonized by her condition, those thoughts of mine which she had assimilated, were the revolutionary wall against which she made her last successful stand, until relief should come in the form of her own child. Taking what seemed of value, she was constructing a sort of armour for infant limbs against the world.

“As for me, I was a little sad that my song and



golden vision should go to be melted down into such a metal. It might fail, I thought, to be thrust-proof with her. I was sad too, miserable that my going-away should have been of such significance to her. I reproached myself, too late, for a thousand callousnesses. I wept for my visionary songs, hoping that they might indeed be sword-proof, marvelling that my words should have had such an influence. If certain indifferences had brought their tragic results, yet I had given also the healing balm to make sweet and hopeful again those same results. But I felt no pride, only a deep humility and great anxiety. I imagined her giant hopes built upon the sweetly-humorous songs of my Imagination, and longed to send out to her a thousand further supports from my belief in the Change, a further buttress against the keen and chilling winds of human hostility. But then I realized how personal she had made all that went to her building; there was no room for further words of mine. The Song of her Imagination was speeding out the choruses of her Way.

“By the ‘choruses of her Way’ I mean the songs she seemed all day to be singing, songs sung by a receptive Imagination passing among things small and apparently insignificant and distributing an awakening sympathy among them, gathering to itself in return further and yet further glimpses, so that she could see herself as a flame set in her niche in space, able to see all around flame-like evidences of others great and small among whom she had a rightfully assigned abiding-place. For grief, remorse, awakening understanding and the brave joy she developed from the knowledge of her condition expressed themselves through what may be called historic channels.

“ There is almost a formula for the expression of grief and joy. Certain artistic attitudes have come to stand for certain emotions ; so that the droop of a head and the position of hands have symbolic meanings of their own, enhancing all that is intentional in any grouping of tragic or joyous figures. She was fundamentally unsophisticated ; and, though affected by the increasing morbidity of the day and the discontent of the unimaginative, she possessed a certain naïve simplicity through which her inborn emotions expressed themselves.

“ My friend wrote : ‘ I saw her standing or sitting motionless. Once I saw her in a field newly plough-furrowed and believed she was not musing absent-mindedly only, but was intent upon some mental discoveries. I knew this to be right when she began to sing. I thought it was wonderfully brave of her. You can imagine her position here,—the looks she gets in the streets and even the sympathy of the brazen, which is perhaps the bitterest of all—and then her age too. Marriage, I gather, does not alter the facts in her eyes ; and Bert Joy denies ’

“ She did not sing in the ordinary sense ; for she had no knowledge of songs, except those vague, flowery rose-garden, absent-lover, sentimental ballads with which she now had no sympathy, as they did not satisfy her need. For song comes from hunger, from desire for relief from an overcharging of emotion. Really her songs were a catalogue of commonplaces—of things which came into the range of her awakened vision. She recorded the fall of autumn leaves, the blowing about of thistledown—a thousand incidents among natural things—almost as a blind person might do when suddenly endowed with sight. They were,

indeed, the outbursts of delight resulting from a light amid darkness. Her calamity, for as such it figured even to herself, was bearing its inevitable reward of success—the success of those who see again.

“The burden of her songs changed eventually. Like greater artists, after many imperfect expressions she ‘found’ herself; and, with suddenly bended head, as though whispering to a fairy in a cabinet, she talked and sang to her child. So she built up her own strength, and worked out her plans for the future. She thought how characteristic it was of all that she had lacked, that she had no memory of baby-songs to hand on. It seemed now a terribly empty space in the sun-spaces of childhood; she felt, because she had heard none, that she must have been an orphan. This void assumed terrible proportions, summing up in one example all the neglect of her baby-hood. She had been the puny child, weak, tearful, of a still-born Imagination.

“My friend’s letter continued: ‘She sang the only song she knew, which she had learnt by listening while a girl on a doorstep sang it to a drowsy child. Singing it many times, she invested it during her waiting-time with a thousand beauties.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Who saw him die ? ’ ’

“ ‘ I,’ said the fly, “with my little eye
I saw him die.”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ And thinking of many things now long since past with the born symbolist’s acceptance of all incongruities, she sang again in a whisper :

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ He saw me die,
With his little eye he saw me die.”

“ ‘ You often figured in those early rebellious thoughts. When in the blind anger of those who have “sinned” she searched where to cast the blame, it seemed to her that the opening of doors, of which you had revealed the existence, followed by the removal of a strength which your presence would have made invincible, but which your going seemed to make impossible, had been the root-cause of her failure. But she thought differently now, having, by the humility with which she accepted her own defeat and the courage she infused into the future of her own child, passed through those very doors into the fields of Simplicity.’ ”

“ As has been said, among such passive drifting there can be no responsibility. All she was certain of was the lack of sympathy among her fellows. Of the human outlook of cold and indifferent eyes upon failure, all who so fail can sing :

“ ‘ He saw me die,
With his little eye he saw me die.’ ”

There the story ceased.

JOHN HANCOCK.

(‘ The Epilogue—There,’ will follow in the April number.—ED.)

THE PHILANTHROPISTS.

It was in the year 2500 A.D.

“We are met,” said the learned professor, “in the cause of stricken humanity.” He paused to ensure the full dramatic effect.

“We are met,” he went on, “to exterminate stricken humanity.” Again he looked round, but it seemed that his visionary eye was searching other and loftier halls of the imagination.

One part of the audience trembled—no doubt with admiration; the other seemed suddenly as wooden as the benches on which it sat. It too, though, must have remarked how exactly the speaker resembled the hero of scientific romance.

“Yea, to exterminate it utterly—utterly,” reiterated the old man, “that is to say”—and here he became quite confidential, considering how great a scientist he really was—“excepting this healthy nucleus, from which we hope may arise a new race, with new aspirations, new heart to endeavour, and new strength to achieve.” Again he soared into that rarefied atmosphere which seemed so to suit him.

The demeanour of the audience underwent corresponding changes. At the mention of the small exception to the general scheme of slaughter, those who had been trembling (with admiration, of course), ceased to tremble. The wooden section, too, ceased to be wooden. Perhaps, after all, an exterior comparable to the keenness of steel was felt by it to be more

appropriate. When, however, the President of the Philanthropists spoke so movingly of the delicate duties before them, a slight fidgeting in their seats indicated what, indeed, they made no attempt to hide. It was a modesty, a betrayal—a weakness, if you like, but how pardonable a one, proceeding as it did from their great love for humanity. Yes, their service was to be unique, but on the whole they would rather no more were said about it.

During the momentary silence, some individuals removed their spectacles and pensively cleaned the glasses.

“I have,” their expression said, “I have spent years in an effort to convince the lower classes of the superior digestive qualities of charcoal biscuits—I have, I know it. But there, that is a mere nothing”—or—“It is true that, but for me, children would be born in the slums at the rate of 101.2 per minute—mental defectives too, every one of them. I convinced a few of the mothers that they were all degenerates, and of course there was nothing more to be said about it”—or—“I don’t want to boast, but really many more hundreds of workmen would still be drinking beer, had I not demonstrated to them the deleterious action of alcohol on the liver.”

Then the spectacles were deliberately reinstated beneath their respective noble brows, and attention was again concentrated on the bearded speaker.

“This then is our service to humanity—to destroy it. And how else can we serve that which is unhealthy, except by destroying it? Ladies and gentlemen, it is a privilege, the thought of which makes my voice to tremble; a delight, which, scientist though I am, brings irrational tears to my eyes; a consummation for which

the inherited aspiration of centuries of science cries with a loud voice within me; it is . . . ladies and gentlemen, I can say no more."

No one clapped. The speaker turned away, while, with beautiful tact, the audience looked at his boots.

"But enough"—with an air of semi-humorous apology—"we are becoming Shakespearian. Let us leave emotional generalization to the poets. Ours is the more onerous duty of action."

The atmosphere immediately became charged with mental activity.

"Briefly then, we perceive that humanity is degenerating, and must continue to do so at an ever increasing speed. Yet we are lovers of humanity, and would wish to avert for it the lowest stages of degradation. Therefore we have planned to destroy it. What we have planned, we now meet to carry into effect. Here is the instrument."

His hand hovered over an electrical switch.

"For years we have laboured to undermine the world. My brothers and sisters, you have acquitted yourselves well. At three o'clock—it is now, I think, a quarter to—I will push over this switch, and you will be left alone in the world."

He paused. No one moved.

"Yet think well of the sacrifice you are content to make; think well, too, of your qualifications for making it. For many years there will be nobody to reform. There will be no one who does not know of the venomous bacilli in milk, and of the dangers of having bread delivered without a paper covering; no one who will smoke; no one who will require to be cured of the vicious craving for alcohol, or the habit of having children unseasonably. It is a great, a super-

human, but therefore, I venture to think, an appropriate sacrifice."

As the symptoms of degeneracy were thus so accurately and comprehensively enumerated, it became evident what particular branch of reform had absorbed the energies of each individual. For instance, at the mention of bacilli in milk, a young man who had been a type of the rigid attention characteristic of the audience, suddenly relaxed, and swinging one leg over the other, leant back with the air of one who did not wish to assert himself. Then, too, the reference to the bacilli in milk had no sooner been made, than a lady grew quite red in the face—yes, she blushed. These reformers clearly possessed that simplicity which is said to be noticeable in the great. Finally, when their President delivered the concluding sentence, one and all looked up at him with admiration of his delicate phrasing, a reluctant admission of the clarity of his thought, and a mute appeal to humanity not however to be discouraged.

Again the aged scientist was seeing visions. He became prophetic.

"On a ruin of dry bones will rise the Temple of Hygeia. Sandalled gods will worship in it the greatest of all gods. She will be bountiful; she will reward you, my brothers and sisters, as you have sacrificed. . ."

At this moment he suddenly stopped. There was a puzzled expression in his eyes, and he listened. At the second explosion, tragedy dawned in them. At the third—well, there was no one left to keep a record.

Yes, it was a fact, and it was very bad luck, that a rival society had forestalled them by exactly ten minutes.

ROGER ARMFELT.

A PAGE FROM LIFE.

IN the throes of Destiny of external events, under guidance of the Father, with a free will to choose. . . .

DECEMBER, 1918.

NOVOCHERKASK, the capital of the Don Cossaks, the elder brothers of Russian Cossakdom.

Bolsheviks pressing hard on many points of the far-flung front, threatening to close on the town.

Snow and cold outside, gloom in the hearts of men.

Christmas. . . . Peace and good-will to all men,—to all outside the pale of the Civil War. . . . No peace for the doomed town.

Yet life is tenacious. With no peace in sight, merriment and good cheer fill a small group of officers on short leave gathered round the fireside of a hospitable house.

They are young and light-hearted. To the soft accompaniment of a guitar one of them opens his heart in the words of a gipsy song :

“ My father is our placid Don,
Mother mine is Russia
Free to roam or to stay at the sway of my heart,
In all places I find my home”

The song strikes the keynote of all. The chorus catches up the refrain in a wave of swelling sound.

But for one of them it is time to return to his duties at Headquarters. Hasty handshakes; good-byes to all, and . . .

"Captain N., just a moment. I have finished the book you lent me—*Private Dowding*. It is fearfully thrilling. Will you take it now?"

The question comes from the lips of a precocious flapper, Natasha. She is a real imp in daring and frailty of moods. Young officers fall under her spell the moment after introduction; the senior grades patronize her by complying with her changing whims.

"All right, give it me, Natasha!"

He stretches his hand for the book; but suddenly freezes, motionless and intent. Between him and Natasha passes a vision, clear and distinct: Death . . .! He feels how in an instant the muscles of his face change from smiles to a watchful seriousness. Just as under fire on the battlefield, so it seems to him now that he is outside his body, looks on himself and watches what is to happen? No trace of fear in his heart, only watchfulness, terrible in its tensivity.

With his physical eyes N. registers how his emotions reach Natasha's mind, penetrate her heart. One moment more and fear would get hold of the girl. With a painful effort he calls his will to his help and darkens the vision.

"Never mind, Natasha. It was only a thought. . . . Thanks for the book. Good-bye!" . . .

Outside, a cold, frosty Christmas night. N. walks slowly through the empty streets. The vision is still in his heart. He wonders why it appeared. As if in answer to his feeling, soundless words of the Lord's Prayer rise to his mind. He, still wonderingly, notices how the prayer is repeated again and again. .

. . Now it stops. In its place memory brings back the beautiful lines of verses learnt in his childhood :

“ In all my darkest hours of life,
Though weary and weak with care,
One strange sweet prayer makes glad my heart ;
I keep it treasured there.

“ The living music of its words
My life with new strength fires ;
And, how I know not, in my soul
A holy charm inspires.

“ Doubt like a burden drops away,
And rolls far out of sight.
Faith springs anew and spite of tears
My heart is light—so light.”

(From the Russian of Lermontoff.

Translation by H. B. Fitch.)

N. smiles. It was now light in his heart. The vision had gone completely, all traces of it had vanished.

He looked round and listened. From a house on his left muffled sounds of a piano floated in the crisp darkness of the night. “ Why ! my friend Major F. is still at his revels ! Shall I go in, just for a few minutes ? ”—questions N., feeling dimly in the depth of his soul an instinctive desire to return again to the festive mood of cheerful light-heartedness.

They liked him at the Major's. They welcomed him with a toast to his health and forced him into a seat in front of a table on which a mirror with two wings was standing. He looked at it, but did not see his own reflection. By a freak of coincidence he had happened to fall just into the position where one looks

straight into the reflection of one of the side mirrors in the centre one, and takes it for a real glass. "If one looks into a mirror and does not see his own reflection, it is the day of his death,—so the people believe," flashed across his mind. He wanted to laugh. But the laugh did not come; only a forced smile appeared.

He turned to his friend, the Major. "Look there, old man! Will they settle me to-day?"

"Why?"

"Well, I am in front of the mirror and do not see myself in it. Then again . . ."

N. had to stop. The Death vision came again to him—perhaps not so strong as before, but real—came, lingered a while and passed by.

"Then again . . . twice to-day I felt the vision of Death passing over me. First time at Natasha's place, now it is here . . ."

"We shan't let it come the third time," said Major F. with decision. "You stay here and spend the night with us."

The advice seemed sound. But duty is duty. Half-an-hour later N. was at Headquarters.

He looked through the wires that had come in. The news was distinctly disquieting. The enemy showed unusual enterprise and daring.

At half-past-twelve his work was finished. Tired and gloomy, N. dived into the night to go home. Absorbed in his thoughts, he passed without noticing several streets, and came to St. Nicolas Square. He knew it well.

In the middle stood the Church of St. Nicolas, surrounded by a small, square, ancient graveyard. The Bolsheviki, forced out of the town, in their

impotent rage had turned their guns on the church. A shell penetrated inside and smashed the altar. N. remembered the incident vividly, as he stopped in front of the railing.

The night was dark. There was no lighting in the streets. But high above, thousands of stars were gloriously twinkling and dancing in the depth of the deep blue of the southern sky, in the roof of the majestic Temple of God, towering above in all its pristine beauty and overarching the poor imitation of man's handiwork—the church.

“Here is the place to say my night prayers,” thought N., taking up a reverential attitude, and letting his soul sink into the void of contemplation.

Minutes passed. The sub-conscious mind of N. registered several events,—the striking of a clock in a nearby house, a woman passing with a crying child in her arms, the neighing of horses. The mind was registering, the soul was lost in the happiness of communion with the Father.

Of a sudden, N. felt as if violently thrown back into his own body, and in his ears rang out distinctly sharp words of command:

“Stop praying! Turn round! Out with your left guard!”

Used to obey without reflection, he carried out the orders without a moment's hesitation . . . just in time to receive a heavy blow on his left arm.

Thereafter in his now awakened mind impressions followed one after another with lightning rapidity. They were so distinct, so clearly cut, that he saw them as it were a series of photographic snapshots.

“This is she . . . Death at last!”—and a sense of relief pervaded his heart and all of his body.

“The man is drawing his gun with his left. Shall I draw or close? Too late. I must close.” With his right he closed on the handle of the revolver of his assailant.

“He is beastly drunk,—this man with the blood-shot eyes! And, my God, he is a colonel too by his shoulder straps! I must not get angry!”

“What are you doing, Colonel?”—he asked in an even, icy-cold voice.

“I’ll kill you!” the drunken brute shouted hoarsely. . . . But N. felt the hand on the revolver had ceased to increase its pressure.

“What are you doing, Colonel?”—he repeated in the same dispassionate tone.

“I’ll kill you!” But the hand on the revolver became quite limp, and without difficulty he made it leave go of the grip.

“What are you doing, Colonel?”—he asked once again. .

“Who are you then?” retorted the other.

“That does not matter, I suppose,” came calmly from N.

“What were you doing here?”

“Praying”

“Praying! Oh God, I used to pray too” The Colonel began hurriedly crossing himself. But a new wave passed over his befogged brain. “Perhaps you are bluffing me. You were with a girl?” He fixed his lustreless eyes on the Captain.

“Don’t be a fool, Colonel! If I were with a girl, where is she? Has she jumped over the railings, or been swallowed by the earth? I told you I was praying. And praying I was.”

“That is so. I am sorry” The Colonel

crossed himself again and again. "What will you do to me now?"—he asked quite meek and subdued.

"Nothing. I'll help you to get home."

N. returned home late, tired but happy, feeling with all his being that

"in the throes of Destiny of external events,
under guidance of the Father, with a free will
to choose"

he is, and will be, quite safe.

ALEXIS ALADIN.

THE RECKONING.

I.

I KNOW not what is thy pleasure my Lord, to strike so at my heart! In the days that have been mine, on this earth, great, oh great, has been my lot, my Father!

I have wandered through the green woodland depths of the Kingdom of the Child. There, on the ground patterned with lights and shades and flitting fancies; there, among the fallen leaves and twigs and nuts and broken berries, with the children of all the world,—have I had my life. There, among dropping fruits of the parent-trees; there with fallen faiths of the elder-trees,—among their joys and sorrows, among the hours' harvests of Life's fallen leaves and twigs and nuts and broken berries, with the children of all the earth,—I have had my play.

And the Sun has strewn his lights upon the frolicking leaves of our green over-arching aisles, and we have gazed in awe into the heights and mazes of their tender hues—and oh the joy of our childhood days!

I know not what is thy pleasure my Lord, why thou shouldst strike so at my heart!

II.

Through the mazes of the worlds of thought have I wandered and lost my way; with the glories of the brotherhood of the flesh, I have filled my days; with the spirits of this life, O my Lord! am I not one?

I have grown rich with my sharings. Like a beggar have I gone through the markets of life, owning everyone's gains and everyone's losses for mine own.

Like a lord have I walked the vast demesnes of earth, doing homage to its boundless estates of glory.

I know not what is thy pleasure my Lord, to strike so at my heart!

I have lived in the exquisite pain of the mystery that I am. With doubts and with scourgings of the spirit, with the weight of mine own emptiness, with the drugged deep despair of sin, and the fire-tongued darts of remorse, I have had my days; and right and wrong, joy and pain, hope and despair have then been one—one, grey, dull, deathly one.

I know not what is thy pleasure my Lord, why thou shouldst strike so at my heart?

III.

I remember once, when Autumn came to chrism the leaves with her golden balm of death, the wise men said: "Infinite is the Law of Life and Death; for the King, our Father, is in both. The lesser light must be before the greater light, and death must be to make glory sweet."

I knew that the wise men had found the truth, and yet, most cunningly—oh, for shame!—my own little self made its own little voice heard amid the thunderous threats of the wise, and, foolishly, I rejoiced with the winds that the leaves had outstayed their time. Secretly, I was glad of each new day of life for the leaves. Alas, I was even bold to hope that the Season would swoon in her own languorous yielding, forgetting her purpose; when, of a sudden, the winds that had stilled in sleep in the evening-time, would, in

the leaves' silken mist of love, burst upon them in the dead of night, in a divine frenzy of destruction driving the Season away, and leaving the trees—bare.

* * * * *

The Dawn burst upon a greater life in a fanfare of lights and colours and fancies, smiting the hills, filling the air with echoes, drowning all wailing, waking a thousand visions of wonder.

And stung with these wild delights, I ran, danced—whirled with the dead leaves in the exultant winds.

I know not what is thy pleasure, my Lord, why thou shouldst strike so at my heart?

IV.

Autumn has come to chrism my life with her golden balm of death.

I remember the words of the wise; but foolishly, cunningly, I am glad in my heart that my leaves have outstayed their time. The breezes come from the blue haze of the distant ages, whispering the old fond praises of life. Like a peacock swooning in the riches of his own feathers, among the luscious wealth of mine own leaves, I loosen my languid hours. My leaves are my life's treasure—my gains and losses, my joys and sorrows, my old sweet dreams, my fond follies, my soft, sleek, silent complaints.

* * * * *

At last, my leaves are fallen.

Now, let the winds sweep them away,—anywhere, upon their mad pleasure.

I am ashamed, my Lord, to think in what fever of trembling I prayed to Thee to save *them*.

I know not what is thy pleasure my Lord, why thou shouldst strike so at my heart!

V.

The wind is dead.

The great heart of the waters is stilled in awe, and hills stand round mutely beautiful.

The clouds have stayed their travels.

Like a lark poised in the sky, uttering the songs of all the world, the Day is tranced in song.

As the soul of man is mirrored in divine music, so land and sky—every form and every meaning—is mirrored in the lake.

Where do the hills pass into the water?

There is no line to divide them.

Where does Life pass into Death? There is no line to divide them. Mirrored in the waters of Death, Life has found her meaning at last.

The hill must look into the lake to find its completion on the other side; and I must look into the Lake of Death to find the half to complete my heritage.

This draught that my senses drink—is it not my spirit provides it?

Why does this vision so fill my heart? Is it not that Thy stillness on the lake reigns also in my soul? I see the spirit with the eyes of the spirit; that is why my heart is shaken. Even so, with the eyes of Death, shall not Life be *more* beautiful?

The darkness of the mystery that I was, has now become the light of the mystery that I am.

I know not what is thy pleasure my Lord, to strike so at my heart!

FREDOON KABRAJI.

INCIPIT VITA NOVA.

ONE night through mists of sleep there spoke
A voice. And in my dream I woke,
And saw the four walls of the world
Draw near together (as the curled
Drooped petals of a closing flower)
To fold me round. And in that hour
I saw, with secret terror driven,
A dwindling God, a shrunken Heaven.
I saw the final grain of sand
Time's hour-glass held, I saw Death's hand
Grown impotent to strike or slay,
And watched men walk upon their way
With calm grey faces cold and palled,
As if they knew not they were walled
Like captive spectres spell-enthralled.
"Awake!" I cried. "You do not know
Why you are called nor where you go.
The sport of God you are become,
He sees you blind of soul and dumb,
Enchanted by the magic glass
Where pageantry as Life doth pass,
And all that is not, certain seems.
Awake, awake and rend your dreams,
Your eyes unshutter and behold
The earth grown shadowy and cold,
And see in interstellar space
A new God in the old God's place,
Whose eyes look upward rapt and far

To where diviner godheads are.
The last hour spreads its faltering wings;
A new Time into being springs."
But groping hands struck out and tore
The fragile dream-web that I bore;
And in my ears as I awoke
The sobbing voice of vision spoke.

PHYLLIS MÉGROZ.

A CAROL.

WE greet this day with gladness,
When Christ our Lord has birth,
Who ransoms with His life-blood
The fallen sons of earth.

He lowly 'mid the cattle
A helpless infant lies,
In manger for a cradle,
Who built the starry skies.

To Him the wise men journey
From distant lands afar,
Their costly treasures bringing
By light of guiding star.

O Thou who in a manger
Dost find Thine earthly rest,
Stoop lower yet I pray Thee,
Abide within my breast.

No costly gifts we bring Thee
Of incense, myrrh or gold,
Which wise men lay before Thee,
Thou Saviour long foretold,

But hearts contrite and lowly,
And adoration bring
To Thee Redeemer Jesus,
Our Saviour, Lord and King.

We greet this day with gladness,
With joy proclaim Thy birth,
Who comes this day to ransom
The fallen sons of earth.

C. SAUNDERS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

À-PROPOS OF SOME NEW BOOKS.

GOD'S KINGDOM ON THIS OUR EARTH.

A CHARMING work—and there are not many scientific books to which this epithet can justly be applied—is Deissmann's *Light from the East*, which has been out-of-print since pre-War times, both in the two editions of L. M. R. Strachan's English translation and in three of the German original, but is now again within reach in the new, fourth edition.¹ It is unnecessary, and impossible, to detail the contents of this deservedly famous book, which aims at, and has been so successful in, illustrating the New Testament by the comparison of its language with the remains of the Hellenistic popular speech as preserved for us on papyrus, potsherds and inscribed stones. It is not even possible to enumerate the many and most valuable new texts, references and reproductions, which the indefatigable author has newly added to his vast and most instructive, nay fascinating, collection wherever you open it. There are only two points where the reviewer differs from D. in the interpretation of the texts.

The fragmentary *Onomasticum Sacrum* (list of Greek translations of Hebrew names and words occurring in the Greek Bible) of the Heidelberg Papyrus (D., pp. 344f., fig. 71) is certainly not an amulet, but a page from the copy-book of a young bible-student, as we imagine such an one sitting at the feet of an Origen or Clement of Alexandria, of a student of biblical philology, who did not hesitate to strike out a wrongly spelt Hebrew name (l. 4),—a thing which the amulet-writer of a list of 'names to conjure with' would not have dreamed of doing.

A more serious mistake, which we hope to see eliminated from the next edition, is the impossible reconstruction of the Oxyrhynchos *logos* about the 'Kingdom,' in which Grenfell and

¹ Adolf Deissmann, *Licht vom Osten; das neue Testament und die neuentdeckten Texte der hellenistisch-römischen Welt* (vierte völlig neubearbeitete Auflage); Tübingen (J. C. B. Mohr, Paul Siebeck), 1928; pp. xvi. + 445, with 83 Figg.; about 20s.

Hunt, and especially Schubart (*Z. f. neutest. Wiss.*, 1921, 222) have already been much nearer the truth. The saying—which I for one firmly believe shows the unmistakable marks of absolute authenticity—is of incomparable value and interest, as offering Jesus' own authentic interpretation of the obviously foreshortened, or at least too abruptly quoted, words in Lk. 17²¹: "They shall not say, Lo here! or Lo there! For behold the Kingdom of God is *entos hymōn*" = "within you" (thus most of the Church Fathers and modern commentators) or "among you" (thus Euthymius of Zigabene and Beza).

The reconstruction of the Oxyrhynchos fragment is easy, when the reader has once noticed that the words of Jesus are, as in so many other cases, *reminiscent of an O.T. text*,—in this instance, of Deut. 30⁸⁻¹⁴:

8. "Thou shalt return and obey the voice of the Lord and do all his commandments which I command thee this day.

9. "And the Lord thy God will make thee plenteous in every work of thine hand, in the fruit of thy body and in the fruit of thy cattle and in the fruit of thy land, for good; for the Lord thy God will again rejoice over thee for good, as He rejoiced over thy fathers;

10. "If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments and his statutes which are written in this book of the Law, if thou turn unto the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

11. "For this commandment which I command thee this day, *it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off*.

12. "*It is not in heaven*, that thou shouldest say, *Who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us,*¹ *that we may hear it and do it?*

13. "*Neither is it beyond the sea*, that thou shouldest say, *Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it?*

14. But the word is *very nigh unto thee (qarub eleikha), in thy mouth and in thy heart*, that thou mayest do it."

That is: this (Deuteronomic) Law is not a new, far fetched or heaven-dropped, legislation, but the old law, which everybody daily quotes and knows by heart, and which wants only to be acted upon, in order to secure anew all the divine blessings of old

¹ This is used in Jn. 8^{12f.}: "How shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things? And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven."

for the repentant nation. Cp. Jerem. 8134 on the new Messianic covenant: "I will put my *Law in their inward parts (beqirbam)* and write it in their hearts." It is to these verses that the Oxyrhynchos *logos* refers:

"Saith J[esus: Where are those]
that draw us [into the Kingdom, if]
the Kingdom is in Heav[en? Will they draw us,]
the birds of heav[en or those of the animals which-]
ever are under the earth, [if it is there? Or]
the fishes of the se[a, are they draw-]
ing you,¹ and (is) the King[dom beyond the sea?]
Within you (or amidst you) it is; [and whoever of you
himself]
knoweth, will find it.
Know yourselves, [sottish children,² that]
ye are of the Father, th[e creator of man];
know yourselves in [the fear of God],
and ye will be the fear [of your oppressors]."

The saying is as clear and impressive as it is important for our understanding of Lk. 1721f. and of Jesus' whole doctrine of the 'Kingdom': "The Kingdom of God cometh not according to observation"—of heavenly constellations, signs or portents; it is *qarub 'aleikhem*, 'very nigh unto you'—or, equally well, 'amidst you,' 'within you,'—that is, 'within your reach,' 'within your knowledge.'

"Neither shall they say, Lo here or lo there!" The 'Kingdom of Heaven' (where 'Heaven' is not meant locally, but as the well-known metonymy for 'God') is not a division of the world (like the parallel Babylonian *sharrut shamē*, 'Realm of the Heavens,' which is the celestial realm of the gods high up in heaven). It is not a mystic locality beyond the sea (as the 'Blissful Islands' of Greek and Syrian eschatology), nor a subterranean Paradise (like the Elysian Fields in the Greek underworld).

If it were a Paradise far up in the sky, would we expect eagles to draw us up there, as Etana of Babylon and the Greek Ganymede—the type of the deified soul in the Orphic mysteries—

¹ With this Taylor has well compared Job 1271.: "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; that which lives (*shehaj* for *sijha*) on the earth and it shall teach thee, and the fishes of the sea shall explain unto thee."

² Cp. Jerem. 422: "For my people is foolish, they *know me not*, they (are) sottish children."

were drawn up to the sky; or as the Great Alexander of the Oriental legend soared skywards in an eagle-drawn chariot towards the last unconquered part of his 'world-empire' (Bab. *sharrut kishshatu*, Gk. *kosmokratia*).

If it were beyond the world-encircling Ocean, would the fishes of the sea carry us there, as the dolphin had carried Arion, or Taras, or the Phenician Bal Hamman-Melqart (Palaimon-Melikertes), over the sea to the sun-gilt shores of the West? If it were down in She'ol, would we be able to travel there, as the Eleusinian Mystæ on the dragon- or snake-drawn cart of Triptolemos?

"Say not: Lo here! or Lo there is the Kingdom!"

As it is written of God's Law, that it is not above in the sky, that one would have to ascend there to bring it down; or beyond the sea, for some Oannes, or fish-shaped Vishnu, to bring it over to our shore; but it is very nigh, within you, in your mouth and in your heart. Even so it is with the Kingdom of God,—*qarub aleikhem*, it is within, very nigh, amidst you. Wherever people 'turn round' towards the Lord, wherever God's Law is obeyed, wherever His will is done, wherever the 'yoke of His Kingdom' is gladly taken on men's shoulders,—there and then the Kingdom of God is established, and the primeval love of God for His people renewed, even as promised in Deut. 30:14. And what is this law, which God would have obeyed, the law which a man finds 'within his mouth' and 'within his heart'? Even as Rabbi Hillel had condensed the whole Law into the one command of brotherly love, even so Jesus teaches: Know that which you find in every man's heart and in every man's mouth, to wit that *you are all brethren*, all sons of the One Father and Creator. He who knows himself and the natural inner Law of universal fraternity, the Law of the New Covenant which God has written into man's heart (Jer. 31:34), will immediately find the Kingdom without any guide.

The whole conclusion is parallel to the Talmudic doctrine, that the Kingdom would immediately come, if all Israel were to keep three Sabbaths, or even one Sabbath, exactly as it ought to be kept,—with the characteristic difference that a purely ethical obeisance to God's Law is substituted for the observance of an (in the main ritual) prescription required by the code of Pharisaic doctrine.

A special interest attaches to the peculiar turn which Jesus gives in these words to the celebrated adage of 'Greek Wisdom' (*Hokhmah Yavanith*), to the Delphic *gnōthi seautón* ('know thy-

self'). But this not in the Greek sense of introspection into one's individual character, with the aim of each one 'growing into what he is' (" *werde was Du bist* "). Quite the contrary: Look into yourselves, and you will find there implanted into your conscience, 'written into your heart' as the prophet says, the eternal law of the tribal God, the natural sense of kinship with all brother-men. Know yourself, in order to know the 'divine spark,' the spirit of universal divine kinship and love, which the Creator has breathed into the first man (Gen. 27).

As a whole, nothing could be more characteristic for Jesus' own doctrine about the Kingdom of God than these *clear and straightforward exclusions of all possible mythical, metaphysical or transcendental allegorizings of the fundamental conception of Jewish religion and eschatology,—the 'Kingdom of God.'* The theocracy, not conceived as a priest-ruled temple-state, but as a monarchic Christocracy, as a true Messianic ('anointed,' that is charismatic) Kingdom, is not to be looked for above in the sky or beneath in the depths of the earth, nor in the blessed transoceanian islands, not in the Platonic realm of ideas or somewhere in the Pythagorean 'field of truth,' but here on this solid earth. Nothing is wanted to bring it about but mutual love, based on the recognition that we are all brethren and children of the One Father. Recognition of this universal fraternity in the fear of the common Father and Lord will make the sons of the Kingdom feared and respected by their present demonic or human foes and oppressors.

We should not have dwelt at such length upon the interpretation of this fragment, if it did not become more evident every day, that the notion of the '*civitas Dei*,' the conception of an ideal state and social order, conceived in accordance with our highest ideals of *superhuman* justice and philanthropy, is one of the most powerful revolutionizing factors in the development of Western political and sociological thought, and consequently in the evolution of Occidental society. It is, as has been justly said by the author of a recent essay on the subject, *the revolutionary element in the doctrine of the modern state*. There could not then be a more interesting study than to follow, by means of the subtle analyses of Professor E. Hirsch of Göttingen,¹ the influence of this *idée maître* upon Grotius, Hobbes, Locke and Spencer,

¹ *Die Reich-Gottes-Begriffe des neueren europäischen Denkens. Ein Versuch zur Geschichte der Staats-und Gesellschaftsphilosophie.* Göttingen (Vandenhoeck & Rupprecht), 1921; pp. 36, about 6d.

Rousseau, St. Simon, Comte, Tolstoi, Leibniz, Kant and Fichte. I regret that lack of space prevents a detailed criticism of Hirsch's essay, which ought to be read and digested, especially by English readers. The study suffers from its outer limitation, as it starts with Luther and from the inner bias of the special Lutheran Paulinism, which has always been but too willing to compromise with the powers that be, and to give to the petty Cæsars of the various fatherlands that conscientious allegiance which ought to be reserved for the Creator of all mankind. As the French Royalist and ultra-conservative Maurras has cynically said: "*Je suis Catholique, mais pas Chrétien*," even so the number of Christians—that is, Messianists and people working for the realization of the Kingdom on this earth—is remarkably small in the modern Lutheran Church, which not long ago mercilessly drove out of its fold a mildly Socialist parson, who had dared to criticize the far from exemplary anti-social attitude of Luther against the fight for elementary freedom of the peasants of his age. It is simply tragic that Max Weber (cp. *THE QUEST*, xiii., 135) has passed away before he could write his proposed sociological analysis of primitive Christianity (and of Islam). For his modest words (quoted by his widow in the preface to vol. iii.—"what I cannot finish, others will")—are not very likely to come true. Indeed all the recent German theological literature on the social aspects of primitive Christianity¹ is sadly deficient in sympathy and understanding for the revolutionary aspects of Jesus' life and teaching (cp. *THE QUEST*, xii., 233ff.).

It is easy work—and has become quite a sport, or rather a remunerative literary industry—to refute the crude tendency-picture, or rather caricature, of Christian Origins drawn by the incompetent pen of a half-educated, narrow-minded Secularist and party-fanatical Socialist of the old type like Karl Kautzky. But with all that, in my view, the *acta* are not closed yet in the trial of Jesus, the Initiate² (*ha-Nōṣri*), the King of the Jews.

ROBERT EISLER.

¹ As one of the best, and perhaps the most typical, of the kind, I may mention *Soziale Fragen im Urchristentum*, by Dr. Ernst Lohmeyer (Prof. of Breslau University); Leipzig (Quelle & Meyer), 1921; pp. 186; 3s. 4d.—where more literature is given.

² We venture to think that this is no term of distinction to apply to Jesus the Nazorean Prophet.—Ed.

THE GARLAND OF LETTERS (VARNAMĀLA).

Studies in the Mantra-Shāstra. By Sir John Woodroffe. London (Luzac); pp. 294; 12s. 6d. net.

OUR readers are by this time well acquainted with the painstaking efforts of Sir John Woodroffe ('Arthur Avalon') to make the principles and practices of the Tāntrik *āgama*'s or *shāstra*'s accessible and understandable to Western students. Shāktism is *par excellence* the cult of the Great Mother, and in India is nothing if not concrete. It is also throughout 'magical' and permeated with ceremony, ritual and invocation,—with yantrism and mantrism. Sir John has made a prolonged study of *mantra-vidyā*, or the lore of sound-forms, especially as used in the *formulæ* of Shākta-worship,—its innumerable incantations and spellings. The considered result is presented to us in the present collection of thirty-one studies, or chapters, most of which have been published or delivered as lectures at various dates in past years. The whole is entitled 'The Garland (or Rosary) of Letters,' which, however, is not specially dealt with till ch. xxi. is reached, the prior twenty chapters being devoted to the general Tāntrik philosophy or metaphysics of the theory of the Creative Word or Voice,—a Logos-theory worked out and down into articulate speech. The elements of speech, both in man and the universe, are supposed to be identical with and represented exhaustively by the 50/51 letters of the Sanskrit alphabet. These letters are the gross signs of the elements of Sound (*Shabda*)—and Sound is *ex hypothesi* the very divine substance-energy itself. It would be better to render *Shabda* by some term other than Sound, for Sound is one only of the five traditional objects of sense, whereas *Shabda-brahman* is a synonym of the Creative Power of Deity. The twenty preliminary chapters seem to us to be for the most part formal metaphysics of the *advaita* type, and are as such largely open to criticism on the ground of dependence on abstractionism and a-priorism; and this is somewhat strange, for Shāktism, philosophically considered, is an effort to counteract this urge to emptiness, and insists on the concreteness and fullness of its fundamentals. On this Sir John has himself hitherto strongly insisted: and we are therefore somewhat surprised that he has left his introductory exposition open to the usual criticisms directed against the extreme *a-dvaita*, or non-dual, position when set forth as absolute monism.

It is thus only when our exegete comes to deal with the mantra-theory in its concrete aspect that we become really expectant; for the Indian is the only living tradition of the widespread, and well-nigh universal, lore of the 'power of the word' among the ancients. The main gist of the whole of this theorizing is that there is a 'natural name' for every general and particular object, and that it consists of the 'force-system' that constitutes that object. This 'name' is a natural differentiation of the Great Creative Power, and as such it is a permanent living being—not a *nomen* but a *numen* (a *daimonion*)—what the Vedāntic and Shāktic doctors call a *deva-tā*—a divinity. The object of the skilled practitioner of *mantra* is to sing his 'mind-stuff' into identification with the 'name' proper, or natural being, of an object, i.e. with its *deva-tā*. It will thus be seen that, to use the terms of mediæval scholasticism, our Āgamists are out-and-out 'realists' and abhor 'nominalism.' Now we are not so foolish as simply to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and point out that its teeth are imperfect. We say we are glad of the horse whatever its quality, and of the gift of Sir John in making so much of the Tāntrik scholastic over-working of the ancient Indian lore of the mantra accessible to us. He certainly has done his best, and has championed *con amore* the tradition he hands on. Our trouble is, that we have an uncomfortable feeling that whatever *natural laws* may lie behind this mass of traditional Indian lore, the presentation of the subject which has reached us, is far from convincing. So much so that, to make these laws explicit, it would seem that the whole matter will have to be methodically reviewed and revised from the standpoint of an enlightened modern physics, physiology, biology, psychology and philosophy. In the first place it leaps to the eyes, that the tradition is utterly ignorant of the *comparative* method. It moves entirely within the measures of the Sanskrit alphabet convention. There are many other empirical alphabets beside the Sanskritic and many other magical traditions beside those of the Atharva-veda and the Tantras. The Sanskrit has 50/51 letters (*varṇa*'s—lit. 'colours'). Doubtless it is an excellent alphabet, and deserves relatively the name of 'polished' or 'perfected,' for it is highly developed. But the essence and root of mantra presumably goes back to nature-sounds, and starts towards articulation with the cries of animals and their mimicry (ba-ba-ism and puff-puff infantilism). As to colours, —sound and colour are intimately connected in the history of psychic seership—of hearing colours and seeing sounds. But

the trouble of it is that the seers demonstrably do not see in the same way; it depends on the 'personal equation,' which is an exceedingly arbitrary variable. It is all very well to claim that the 'adept' *yogī's* all see the same way and the same things, and that when one is a perfect *yogī* one will *know*. But the *yogī's* unfortunately do not agree, and modern seers in the unenlightened West are all rowing in the same boat. To resume with the Sanskrit alphabet,—it would seem that our *mantra-vādins* are too aristocratic to pay any attention to any of the innumerable other schemes of articulate sound-symbols. They are under the illusion that Sanskrit is *the* language *par excellence*, just as the Quran-venerators think that Arabic was the original language and the Chosen People that Hebrew was spoken in Paradise. But Greek has 24 letters, and English has 26, Hebrew 22 (not counting vowels) and Pahlavi only 14! While Chinese has some hundreds of ideograms. Now why should we assume, because Sanskrit has 50/51 letters, that there is a *natural* correspondence between these and the elements of Cosmos, or evolutes of Nature, and not make the same assumption for the others? The letters *a* to *ksha* in Sanskrit (*a* to *z* as we should say, or *alpha* to *omega* as a Greek would say) are written signs for a number of open sounds (vowels) and sound-closings or stoppings (consonants); but even these 50/51 do not exhaust the possibilities of speech,—indeed Sanskrit lacks, *e.g.*, what a Semitic alphabet supplies, and *vice versa*. It may be that there is in the depths of reality a 'cosmic' alphabet, and that its 'letters' are the elements proper (indeed the Latin word 'element' suggests some such notion—*el-em-en-tum* is synonymous with *alpha-beta* or *a-b-c*). But Sanskrit with its 50/51 letters is in no better case as to the analysis of the fundamental 'reals' of the universe than is modern chemistry with its some 90 elements or relative atomic simplifications. These cannot at present be *practically* or empirically resolved into their well-nigh known theoretic simpler constituents; but theory is working towards this all-desirable simplification. Already physical science stands in the borderland territory, and Sir Ernest Rutherford, who has 'chipped bits' off no less than six of these hitherto 'unchippables,' is getting down practically to the region of sub-atomicities. Alphabets will have to be treated in the same way, if we are to penetrate to the natural bases of articulate speech and the original ground of *mantra*. It certainly is a pity that our Tāntrik pundits and scholastic systematisers have never even heard of the Greek magical papyri, nor caught a whisper even of the two great

magical nations of Western classical antiquity—Babylon and Egypt—with their wealth of *barbara nomina*, never been told by their Sādaka's of the Great Epic of the Finns, the *Kalevalā*, and the magical singing contests of their heroes of the chant. But Sir John is expository and not critical; within his special field of reference he deals with the *om*-side of things and not with the *phat*.

This must suffice for the moment, though much more could be written, and we have already elsewhere re-stated and reviewed the general theory.

A DICTIONARY OF THE SACRED LANGUAGE OF ALL SCRIPTURES AND MYTHS.

By G. A. Gaskell. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 884; 42s. net.

THE 'sacred language' which the author has in view is a system of inner meaning expressive of ideas—mainly psychological; and his endeavour is to show that these ideas, which are generally indicative of the modes, aspects and activities of the deeper life of the soul, individual and cosmic, can be found in many scriptures and myths. It would have been better to have omitted 'all' from the title. It is throughout an attempt to interpret the symbolical and allegorical elements inherent mainly in scriptural narratives and typical myths. Mr. Gaskell has expended a vast amount of industry in collecting material from the most heterogeneous sources, and all sorts of conditions of versions, traditions, expositions and speculations rub shoulders together in his 884 double-columned pages. We cannot, however, but think that the author would have been better advised, had he confined himself to a selection of instances only in illustration of his ideas, and not attempted an undertaking that increases in difficulty in proportion as the matter for interpretation is indiscriminately added to. In some cases our author may persuade that his subject-matter is patient of some such interpretation as he presents; but in many others it is difficult to understand how the 'meaning' given can be got out of the sacred story or the myth-material. This is especially the case with regard to names. God-names, for instance, may each according to context convey a large number of various suggestions of meaning, and it seems impossible to generalize from such indications. We all know how Philo of Alexandria allegorized the Hebrew patriarchs, for instance, into virtues, and thus 'philosophized' their stories. His example was followed throughout the

centuries; and Swedenborg's attempt at interpreting all scripture on the theory of correspondences widely extended the idea. Mr. Gaskell, though he advances into still wider fields, treads the same path, when, for example, he makes the twelve disciples correspond with twelve virtues. But the difficulty in this case is to see how he can carry out the scheme; for though the accounts in the case of a few of the disciples may be thought to indicate special virtues, there is no data to help us for the rest. In this and other matters of Western tradition we are on somewhat familiar ground, for many similar suggestions have been made. But when we pass to other traditions we feel increasingly the difficulty of carrying out so vast a programme of eliciting similarly suggestive, if incomplete, undermeanings without being open to the charge of arbitrariness. We believe firmly that there is the influence of a vital stream of soul-truth behind and within the great scriptural narratives and world-myths, for there is in them in their several degrees the influx of inspiration; but at present we can glimpse only here and there its inworking; feel rather than understand somewhat of its nature. Mr. Gaskell has made a courageous attempt to work out this primary thesis not only in the highways but also in the by-ways. What he would have this inwardness to signify in itself, he feels confident can be unriddled everywhere in the matter he has gathered together. It has evidently been a labour of love, and is the outcome of years of industry. But in much we cannot follow the associational play in which he indulges so freely, and are very sensible of the great difficulty and complexity of the material, which requires for the most part far more preliminary treatment and ordering than has as yet been bestowed upon it.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

By S. Radhakrishnan, King George V. Professor of Philosophy, University of Calcutta. Vol. I. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 684; 21s. net.

THE main impression left on us after carefully perusing this stout volume is that we have had much pleasure in following Prof. Radhakrishnan's able exposition and have won through to the end with unabated interest. We have no hesitation in recommending it to lovers of philosophy and especially to those who would learn how closely intertwined so much of Indian philosophy is with the principles of religion. Our exponent has himself a deep insight into what is fundamental, and a trained mind quick to

seize on and make clear to the reader the nature and main positions of the many phases of thought and aspiration with which he has to deal in surveying so vast a subject-matter. Prof. Radhakrishnan is well grounded in the critical work of Western Orientalists and considers all points of view with courteous respect, while not hesitating to let his own standpoint emerge. He has also kept abreast with the most recent developments of philosophical thought in the West, and is especially valuable because he brings out the parallels he finds between some of these later developments and notions in the various phases of Indian philosophizing that were as hotly debated in the schools of India as they are in our own day. In dealing with the philosophy of religion, which is necessarily directly or indirectly always emerging, in describing and considering the development of Indian thinking, our author presents us with a survey which is as valuable to the theologian as to the philosopher. He gets the varying elements and standpoints into proper perspective and shows how inadequate, nay how unscientific, it is to stress any one factor at the expense of the others. We have often regretted that there have been no methodical direct answers made by Indian thinkers to a number of recent works written in a far more courteous and sympathetic spirit than has ever been done before by highly educated missionaries, in criticism of the essentials of Indian religion. Though there is no direct reference to such criticism, Prof. Radhakrishnan's exposition provides indirectly a clearing of the ground for a better understanding. The English is excellent and the volume is as carefully turned out as are all the other volumes of the Library of Philosophy edited by Prof. Muirhead. Our notice is brief and out of proportion to the value of the work, but we hope that enough has been said to indicate that the prospective reader will not be presented simply with a formal history and a dry intellectual discussion of ideas, but that he will have before him a work of feeling as well as of thought, in brief, an exposition of living interest.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND AFTER.

By Claude G. Montefiore, M.A., D.D. London (Macmillan);
pp. 601; 7s. 6d. net.

ALL that Dr. Montefiore writes deserves respectful attention; it invariably reveals a kindly, just, sincere and winning nature. The volume before us is an exposition of and a plea for the standpoint and endeavour of Liberal Judaism, of which the author is

one of the most able exponents and perhaps the most respected leader. The standpoint is throughout Modernist in the best sense of the word and the effect is to discriminate in the ancient Hebrew records and the relevant Apocalyptic and Hellenistic, the New Testament and Rabbinical literatures, what is of spiritual value for the religious needs of a Liberal Jew of our own days. Dr. Montefiore is keenly sensitive of what he benevolently calls the 'rough edges' in the ancient records and indeed in the whole of the past, and is very anxious to discover how best to regard them. He is utterly honest throughout, treating his subject without fear or favour, and the champion of a delicate ethical monotheism; and all this without the slightest tinge of theological ill-temper or apologetic. Dr. Montefiore, though by no means antagonistic, frankly and humbly admits that the mystical element in religion is beyond him and outside his province. But mysticism had by no means the monopoly of spiritual insight; and such insight our author possesses. The best way of noticing this instructive and deep-going volume, is to reproduce the indications given of the main directions in which Liberal Judaism proposes to make use of its freedom (pp. 557ff.):

"(1) It modifies or enlarges the doctrines of the past—the doctrines which it inherits and finds—so as to make them consistent with each other and in harmony with the highest conceptions of truth to which it can attain. And some ancient doctrines may have to be dropped altogether, and some doctrines may have to be added. It further seeks to make the private and public institutions of religion the purest possible manifestations and expressions of its doctrine.

"(2) Liberal Judaism deliberately aims at universalism and universalisation, though the goal may be distant and the pathway long. It would not merely desire to possess and teach only such doctrines as may be fervently held by all races, and as are fully consistent with the fundamental dogma of the One God who is the impartial father of all mankind, but it would desire that its religious rites and institutions should, as far as possible, harmonise with its universalist doctrines. It would wish to magnify and exalt the purely religious elements in Judaism, and to depreciate and minimise the purely national elements; it would wish, so far as practicable, gradually to disentangle the first from the second, and, so far as any national rites and institutions are retained, to clothe and suffuse them with new spiritual and universalist values and meanings.

“(8) Liberal Judaism sets out to emphasise the ‘prophetical’ elements in Judaism, and to minimise or negate the ‘priestly’ elements. Thus it abandons priestly conceptions of clean and unclean; it rejects the idea of ‘holiness’ as attaching to things as well as to persons in a real, serious, and outward sense; it gives up all praying for the restoration of the Temple and of animal sacrifices.

“(4) Liberal Judaism tends to exalt the ‘prophetic’ elements in Judaism, and to depreciate, though not to abandon, the purely legal elements. It sets the Prophets above the Law. It desires to make Judaism no longer a predominantly legal religion, though it does not desire to deny or ignore the place of Law and of the Law (*i.e.* the Pentateuch) in the Jewish religion as a whole.

“(5) Liberal Judaism seeks to construct a Judaism which is independent of the dates and authorships of the Biblical books, which is free to accept assured conclusions and results of Biblical criticism, and which does not require any belief in the ‘miracles’ of the Pentateuch.”

A Liberal programme indeed; may it make good headway!

MACROBIUS.

Or Philosophy, Science and Letters in the Year 400. By Thomas Whittaker, Author of ‘The Neoplatonists.’ Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 101; 6s. 6d. net.

WE are glad to have this summary and appreciation of the famous *Saturnalia* and the Commentary on Cicero’s *Dream of Scipio* by Macrobius, the Latin Progressive Platonist. We highly appreciate Mr. Whittaker’s labours on the Neoplatonists; but here again in his estimate of the valuable and informative works of Macrobius, we find that, as in his treatment of the main company of the Golden Chain, he is blind to the importance of the mystical element, and would judge them solely by a rationalistic standard. By this standard it is true he rates them highly, and in this selected perspective he has seen clearly and well; but it is not an all-round view. Like Dean Inge, of whose labours on Plotinus we have the greatest admiration, Mr. Whittaker sets forth all from the point of view of the aristocratic metaphysician; both minimize or neglect or ignore what for the philosophers themselves were matters of the deepest interest—the psychical and the mystical phenomena, on the elucidation of which they have so much of value to contribute. We boldly affirm that it is impossible really

to understand them throughout, unless we fully face this very important element of experience in their lives, and do not burke it owing to a blind spot in our own make-up on the subject. Mr. Whittaker, for instance, does not seem to realize that Vettius Prætextatus, the main speaker in the *Saturnalia* dialogue, was among other things not only an initiate but a *pater patrum* of the Mithriaca. We think also it would have been well if the author had omitted his attempt to interpret the Cupid and Psyche myth of Apuleius; it is very far from convincing. His ascription moreover of the 'Perfect Sermon' of the Trismegistic documents to the end of the 4th century is out of keeping with the work that has been done on the subject. We could wish, finally, that he had given us a full translation and not simply his own way of reading Macrobius.

ANCIENT LIGHTS.

Or the Bible, the Church and Psychic Science: An Attempt to Restore the Ancient Lights of the Bible and the Church. By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. With an Introduction and a Preface by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 344; 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART has won the admiration and respect of her fellows by her heroic work in the great Serbian retreat; 'The Lady of the Black Horse' will long be remembered in the chronicles of modern chivalry. Since the rise of modern spiritism, seventy-five years ago, many books have been written by the convinced to show the light thrown by mediumistic and other phenomena on the 'miraculous element' in the books of the Bible. In our opinion none of them has been really well done, and most of them have been sadly lacking in good taste. To bring the common language of the *séance*-room into immediate contact with the inspired diction of the Authorised Version is, to say the least of it, æsthetically disquieting; to speak, for instance, as has frequently been done, of the 'materialization *séance*' on the Mount of Transfiguration, and to refer to Jesus as the 'great medium,' is in its lowest terms an offence against good breeding. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart has not gone quite so far, but she has not escaped this difficulty. She deals with the narrative books of the O.T. and N.T., and can of course frequently bring the ancient records and the modern ones in their several measures into indubitable relationship. She makes no pretension to scholarship or science, and for her purpose takes the

narratives at their face-value without criticism, and has no difficulty in showing that 'psychical phenomena' are an inescapable factor in the religious experience of the fore-runners and continuations of the Christian Faith. But for a really sufficing treatment of this most important but difficult subject, the critical literary historical treatment of the documents cannot possibly be neglected. Many findings of the purely rationalistic schools of criticism, it is true, are largely put out of count by the fact of the new psychology; but the true findings will never be arrived at by taking the documents at the old-fashioned surface-value. The wide equipment needed for an adequate statement of the case, when all factors are envisaged, is possessed by few; and of these few none has so far attempted the task. Many of course resent having their religious life disturbed by any distraction to what they regard as 'unspiritual' matters; but this only shows that they have a narrow view of what the 'spiritual' embraces. They are the abstractionists of the emotions. One thing, however, is certain: that the clergy can no longer afford to frown down the investigation of the psychical element in religion; and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart is well justified in what she says in this respect. Already, however, the learned of the Latin Church are seeking and finding formulæ whereby to distinguish 'miracle' from 'natural' psychical phenomena. Thus, for instance, in psycho-therapeutics—a cure is 'miraculous' if it is instantaneous; but if the time- and space- factors come in, it is natural and not supernatural. Let us hope that the clergy of other communions will step into the field more lightly clad traditionally for the metaphysical combat. The author's acceptance of the phenomena is on the whole too generous and her interpretation is at times too hazardous. But all this was to be expected in the present state of affairs and within the limitations of the qualified task she has set herself. The book is written with transparent sincerity and with high devotion to good doing.

THE SCALE OF PERFECTION.

By Walter Hinton, Canon of Thurgarton. Newly edited from MS. Sources, with an Introduction, by Evelyn Underhill. London: (Watkins); pp. 464; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS treatise is one of the great classics of English mystical literature. It dates from the 14th century, when our author flourished together with Richard Rolle, Julian of Norwich and the anonymous writer of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. All prior editions

of Hinton's masterpiece have been based on the printed text of Wynkyn de Worde, first published in 1494. Though numerous MSS. exist, no one has hitherto thought good to bring out a critical text. It is then to the great credit of Miss Evelyn Underhill that she has laboured to remove what can only be regarded as a serious negligence on the part of scholars of Early English. Miss Underhill is very modest about her textual labours; but she has effected a great improvement, for she has carefully collated from a selection of ten of the best MSS. She has not printed this amended text, however, in the Old English form; for her main interest in the *Scale* is not philological, but of a far more vital nature. Therefore, as with previous modernized editions, she has presented us with a text in modern spelling and with the rendering of only a minimum of such words as the unlearned reader could not decipher without the help of a dictionary. To it she has prefaced an informative, sympathetic and discriminating Introduction, as was to be expected from her prior labours in similar fields. In brief Miss Underhill has done a good service and deserves the thanks of all lovers of Christian mysticism, and especially of those who will delight to read one of the religious classics of their early mother-tongue in a form that preserves the essential flavour of the now carefully ascertained original.

LAMPS OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.

Essays on the Life of the Soul in God. By Arthur Edward Waite.
London (Kegan Paul); pp. 884; 15s. net.

THIS collection of 32 Essays is grouped under three headings: I. Lamps of Quest (11); II. Lamps of Life (12); III. Lamps on Heights (9). They are very representative of Mr. Waite's long apprenticeship and devotion to the study of the great and lesser lights of Western Christian mysticism and of his insight in differentiating the essentials and inmost ground of truly spiritual mystical experience from so much that is called by the name mystical, but which does not possess the warrants of that exquisite wholehearted sacred love whereby the soul of man finds its perfection in the life of God. The first part is devoted to what our author calls a 'clearance of issues'; the second is mainly historical of some of the great examples; and the concluding part, consisting of essays, the majority of which appear for the first time in print, shows Mr. Waite at his best, endeavouring to

present the doctrine and practice of mystical life as he so far apprehends them, witnessing whole-heartedly to the overwhelming truth of that life, but with bowed head in lowly confession as "of one who stands at a threshold in humility." Long use has enabled our author to develop a style of expression which serves him well in summarizing the essentials of a subject, the main tendency of a movement or the characteristic features of the life and teachings of the many outstanding figures and less conspicuous folk of whom he treats. There are few writers who can orient themselves so instructively as Mr. Waite with regard to what may be called 'initiatory' associations or to the mystical claims that have been advanced by many who are not true mystics in the highest sense of the word. On this topic he has no little to say in clearing the issues. It should, however, be understood that in dealing with Christian mysticism Mr. Waite does not go outside the frontiers of what he conveniently calls the Latin Church, except for an appreciation of Böhme. The mystics of the Reformed Churches are for him outside the circle of the great lamps in any case, Böhme included. Yet even with regard to the lamps of whom he writes most enthusiastically our author is by no means indiscriminating; and throughout he manages to avoid bringing theology into the prime matter of his subject. It is good to have those of these essays that have been hidden away in back-numbers of periodicals now carefully revised and gathered together inside one cover with the latest and ripest of Mr. Waite's meditations on this great theme.

SALMA.

A Play in Three Acts. By L. Cranmer-Byng. London (Murray); pp. 110; 3s. 6d. net.

THE Editor of the *Wisdom of the East* series has written in that series five small volumes of graceful prose and verse on fair themes. Mr. Cranmer-Byng now gives us in dramatic form the tragedy of a dancing-girl's faithful loves, set in the romantic surroundings of Mozarabic Spain. The plot of the play is well conceived, both in its gay and grave elements, and the whole is well written, not only because of its fine poetic diction, but also because the author has well caught the atmosphere of Moorish Spain of the early middle ages and shows himself a careful student of the Arabic and Persian love-poetry of those romantic days. It would both act well and stage gorgeously.

THE PATH OF PURITY.

Being a Translation of Buddhaghosa's *Visuddhimagga*. By Pe Maung Tin, Translator of the 'Atthasālinī.' Part I. Of Virtue (or Morals). London (The Pāli Text Society, published by the Oxford University Press); pp. 95; 10s. net.

BUDDHAGHOSA (c. 400 A.D.) is perhaps the most famous commentator of the Pāli canon. For a translation of his famous *Visuddhimagga* we have been waiting for many years, and expecting one from Prof. Lanman in completion of his admirable summary. As this expectation has been disappointed, Mr. Pe Maung Tin, an excellent Burmese Pāli scholar (of Exeter College, Oxford), has stepped into the breach and presented us with the first part of the treatise, dealing with the all-important basis of moral habit or habitual good conduct (*sīla*), the practical essence of the faith. The version has all the appearance of being very well done, under the careful editorship of Dr. C. A. F. Rhys Davids. Of the two main divisions of Part I., Ch. I.—'Exposition of Virtue'—displays a penetrating insight into the niceties, we had almost said scrupulosities, of moral endeavour; Ch. II.—'Exposition of the Ascetic Practices'—is, on the contrary, naïve, in parts almost childish, as though the monks in general required mothering and nursing in all details. The special value though of Buddhaghosa is his careful glossing of terms. If this, however, were all there was to the *Visuddhimagga* it could never have won its wide reputation. It is Part II., presumably, that has made its fame, dealing as it does with the principles and rules of contemplation, of that *jhāna* which from the beginning was an integral part of attaining to *paññā* or wisdom.

OUTLINES OF A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

By Alban G. Widgery, M.A., Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Cambridge; formerly Professor of Philosophy, Baroda. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 318.

THIS is an ably written, concrete exposition of a philosophy of values, which throughout eschews abstractions and bases itself on empirical facts, on particulars and individuals. The main title was apparently changed at the last moment; for, within, 'Goods and Bads' heads every left-hand page. Prof. Widgery is no weaver of unsubstantial dreams; he is an 'objective' idealist with

a profound sense of spiritual religion. At one time he followed the lectures of Eucken; but he is not an Euckenist, and spares us the dull reiteration of that philosopher's activist uniformity. In clear language, following the wisdom of the middle way, our author deals with his subject under the main heading of Intellectual, Æsthetic, Moral and Religious Values; to these chapters we have a short but clear Introduction on philosophy as a general view of experience, followed by a brief Epilogue on the sanity of humour. Professor Widgery does not hesitate to descend from the theoretic platform and his work of surveying and co-ordinating into the arena of practical suggestion; and here he shows signs of strong sympathy with a certain form of idealistic socialism. But in any case he is far from being a doctrinaire limited to a parochial standpoint, and is to be congratulated on his courage in frankly criticising at the cultural centre of one of the most enlightened native states in India certain ancient customs that hamper rather than help advance. Indeed he is very outspoken on the question of many modern abuses also in the West, and shows that he is far more than an armchair philosopher and man of the study.

ZOROASTRIAN CIVILIZATION.

FROM the Earliest Times to the Downfall of the Last Zoroastrian Empire 651 A.D. By Maneckji Nasservanji Dhalla. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 395; 21s. net.

OF late years the Parsee community has been waking up to the importance of clarifying the Mazdayasnian tradition and re-surveying the Avestan, Pazend and Pahlavi deposits of its sacred literature. A few Parsee scholars have been trained in the methods of Western scholarship, and among them are Dr. Dhalla, who studied under Williams Jackson, and his younger contemporary Dr. Umwalla, who has been well grounded in comparative Iranian philology by Bartholmæ. Dr. Dhalla has already written a considerable work on Zoroastrian theology; in the present volume he confines his attention exclusively to history, civilization and culture. The book is, within its measures, a mine of information, set forth with simplicity. As a record of *literary fact* there is little fault to find with it, for every statement is fully referenced from the Iranian-Persian documents or from the classical sources. It is, however, a narrative based on the records as taken entirely at their face value. As such it is a very telling piece of

apologetic work, but at the same time it makes us all the more anxious to learn why, if all is generally either so admirable or so commendable, the great tradition of the Prophet Zarathustra's Mazdaism is represented to-day by a poor handful of adherents—say 90,000 Parsis in India, and 10,000 Gebers in Persia—who for the most part recite archaic liturgies of which they (with the rarest exceptions) do not understand a word? Dr. Dhalla's exposition tells us of many excellencies of word and deed, and leaves us all the more anxious to have at last a critical history of the rise and spread of the great world-faith associated with the honoured and revered name of Spitama Zarathustra, which had such an undeniably great influence on important developments in other great religions—not the least arresting of which for the West are post-exilic Judaism and Christianity. But Dr. Dhalla's exposition will not serve us here; he omits entirely the critical side of the subject, and does not refer to the rich literature of modern research, except in so far as it relates to the editing of texts and making of translations. There is no comparative work in his volume, no searching into origins. If we, for instance, would be better informed concerning that blank page of history connected with the Parthians, Dr. Dhalla has nothing to help us, and indeed dismisses the whole subject in a paragraph or two. If again we are arrested by a chance mention of 'crucifixion' in a list of typical Mazdayasnian punishments, we learn nothing further, and the subject does not even appear in the index. Indeed the whole treatment is too apologetic; and this militates against what would otherwise be in many ways a richly informative volume. Take, for instance, the very important cult-object of the *haoma*, when we read (p. 188): "Whereas other intoxicating drinks, we are told, lead to excitement and anger with their accompanying evils, this consecrated beverage engenders piety and rectitude" (Ys. 10.8; Yt. 17.5). Has Dr. Dhalla forgotten the Gāthās, those oldest hymns of the Avesta, which may very well be contemporary with the Prophet himself, and the bitter cry of Zarathustra to Ahura, demanding when the community will be rid of that 'accursed intoxicant'? What again of the Magi problem, which Moulton so rightly brought to the forefront, and their corruption of the reform? Why is 'magio' referred by Western classical antiquity to the Magians *par excellence*? Why does Dr. Dhalla have nothing to say on this very striking and important historical phenomenon? Does he think that the historian can be satisfied with such a manifestly partial state-

ment as that on p. 379 at the end of ch. lxii. (only a page and half) devoted to 'Divination and Sorcery'?—namely: "Sorcery continued to be held in abhorrence, as among the Kianians, and the souls of those who practised this black art upon the earth were believed, according to Viraf, to be consigned to hell" (AV. 35). But if this applies to *goëtia*, surely an historian should tell us in what 'magianism' proper consisted as apart from magic of any colour, and why it bulked so largely in the history of the faith for so many centuries.

It must be regretfully recorded that our painstaking compiler is far too dominated by the modern tendency of the *intelligentsia* of the Parsee community, who labour to present Zoroastrianism to the world solely as a sort of rationalistic ethical monotheism; but this is untrue to history, and will do no more good to Zoroastrianism as a religion than Liberal Theology does to original Christianity by reading back its grey rationalistic ethicism into the beginnings.

FANTASTICA.

Being the Smile of the Sphinx and Other Tales of Imagination.

By Robert Nichols. London (Chatto & Windus); pp. 515; 7s. 6d. net.

THE 'Smile of the Sphinx' and 'Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda' have already been published in periodicals and are tales of promise. The *pièce de résistance* is 'Golgotha & Co.' (pp. 175-515). It is a bitingly sarcastic phantasy of this age of Mammon and all its doings and owes something to Dostoievsky's high and terrible creation of the figure of the Grand Inquisitor; it is at times brilliantly written, at times superficially. Mr. Nichols is one of the numerous younger writers who are out to mend matters, and incidentally to give shocks to the more pedestrian thinkers of the day. Doubtless much of our thought requires rejuvenating. But youth is not everything; and the older men who have had patiently to acquire their knowledge of the world, its history and literature, and the way of the going of their fellows in the mass and in the exceptional cases of genius, have painfully developed a certain measure of insight, some ability to penetrate below the clever and facile phrase, the brilliant flash of thought-explosion or sparkle of imaginative phantasy; and this makes them ever ask as they read: Has the writer actually experienced what he says; has he even studied the subject sufficiently to justify his sweeping generalizations on matters of such difficult and grave moment?

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY.

- III. After Death: Manifestations and Apparitions of the Dead; The Soul after Death. By Camille Flammarion. Translated by Latrobe Carroll. London (Fisher Unwin); pp. 398; 10s. 6d.

THIS is the third volume of a trilogy, the previous volumes of which are entitled respectively *Before Death* and *At the Moment of Death*. Camille Flammarion is an able popularist, who has a world-wide reputation for the brilliant imagination he has brought to bear on his indubitably high scientific astronomic knowledge. For sixty years the subject of the Unknown and its forces and the other side of Death have occupied his attention, and thousands of readers have hung on his uncertain words, many of them appealing to him to set their doubts at rest and explain their experience of veridical but extranormal facts. At last, in the *lustrum* succeeding the fourscore years of a full and busy life, the veteran has replied definitely in this extensive *œuvre de propagande*. The first two volumes, dealing with the thesis that the 'soul' functions independently of its bodily organism, are introductory to the third. In this, after bringing forward a number of well-known 'evidential cases' and others selected from his own collection of some 5,000 letters from a world-wide correspondence, most of which latter cases he has personally inquired into or had verified by people on the spot, Flammarion has come down squarely on the side of a positive judgment, that there is survival of bodily death, and that communication with the departed is, for him, scientifically demonstrated. He is specially ironical concerning the blessed Mesopotamian vocable, so beloved by science, 'hallucination,' and repeatedly asks pertinently, in face of the numerous facts he recites: What does this label amount to and what does it explain? Not that he ventures on any definite explanation himself; he is content to rest simply on the facts, and to make out his case that science is in honour bound to recognize such well-vouched-for facts, and to labour patiently to elucidate the 'how' of the happenings; in our opinion, however, his sharp repudiation of the 'subtle body' notion is a needlessly prejudiced handicapping of any satisfactory theory. The 'soul' after death is surely not a naked spirit. Our veteran propagandist is under the impression that no one has written such a book before. Perhaps not in three volumes; but scores of other writers could be men-

tioned who have confined themselves to smaller compass, but whose labours are by no means to be despised. Indeed those of us who are old students of the literature that forms the general subject-matter of psychical research, may well ask ourselves in what does M. Flammarion's exposition differ from the better class of this literature, and be hard put to it to find a reply. His tendency, it is true, is to keep the phenomena of mediumship and the *séance*-room in the background, and somewhat unfairly to depreciate it in favour of spontaneous cases. But if there is to be any scientific experimentation, we should like to know how it can be carried out if mediums are to be eliminated? The English Society for Psychical Research have had many Presidents who have been distinguished in other scientific fields, but all, *at the time of their presidencies*, judging by their presidential addresses, with, we believe, the exception of Crookes, have sat on the fence as to whether survival has been demonstrated scientifically. This year, with Camille Flammarion in the chair, there is no hesitation as far as the President is concerned. He has burnt his boats and said *Ay* with emphasis.

The translation reads smoothly, but it is by an American hand, both as to phrasing and spelling. The proofs also might have been revised with a little more care, for repeatedly, nay always, we read 'metaphysical' for 'metapsychical.'

THE WISDOM OF THE ARYAS.

By Allan Bennett (Ananda M.), formerly an Elder of the Buddhist Monastic Order. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 147 ; 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is the posthumous work of an enthusiastic convert to Hīnayāna Buddhism, who joined the Order in Burma and after ten years became a Thera. Ill-health put an end to his strenuous exertions on behalf of the Dhamma as he conceived it, the most memorable of which was his successful editorship of the excellent quarterly periodical *The Buddhist*. Most of the chapters before us were originally delivered as a course of lectures; they are written from the heart eloquently. In bringing it to the notice of our readers, we refrain, now that 'Ananda Metteya' has fared forth from his suffering body, to repeat the criticisms we have already made in the past on what seemed to us, when Bennett wrote in full vigour, to be a too narrow view of the spirit of the faith. Personally, we hold that Hīnayānism will always make

little appeal to the West, as the struggles of the Buddhist Society, which made it its orthodoxy, have proved. The claim that Hinayānism is scientific, so frequently made by Western students who thought like Allan Bennett about it, that it rejected all authority but that of the reason, and so forth, has been shown by recent research to be not the true reading of history. On the other hand, we hold that the spiritual side of Mahāyānism (as purged from the vagaries of psychism) will attract many a deeply and catholically religious mind in the West, though we think in future there will be little conversion of the practisers of religion from one great faith to another.

BUDDHIST PARABLES

Translated from the Original Pāli. By Eugene Watson Burlinghame, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Lecturer in Pāli (1917-18) at Yale University. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 348; 25s. net.

WE are sorry to say that we do not quite see the necessity of this book; and are somewhat doubtful of its utility even as a half-popular anthology. It is perhaps useful to have the 200 'similes, allegories, parables, fables and other illustrative stories and anecdotes' from Buddhist scripture and story within two covers in English version; but the legend, 'Translated from the Original Pāli,' leads the reader to suppose that he is going to get somehow something new; and this is by no means the case. Every piece has been already translated before into some European language or other. If then the work was intended to be simply a popular collection of popular tales, etc., it would have been better if presented simply as literature, based on originals but paraphrased rather than translated. If, on the contrary, it is put forward as a more accurate version of the originals, which it may be in a few cases, it should also have been accompanied with analyses of the material and a methodical Introduction, and so submitted as a substantive contribution for the consideration of scholars. As it is, the volume falls between two stools, and will perhaps satisfy neither the unlearned nor the learned reader. It is appallingly heavy to hold, as a simple material fact of so many *avoirdupois* pounds, and not very light to read. Mr. Burlinghame might have made better use of his knowledge of Pāli by the version of one or other of the innumerable untranslated pieces of that rich literature.

ARAMAIC PAPYRI OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

Edited with Translation and Notes by A. Cowley. Oxford (The Clarendon Press); pp. 319; 21s. net.

THESE priceless Aramaic papyri, consisting of letters, legal documents, lists of names, accounts and three literary pieces, were discovered at Elephantiné a score of years ago, and are the earliest Jewish texts we possess. The present admirable edition and translation by Dr. Cowley, Librarian of the Bodleian, is assuredly the finest work done on the subject and supersedes the editions of Sachau and Ungnad. It is a most praiseworthy effort of English scholarship as to technique; but the interest and importance of the subject extend far beyond the limited circle of the specialists. This papyri-find is truly amazing. Here we have before us the carefully translated contents of documents issuing from a Jewish military station or colony, under the Persian *raj*, in the south of Egypt precisely contemporary with the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, from whose literary reform Judaism, as we know it to-day, dates. How does the unpremeditated history contained in these documents compare with the received contemporary Biblical account? The colony lived on equal terms with the Egyptians, transacted business with them and intermarried. For long the Jews lived on good terms with their fellow-citizens, but their colony was finally brought to an end by a pogrom. The cause of the pogrom is obscure; but probably their animal sacrifices and their holding aloof in religious matters and from the common pursuits of their neighbours aroused anti-Jewish feeling. The internal affairs of the community were managed by a head-man and 'his colleagues the priests.' Religiously, the state of affairs in the colony may with great probability be taken to represent more or less what went on in Judæa before the days of the Ezra-reform. The colonists, says Dr. Cowley in his Introduction, "regarded themselves as specially devoted to the worship of the national God, whom they called YHV. This . . . is not an abbreviation of YHVH, but an earlier form, and only another way of writing the earliest form YV. As the H seems to be a mere vowel sign, or perhaps *hamza*, I have adopted here the transliteration *Ya'u*, as an approximate pronunciation, rather than the customary *Yahu* or *Yeho*, which are no forms." Compare this with the Greek magical *Iaō* and the Gnostic *Ieou* (which I have transliterated by *Yew* in the

translation of *Pistis Sophia*). In any case the famous and mysterious Tetragrammaton, YHWH, is a far later convention. Among the colonists he is called simply 'Ya'u the God,' but in dealings with the Persians 'the God of heaven' or 'Ya'u the God of heaven.' It seems that besides Ya'u they recognized four other 'gods'—'Anath, Bethel, Ishum and Herem. And Dr. Cowley points out that it is at least a coincidence that there were five gates to the temple. For they had a temple, and an elaborate service of sacrifice; and if so, there were probably other temples in other colonies. For they had no suspicion that there was anything heretical or schismatic about their temple, as was the case with the Onias-temple at Leontopolis, built in 154 B.C., 300 years after the Ezra-reform and new orthodoxy. Can they have been 'Samaritans'? Again, 'gods' (*alhia*) are mentioned in the texts, and that too as subject to the verb in the plural; so that the originality of the plural of majesty (=singular) convention of the Hebrew Elohim is considerably discounted. The description in Jeremiah of the religious practices of the Jews in Egypt in his time is corroborated by our century-later texts. It was no new heresy, says Dr. Cowley, they had invented—but, as Jeremiah says, they did "as we have done, we and our fathers . . . in the cities of Judah." We have then here before us in highest probability a picture of a phase of the old religion of pre-exilic Judah. The sacrifices of our colonists were offered by priests; but nowhere are they called sons of Aaron or is there any mention of an order of Levites. Again, as far as our texts are concerned, "Moses might never have existed, there might have been no bondage in Egypt, no exodus, no monarchy, no prophets. There is no mention of other tribes and no claim to any heritage in the land of Judah. Among the numerous names of colonists, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, so common in later times, never occur (nor in Nehemiah), nor any other name derived from their past history as recorded in the Pentateuch and early literature. It is almost incredible, but it is true." Not only so, but the Sabbath is nowhere noticed. All this is negative evidence, and the argument *e silentio* has often been subsequently found a dangerous weapon; nevertheless it gives the impartial historian furiously to think, for we are not dealing with an isolated document, but with some fourscore papyri, of which about a quarter only are fragmentary.

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THE QUEST



THE HINDU IDEA OF GOD.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., King George V. Professor
of Philosophy, University of Calcutta.

I.

THE Vedic seers were probably the "first that ever burst into that silent sea" of the Supreme Beyond. They had the sense of the Eternal, of that which was, is, and ever will be, lying behind all changes of nature and history. The Eternal is the one great fact behind the play of the universe. It is the explanation of the created world, which is not in itself. The beauty, love and power of the world are but transient. The abiding home of all values is behind the temporal and above the visible, in the Eternal and the Invisible. From the time of the Vedic Aryans the philosophy of India has been one continuous protest against the absolute-ness of the world, and the religion of India has been one persistent yearning for the *Sat* or the Real, for the *Jyoti* or the Light, for the *Amṛtam* or the Life Eternal. The impulse of religion has expressed itself in the endeavour to win a foothold in the eternal realm, from which to dominate and transmute the life of time.

Religion in India is a matter of life or experience. Those who detach themselves from worldly desires, who purify their understandings, who raise their souls to the level of Spirit, who are pure in heart, *see* God. This sight (*darśana*), this experience (*anubhava*), carries its own proof and justification. Logical accounts of God fail to do justice to Him. No idea, not even that of the Absolute, can exhaust the mystery of God. God is in His heaven and man on earth, and he cannot find the true being of God from his lower level. It outruns his powers of intellectual formulation. "No being can conceive distinctly the inconceivable Supreme," says Vyāsa. God as He is in Himself (*Parabrahman*) is indescribable. No names can be given Him and no statements made about Him. All qualities fall short of Him who so infinitely excels them. The inadequacy of logical categories is expressed by such characterisations of the Supreme as 'devoid of qualities' (*nirguṇa*). All idols and images into which we attempt to force the Real require to be rejected. All definitions of God are relative, being only partial symbols of ideas which the human mind cannot grasp in their entirety. This is the significance of the Upaniṣad when saying, the Supreme is 'not this, not this.' It does not, however, mean that the highest reality is the cold abstraction of a purely blank Almighty.

Those who take their stand on this view of the Highest, declare that the world has no basis apart from the Supreme Brahman, though it makes no real change in the nature of the Supreme. The exact manner in which the Supreme Brahman and the world, which, while depending on It, makes no real change to It, are related, is indescribable—*māyā* or mysterious.

II.

The Reality which is the essence of religion has to be clothed in mythical and symbolic form, if it is to be formulated and conveyed to others. Logic and language are the only available instruments, however inadequate, for the expression and communication of truth. "We are compelled," complains St. Hilary, "to attempt what is unattainable, to climb where we cannot reach, to speak what we cannot utter: instead of the mere adoration of faith, we are compelled to entrust the deep things of religion to the perils of human expression."¹ Philosophy is forced to exhibit the essential nature of God in terms of our experience. The highest life we know is that of personality. We are obliged to represent God as a personal Spirit endowed with the power to create, maintain and destroy the world. We here get the conception of God as Perfect Personality (*Puruṣottama*), who is not so much God as He is in Himself as God in relation to the world. The relation between God and the world is no more one of mystery. In the *Viṣṇu Purāṇa* Maitreya asks Parāśara: "How can creative agency be attributed to that Brahman, who is without qualities, illimitable, pure and free from imperfection?" And the answer is given in these words: "Seeing that the potencies of all existences are grasped only through the knowledge of that Brahman which is beyond reasoning, creation and the like potencies, are in Brahman even as heat, O Chief of the sages, is inherent in fire" (I. 3). When the Supreme Godhead is envisaged as a personal Īśvara, the world is said to be the manifestation of the nature of God. The intelligent Soul and the non-

¹ See Bishop Gore's *Bampton Lectures*, 1891, pp. 105-6.

intelligent Nature (*Cit* and *Acit*) are regarded as the very nature of God, which become manifest and unmanifest through the force of time (*V.P.* I. ii. 15). Hindu philosophers make no pretence to exhaust the depths of the Divine Mystery. They hold that for practical religion the absolute Brahman will have to be viewed as a personal *Īśvara*.

III.

Admitting that "all this is verily Personal Spirit" (*Puruṣa evedam sarvam*), the question remains: What are the characteristics of personal life which we find in the Supreme Reality? Human personality is a complex of cognition, emotion, and will; and Divine Personality must possess the prototypes of these qualities. God is Truth (*Brahmā*); God is Love (*Viṣṇu*); God is Power or Perfection (*Śiva*). The conception of this *Trimūrti* brings out how God is the unity of Wisdom, Love and Goodness. It shows how the functions of God in relation to the world are those of creation, redemption, and judgment. It also indicates that man's attitude to God may be one of cognitive meditation directed to God as Truth or Eternal Reason, or emotional worship of and devotion to God as Love, or ethical Submission to God as the Judge of the World.

IV.

Personal life is a life of relationship, of the subject to the object. God as Eternal Mind posits an Eternal Object for His contemplation. The spirit of ideation responsible for the projection of the world, the Reason of God, is *Brahmā*. God creates through His Thought. Plato's ideas, Hegel's universals, are the logical pre-

suppositions of the world. Brahmā is the home of all ideal forms. "From severe *tapas* (brooding) were born eternal law and truth. Then was the night produced, and thence the flood of the sea."¹ The thoughts of God, the logical universals (the *ṛta* and the *satya*), these are the condition on which the creation of the world depends. The expression of the Thought is the Word. The Vedas contain the thoughts of God and are therefore said to be eternal: "*Vedā brahmātmā viṣayā*."² They are called *Śabda Brahmā*. Prior to the creation of the world, we have Idea and Word. "He uttered the word 'earth' and then created the earth." "Word is without beginning or end. She (Word or *Vāk*) is eternal. Brahmā first uttered her in the form of the divine Vedas. Thence arose all the ideas, the names and forms of beings and the impulse of their actions. From the words of the Vedas He first created the different entities." God before the creation of the world cannot be a simple thinking subject. He is also the Great Artist. Plato also argues that the rational order of the universe reflects the mind of God (713E, Jowett), and that God has created and upholds the universe in the manner of an artist (903 *ib.*). Supreme artistic enjoyment lies in the creation and maintenance of values. That is why Brahmā is impelled to create things and persons. "Alone God never enjoyeth. He desired a second."³ Eternity, it is well said, is in love with the productions of time.

Brahmā as creator casts off all non-existence and

¹ *Rg Veda*, x. 190.1.

² *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*, ii. 21-35.

³ *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, I. iv. 3.

makes all live and thrive. Creation implies non-existence to be transformed into existence. "Whilst He (Brahmā) previous to the beginning of Kalpas (æons) was meditating on creation, there appeared a creation beginning with ignorance and consisting of darkness."¹ The Absolute as Reason, according to Hegel, posits Nature. When Brahmā thinks, His thoughts impinge on emptiness or darkness (*tamas*), and are flung back as from a repellent substance. This non-being constitutes a check to the welling-forth of authentic existence.² Sarasvatī, the consort of Brahmā, the Goddess of learning or the energy which guides the expansive processes, is represented as having a *vīṇā* in her hand, to the accompaniment of which she sings the Song of Creation. She sends out sounds into the emptiness. The transmutations of the eternal ideas of Brahmā into the things of the world begin with the vibrations (*nāda*) set up in the original Silence as still as death. The words (*varṇa*) actualize themselves through empty space as gross (*bindu*) or formed things (*rūpa*). Since the silence opposes the production of sound, since the emptiness resists the formation of things, the transformation of the eternal ideas into the plane of space-time is a gradual one. The first stages of the world are, in the phrase of Hegel, a Bacchantic dance, purely fortuitous happenings. Creation is a gradual process where all things yearn towards their ideal forms. Existence is in process of continual development through the ages from the less to the more, from the unconscious to the conscious, from the good to the better. Creation is a continuous evolution.

¹ *Viṣṇu Purāṇas*, I. v. 4.

² See Plotinus, *Enneads*, III. vi. 17.

It is not possible to develop here all the implications of this view of creation. One or two points, however, may be noted. The world is founded on the nature of God. Creation is not a definite event in time. It is co-eternal with God. The conception of Brahmā brings out the eternal nature of the Divine as self-communicating Life, the Infinitude of God and His eternal Productivity (“*Bṛhmatīti Brahmā*”). He is the Light who eternally pours forth, the Great Forefather (*Pitāmaha*), the Father of us all (*Prajāpati*), He who contains the essence of this shining world (*Hiraṇyagarbha*), the Self-existent (*Svayambhū*), He who sustains us all (*Dhatā*) and the Creator (*Sraṣṭa*). The exuberant energy of God overflows into creation. Creative activity, which may be regarded as the lyrical utterance (*līlā*) of God or His artistic expression, does not mean that it is nothing more than dramatic enjoyment without any purpose. The metaphor is intended to bring out the unity of Life, its beauty and perfection. The Universe is one and inseparable from the Great Heart at its centre which supplies its life's stream. It is the function of Brahmā to produce eternally, to communicate Himself, to give forth thoughts which become things, when they meet with the resisting obstacle of no-thought. The thoughts of God become the things of the world. As St. John says, the Word becomes in creation *existence*. The process of creation has its eternal analogue in the uncreated nature of Brahmā. Everything that happens in the world has its law there. The world-form, or *viśvarūpa*, revealed to Arjuna showed him how, in the ideal plan of God, the deaths of the great warriors of the opposite side were ordained, and how Arjuna was only an instrument in the execution of *the plan* (*Bh. G.* xi. 33, 34). So,

even if all things of the world pass into nothingness, there would be, logically speaking, no loss of the essential being of God.

In the period of the Upaniṣads, the greatest stress was laid on the 'Truth' aspect of the Absolute. Man's attitude to God was one of meditation and faith. Faith (*śraddhā*) was the central characteristic of the religious soul. "The man of faith acquires wisdom" (*Ib.* iv. 39). The methods of *Jñāna* and *Yoga* help us to pierce behind the veil of the world, grasp the Infinite Truth and become fixed upon it. The Upaniṣad says: "The bow is the *praṇava* (the utterance *Aum* which helps mental concentration), the soul is the arrow and Brahmā is the target."

The things of the world represent the eternal ideas of God in a lower form, ever struggling to throw off their imperfections and reflect the perfect archetypes existing beyond time in the Divine Mind. The cosmic process is a continuous evolution, in which things develop new and higher qualities in conflict with the old ones. Life rises out of matter and consciousness out of life. But the creative activity of God cannot cease, until it manifests sons of God. We are all children of immortality (*amṛtasya putrāḥ*), or in the Christian phrase sons of God. The essence of sonship lies in the revelation of the Father. The fruit secretly hidden in the seed is the manifestation of God. This is the aim of creation, and until it is realized, Brahmā's activity does not cease. The inorganic and the organic are but phases which have to be surpassed, since they are not conscious of their dependence on God. Though all created things have God for their Father, only man is made in the image of God, and he alone can express fully the character of

God. He alone can recognize his sonship, obey the Father and thus fully reveal the truth of things. Nature, inorganic and organic, animal world and human society are all indispensable stages in the upward ascent to the Divine Revelation. Matter (*anna*), life (*prāṇa*) or consciousness (*manas*) and intelligence (*vijñāna*) culminate in the self-revelation of God as love (*ānanda*).¹

V.

The evolution of the world implies the immanence of God. God is not simply the creator of the world, but is also its guiding principle. "He pervades the whole universe, having created it." According to the *Padma Purāṇa*, Viṣṇu denotes that aspect of godhead which combines with, or enters into nature (*prakṛti*). Viṣṇu is so called because He is all-pervading. Lakshmī, who sees all, is His consort. He is all forms. According to the *Mahābhārata*, Viṣṇu is called Vāsudeva since "He causes all things to dwell in Him and He abides in all." Viṣṇu is the principle of the life of the world and the ground of its progress. By virtue of God's presence in us we are able to expand to the ideals of love and wisdom. These values appeal to us, since they constitute our true nature. Man has it in him to grow upward, since God does not stand outside the nature of man. God so loves the world that He gives Himself to it. He is vitally present in the world, working to take back the life of all His members into Himself.

The process of evolution becomes complicated by the appearance of moral personalities. The drama of history becomes intense with interest, the moment

¹ See *Taittirīya Upaniṣad*, iii.

man appears on the scene. He is endowed with freedom to choose the principle of the best, and thus attain the immortal destiny for which he is intended. As the *Gītā* says: "The creator God created man along with the law of sacrifice." Through its observance the individual realizes his desires. Since God did not want us to be simple puppets controlled by Him absolutely, He endowed us with freedom to create values of truth, beauty and goodness. The *Vishṇu Tattvam* says: "The wonderful machinery of the body consisting of hands and feet, etc., is given by God for dedication to Him." Cp. Tennyson's "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." This freedom implies the possibility of going wrong. Men often turn to tragedy, what is meant for glory. God in communicating His nature to us makes us sharers in His creative power. We forget the law of sacrifice, forget that we are instruments in the plan of God, worship darkness and allow ourselves to be possessed by pride.

" Look !

Am I not God ? Make I not goodly cheer ?
Is not my fortune famous, brave and great ?
Rich am I, proudly born ! what other men
Live like unto me ? Kill, then, for sacrifice !
Cast largesse, and be merry ! "

(*Bh. G.* xvi. 14 ; cp. iii. 2).

What is meant for God is appropriated for selfish ends. "What sin can be more heinous than the sin of the thief who makes away with the soul which is God's ?" ¹ Thus by man's disobedience of the law of God sin and death creep into the world. If the story of Adam's fall is not to be rejected as a simple piece of

¹ *Mahābhārata*, i. 74.28. See also *Bh.-G.*, iii. 12.

folklore, it has to be interpreted on the lines here suggested. God made man free to obey or disobey the law of sacrifice. Adam sinned and fell from his state of innocence. In Hindu mythology, the *devas* are those who, conscious of their divine origin and destiny, obey the law of sacrifice, and thus help the creation and maintenance of spiritual values. The *asuras* are those who have lost their sense of the Eternal,¹ and are subject to pride, lust and selfishness. God's plan for the world admits the possibility of error and evil, which impel the functions of redemption and judgment.

"The All-great is the All-loving too." "All that is bare He covers, all that is sick He cures. By His grace the blind man sees and the lame walks." "With thee for our friend we will not fear or feel fatigue."² He is the support of all life. "Communicate to us, O Lord of Life, Thy dear, Thy very dearest form. Give us the healing balm Thou hast, so that we may live."³ Vishnu is the abiding spirit, who everywhere operates as the enemy of the wicked and a help for the good. His activity cannot cease until every man becomes a son of God. When we refuse to own God's creatorship, He helps us to a knowledge of the Real. He pours forth the whole wealth of His love to actualize His intentions for us. He takes up the burden of helping us to resist the forces of evil, error and ugliness, and transmute them into truth, beauty and goodness. He makes possible all progress from nature to spirit. He is the nourisher of the world, who reveals to us the shaping power of reason (*satya*), the binding together

¹ They are called *pūrvādevāh* or those who formerly had a sense of their divine origin and destiny.

² *Rg Veda*, viii. 79.2; viii. 4.7.

³ *Atharva Veda*, xi. 4.9.

of things with eternal ideas and the principle (*dharma*) of the Good, in Plato's phrase, which controls the universe, the bond of love according to Goethe, which gives a direction to the whole, and accounts for the persistent effort after the realization of what is best (*Īśā Up.*, 15). He endows man with the love of the ideal. He tries to help the good in its battlings with evil. The strife of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the all but victorious revolt of Satan against Jehovah, the torturing of the fire-bringer Prometheus, represent the critical phases of the struggle between the forces of good and evil, symbolized by the repeated conflicts of the *devas* and the *asuras*, in which Vishnu takes invariably the side of the *devas*. Vishnu is the atoning Love, which is unwearyingly creating good out of evil. The redemptive function of God is an incessant activity, though it becomes emphasized when the moral order is sharply disturbed. Vishnu is the power hidden behind nature, manifesting Himself in striking forms whenever new adjustments have to be brought about. These special revelations are called in Hindu mythology *avatārs* or descents of God. The popular view holds that, when darkness gathers, the waters deepen and things threaten to collapse into chaos, God Himself becomes personally incarnate in a unique and complete way. But the continuous urge of spiritual life, the growing revelation of ends in which the Life Divine comes to its own, the immanent law which constitutes the unity of the world and conditions the interaction of its several elements, are not consistent with the conception of unique revelations of complete Godhead on earth. Hindu thought emphasizes the immanent presence of God, and declares that the whole movement directed towards the realization of potentialities is a continuous incarna-

tion of God. It is, however, true that the manifestation of spiritual values may be viewed either as the revelation of God or the realization of the capacities of man. The two, God's revelation and man's realization, though distinguishable, are inseparable from one another. They are two aspects of one process. Lives like those of Gautama and Jesus point out how we can overcome sin and selfishness, by revealing to us the great fact of God and the nature of the world as a temple of God. They achieve for human life what human life has done for nature below. Vishṇu, or the God of Love, is supposed to assume these earthly forms and submit to all kinds of limitations. Vishṇu is called Nārāyaṇa since He assumes the form of men. "Vishṇu verily is the sacrifice" (*Yajño vai Viṣṇuḥ*). The great story of Life on earth is in a sense the martyrdom of God. The conception of Vishṇu lays stress on the love of God, the love which lives through dying and grows strong through sacrifice.

Though, in the unending strife of good with evil, victory is certain for the forces of goodness, still the time of its arrival is conditional upon man's use of his freedom. The universe created by Brahmā is an ordered one, and there are laws according to which God's redeeming activity takes place. He is ever ready to help us, though our selfishness erects barriers against the operation of His grace. Our selfishness barricades us from the persistent pressure of His love. Hindu mythology looks upon God as an eternal beggar waiting for the opening of the door, that He may enter and illumine the whole horizon of our being as with a lightning flash. It is not so much man seeking God as God seeking man. He is often addressed as Father. "Dear Friend and Father, caring for the pious, who

art always nigh to help, and who inspirest mortals, pardon, we pray, this sin of ours.”¹ “Even if, O merciful Lord, I neglect Thy law, owing to my ignorance, be gracious to me as a father is to his son (*piteva sūnave*).”² In all sinful conduct we are striking the author of our being in the face. Sin is not so much a breach of law as unfilial feeling or betrayal of God. By utter devotion to God we regain our lost sonship, when we are lifted out of the simple expediency of utilitarianism into the religion of Joy. If we live in the consciousness of God, we cannot sin. What is expected of man is utter devotion (*bhakti*) to God, and Viṣṇu is at the service of his devotees. He is the Refuge of the distressed, the Support of the supportless, the great Healer who removes the grief of those who repent and humble themselves before Him, as His name *Pranātārthihara* indicates. He is easily pleased. “Even if the very wicked worship me with devotion to none else, he should be regarded as good, for he has rightly resolved. Soon does he become righteous and attain to eternal peace. Boldly canst thou proclaim that my devotee is never destroyed” (*Bh. G.* ix. 30, 31). This view is sometimes put in an exaggerated form. The *Garuda Purāṇasāroddhāra* says (viii.): “Viṣṇu meditated upon even by one who has evil thoughts, takes away all sins as fire burns even though accidentally touched.” It shows the intense solicitude of God to save all. The much abused circle-dance (*rāsālīlā*) is intended to bring out how divine love is so supremely perfect, that the universality of its range over all

¹ *Rg. V.* i. 31.16.

² *Rg. V.* x. 25.3. See also i. 1.9; i. 31.10; i. 31.14; ii. 1.9; ii. 33.12; iii. 53.2; iii. 54.9; v. 3.10; v. 4.2; viii. 1.6; viii. 98.11; vii. 29.4; viii. 75.16; viii. 52.5; x. 7.3; x. 33.3; x. 48.1; x. 186.2; *Atharva*, xi. 4.10; *Yajurveda* xxxii. 10; xxxvii. 20.

creatures does not take away from the intensity of its hold on or application to each particular individual. The love of God forgets no individual, high or low. To Vishṇu, the Lord of Love, none is lost for ever. All that is best and greatest in man, all that he is capable of becoming, exists potentially in him, even as flower, leaf and fruit are hidden implicitly in the seedling; and until the promise of every being is fulfilled, the redemptive work of God does not cease. The vilest sinner has hope of redemption, if he abandons his past and turns to God. As every saint has had a past, so has every sinner a future. The great teachers of mankind proclaim the eternal glory of God in man, and adopt an attitude of unspeakable love and compassion to the common criminals and the social outcasts.

Those who approach the problem of God from the side of feeling, regard God as Love and declare that *bhakti*, or emotional self-surrender, is the path to salvation. The Purāṇas are full of stories of individuals who gained ultimate peace through this path. Nārada won salvation by singing the glory of God, Śabarī by service, Prahlāda by intense faith and Vyāsa by authorship.

VI.

God is not simply Truth and Love but also Justice. He is the Judge, the Vindicator of all righteousness, *sāśvata dharma goptā*, according to the *Gītā*. Shiva stands for the volitional side of God's nature; and the will of Shiva is not fulfilled except in the production of an eternally satisfying object. He is the embodiment of perfection, sternly rejecting all forms of evil. Moral goodness belongs to the world of struggle, which is not ultimate. Only when perfection, or goodness, has

destroyed its antagonistic principle, has it its home in eternity. Shiva is our pledge that there is no ultimate dualism between good and evil. God is all, and evil will be nothing. Here and there for a time evil may seem to succeed against the good; but God will triumph in the end. Shiva, the Judge, will consume all dross and re-establish the throne of God. The waves may toss and break, but they shall not prevail against the ocean. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," says Jesus, who has confidence in the indestructibility of the good and the doom of all evil. Jesus believes in God as Shiva or Perfection.

Shiva is the Sovereign of the world, treating the good and the evil as they deserve. He cannot love the sinner as a sinner, His righteousness cannot deny itself. God as Truth and Constancy must deal with us as we are. When we have sinned, He cannot treat us as if we had not sinned. The wrath of God is a necessary implication of the righteousness of God. The constancy of the Divine Nature reveals itself even in the punishment of the wicked by the offended God. God works through fixed laws. He does not care to exalt Himself by violating the principles of the world, and thus condemning His own creation. Shiva in the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* is called the Controller of Karma (*Karmādyakṣaḥ*). The law of *karma* is not the Greek *anankē*, the blind *heimarmenē*, the fate that rules Gods and men, as the supreme principle of the universe. Shiva is the Lord of Karma, which is the principle of a spiritually-fashioned world. The law of Karma does not imply that the world is a mechanically closed system of rigid natural law, for it works in obedience to the will of Shiva. When the sin of a man is consumed, he becomes perfect, and realizes his one-

ness with God. He then exclaims: "I am Shiva" ("Śivo'ham"); "I and my Father are one." Shiva is the goal of all our endeavours. He is called Giver of happiness (Śambhū); Holder of the trident (Śūlī); Judge at the time of dissolution (Śarva); Conqueror of death (Mr̥tyuñjaya); Devourer of all evil (Hara); the Fierce (Bhīma); He who makes the sinful weep (Rudra). He is described as the Destroyer of the triple city of the *asuras*. He is the God of war invoked along with his retinue (*gaṇa*'s) by the brave who live by the bow, the sword and the spear; and yet is He the greatest Physician, the Healer of the divers diseases of men. He is figured wearing long matted hair (the *Kapardin*), and armed with bow, arrows and swords. The destructive power of fire seems to have been at the root of the Shiva-cult.¹ In the *Atharva Veda* Shiva is identified with Agni and Liṅga. The latter is often confused with the phallus, though it is really the symbol of the pillar of fire. Anger is a quality attributed to Shiva.² Shiva is not so much the beneficent father who loves us, as the severe task-master who expects of us austere lives.

VII.

The creation by Brahmā is not a single event in the past, but an eternal relation to an object whose temporal manifestation is a continuous process. The infinitude of Viṣṇu's love causes an incessant outpouring, enabling the creatures created by Brahmā to shape themselves in the likeness of the ideal, overcoming the false forms which tempt them all along the

¹ Muir, *Ancient Sanskrit Texts*, ix. 298.

² *Bhāgavata*, x. 15; x. 7.29; x. 76.12.

road. Shiva, the Judge, is ever active, casting off the evil forms and consuming all hatred and wickedness. The same God creates as Brahmā, redeems as Vishṇu, and judges as Shiva. In fact, creation, redemption and judgment are different names of the one fact of God-realization, the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth or the creation and maintenance of the spiritual values of Truth, Beauty and Goodness. They represent the three stages of the promise, the law and the fulfilment of the promise. Brahmā starts the process, Vishṇu actively helps the realizing of the ideal through the overcoming of all opposition, and Shiva signifies the victorious self-maintenance of the good. God is the author, the inherent life and the final goal of all this world. He is Brahmā, Vishṇu and Shiva in one. We see God in the order and beauty of nature, in the innocent love of man, as well as in the fierce tragedies of life. The source from which all things come, that by which they are sustained and that into which they enter, are one.¹ Brahmā, Vishṇu and Shiva are the three ways in which the One Supreme is viewed by man's understanding. God is at once the embodiment of the absolute values of logic, æsthetics and ethics, Truth, Love and Justice, Infinitude, Grace and Sovereignty. Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Shiva are the three functional representations of the One Supreme. "Though diversified as threefold, the Lord is yet one." The *Bhāgavata* says (vii. 54): "He attains peace who sees no difference among the three who are one in nature and who are the self of all." "Adoration to Him who as Brahmā creates the universe, who as Vishṇu guides it in its career, who ends it as Rudra at the end of the age, to Thee who art threefold."

¹ Cp. *Taittiriya Up.* iii.

Again: "Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas are the three qualities of Prakṛti; united with these, the One Supreme bears for the sake of creation and the rest the names of Hari, Virinci and Hara" (*Ib.* ii. 23). According to the *Kūrma Purāṇa*: "He is called Hara as He destroys all, Viṣṇu as He fills all, Sarvajña as He knows all, and Aum as He protects all."¹ The *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa* states: "As the one all-pervading spirit is distinguished by attributes in creation and the rest, so He obtains the denomination of Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Shiva. As Brahmā, He creates the worlds, as Rudra He destroys them, as Viṣṇu He is quiescent. These are the three moods (hypostases) of the self-born. Brahmā is the quality of *rajas*, Rudra of *tamas*, and Viṣṇu of *sattva*. So therefore the three Gods are the three qualities. They are ever combined with and dependent upon one another, and they are never for an instant separate. They never quit each other." These qualities involve one another. Whether we start with the quality of infinitude, love or sovereignty, the others are inevitably implied. Hindu mythology attempts to bring out these mutual implications through image and symbol. When you start with God as truth, love and judgment are necessarily implied by it. The *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* says that Shiva is the eldest son of Brahmā. Vaishṇava scriptures exalt the conception of Viṣṇu or God as Love and make Him one with the Supreme. "Viṣṇu as creator creates Himself, as preserver preserves Himself, as destroyer destroys Himself at the end of all things" (*V. P.* i. 2). "The world was produced from Viṣṇu. It exists in Him. He is the cause of its continuance and its cessation. He is the world" (*Ib.* i. 1). Love is the motive of all creation, for

¹ See also *Bh. Gītā*, vii. 6; ix. 17, 18; x. 20.

Brahmā the creator is but the son of Vishṇu. Shiva, in whom God's love becomes victorious, is said to be an aspect of Vishṇu. It is Love that creates us, Love that works behind all the groaning and travailing of creation ; and beyond it all we find the victory of God as Love. The *Mahābhārata* says that "Vishṇu Brahmā, the King of Kings, is the One Ruler. He is Śambhu and Prajāpati." The *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* makes Shiva the Supreme Being. When we start with the sovereignty of God or His constancy, truth and love are derived from it. Shiva is supposed to have created Brahmā, and made a gift of the Vedas to Him (*V. P.* vi. 8). The conception of Shiva as Natarāja brings out His creative activity. When darkness was on the face of the earth, Shiva took his drum (*damaru*) and whirled it round and round, and musical sounds spread through the silence, and things sprang into life and activity. The Śaiva Siddhānta holds that Shiva is another name for Grace (*Arul*). "Without grace there is no Śivam" (*Sivajñāna Siddhī*). "The ignorant think that love and Śivam are twain" (*Tirumūlar*). Maikāṇḍadevar declares: "To the eyes of His saints, the Lord is seen to be one with His grace, just as the sun and its light appear as one to the eye." That famous work *Tiruvācagam* refers to Shiva as the Sea of Grace.

It is thus clear that we have the same idea of God, though our modes of address may differ. As the human personality is a unity of cognition, feeling and will, even so is God a unity of Truth, Love, and Justice. God is not a unity that splits itself up into three separate beings. Brahmā does not first create a chaos which later works to some order through the loving guidance of Vishṇu and the great power of Shiva. These are simply the three fundamental aspects of the evolu-

tion of the cosmos. The apparent independence with which the three functions of the Divine operate, has led to the misleading conception of tritheism. We are also inclined to attribute to God passions, changes of feeling and emotional attitudes, like those of love and anger. But God, strictly speaking, is never moved by emotions. We qualify Him with the attributes of love and anger, to denote the different ways in which He responds to the conduct of men. When He helps the righteous soul, we call Him the Saviour of man, the Lover of the good. When He exercises His authority to repress wrong-doing, we speak of Him as a wrathful and angry being. Our ideas of God are necessarily anthropomorphic. Personality is the highest we know; and the emotions of love and anger with which we are familiar in ourselves, are applied to God. But if God is personal, He is not personal in our way. If He has the emotions of anger and love, it cannot certainly be in the way in which we have them. Anthropomorphism is responsible for a good deal of confusion in theology. It is sometimes maintained, rather crudely, that God, as the embodiment of anger, rages, storms and threatens; then God, as the embodiment of love, sends His son to undergo suffering for the sake of the people, whom God had been threatening to destroy in another mood. But God does not function in such fractions. The different elements of the Divine Nature are not opposed to one another. Truth, Love and Justice are qualities of One Being besides whom there is no second. As the *Vishṇu Purāṇa* says: "There is no second to the Supreme Spirit. All is due to Brahman. He is even the seat of the world-illusion." The Hindu worshipper is conscious that God is something much greater and more comprehensive than the personal

being who possesses the qualities of wisdom, power and love. Personality is an inadequate image of the Divine, and it is better to think of God as super-personal, though whatever is of value in personality is found in the nature of God. Some Indian philosophers rightly argue that the type of personality with which we are familiar, is ultimately connected with a finite organism, and therefore it is difficult to say how much of it is retained in the nature of God. Śaṅkara holds that it is our anthropomorphism that inclines us to attribute personality to God, though this concept brings out the value of God for practical religion. His hesitation to accept personality as the highest category, proceeds from a heightened rather than a lowered estimate of God's nature.

It is this God, superior to all the categories of the intellect, that the Hindu philosopher has in mind whenever he thinks of the Supreme. When he is asked to define it, he reduces it to a complex of will, cognition and feeling (*sat*, *cit* and *ānanda*). God is Light and there is no darkness in Him. God is Life and death cannot take us out of His care. God is Spirit and evil powers cannot prevail against Him. Call Him by what name you please, Jehovah, the Father in Heaven, Allah, Vishnu or Shiva, the underlying idea has the same content.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN.

THE DEEPER NOTES IN THE THOUGHT OF OUR TIME.

REV. A. J. BROWN.

IN one of his best known poems James Russell Lowell makes mention of the slowly-writ 'bible of the race.' The lines that follow show that he is not thinking of a book or books. Behind the phrase there lies the idea of man's convictions, intuitions, hopes and yearnings, whatever be the medium in which they find their utterance. Art and Music, not less than Literature, are records of the inner life of mankind. For the moment, however, we may be content to accept the suggestion that all that man writes goes to make one sacred volume, the revelation of man.

Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

The present purpose is to enquire what contribution to this slowly written bible of the race our own generation has made.

We are told that the vagaries of our English weather are due to the meeting, about our shores, of two ocean-currents, one warm, from the south, the other cold, from the north. There is an analogous phenomenon in the world of thought. There are two currents. In every age they meet and mingle. Never thus far has the one quite annulled or neutralized the other. One sets from deep, warm seas, and it is

composed of the hopes and faiths and idealisms of the spirit of man. The other comes from the domain of the ice-king, and it is made up of questionings, doubts, denials. The one is strong in its affirmation. It has faith, faith in the rationality of the universe, in the progress of mankind, in a principle of righteousness enthroned at the heart of things and sooner or later vindicating itself triumphantly. The other confronts our convictions with baffling objections, breathes on our hope the chill of vague misgiving. Now it needs both sunshine and snow to make our world, and if the tropics are part of this planet, so too is the arctic zone. Man being what he is, we shall always have the current from the north as well as the current from the south. The critical intelligence will never abdicate and will not, for any considerable period, be dormant. It has its indispensable function to perform. Credulity must be kept in check, too hasty inferences must be corrected, the deep-lying foundations of belief must be put to the test. But when this critical tendency prevails, and faith cowers and slinks away beneath doubt's challenge, then we have such a state as Carlyle has described: "Doubt has darkened into unbelief; shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black."

There is one very notable mark of this age of doubt through which we have been living. In contrast with periods that might almost be described as being without a faith, many to-day have *lost* faith. There is a difference here, and it is like that between the gipsy and the exiled king. Both are wanderers, without a settled home, and both alike know hard fare, the rage of the wind, the pitiless stare of strangers. The gipsy, however, finds in these conditions his normal habitude,

while the king finds in them perpetual and tormenting reminders of a vanished inheritance. The one is lack, the other is loss. In the one case, a man lives happily, in the other a man feels the home-sickness and heart-hunger for all the glory of life of which he has been despoiled. The note of our time has been its consciousness, not simply of lack, but of loss, not only of loneliness, but of bereavement, not only of an environment of gloom, but of the sudden surge of blackness that follows on the quenching of a great light. Matthew Arnold, on the beach at Dover, hears the grating of the shingle beneath the drag of the ebbing sea of faith :

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world,

and he is touched with the pathos of the spiritual impoverishment. Arthur Hugh Clough hears the same note in the voice that cries :

Eat, drink and die, for we are souls bereaved ;
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope,
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed.

Romanes speaks for a great part of his generation when he confessed the temporary passing of his faith that thereby for him the universe had lost its soul of loveliness, and talks of the contrast between the hallowed glory of the creed which once was his, and the lonely mystery of existence to which he had been consigned by its departure. These are testimonies of men who, having once known a great hope that made life sacred, could not lightly or without a pang let it go, or ever be whole-heartedly happy without it.

What has been written above describes, however,

a phase that is passing. We are not to-day where Matthew Arnold left us. It begins to be perceived that, if we have a right to doubt our beliefs, we have also a right to doubt our doubts; and that, if it is permitted us to call in question the witness of saints and sages of some thousands of years ago, it may be wise for us to examine not less critically our own findings of yesterday. Thought has become chastened and humble. The sense of mystery is coming back. There is a 'Renaissance of Wonder.' Materialism built the universe on the atom.

Everything (said R. K. Duncan, in *The New Knowledge*) everything in the universe of world and stars is made of atoms. Men and women, mice and elephants, the belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, are one and all but ever-shifting, ever-varying swarms of atoms. Every mechanical work of earth, air, fire and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valour, what is it all, pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another?

But then, just as the universe had been resolved into atoms, there came the discovery that the atom is itself a universe. So there breaks upon the mind the vision of a system of things that is infinite at both ends, infinite in the direction in which the telescope points and infinite in the direction in which the microscope points, one in which we can neither comprehend the sum-total nor discover the ultimate irreducible unit; and we have to confess that still every path the mind may travel leaves it face to face with the primal mystery. In 1922 the President of the British Association echoes the confession of Sir Isaac Newton. Not less impressive is the word of J. H. Fabre, after a life-time devoted to earnest study:

It wants but a midge's wing to confound our proudest theories.
. . . Because I have shifted a few grains of sand upon the

shore, am I in a position to understand the abysmal depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the world's archives before we know the last word concerning a gnat.

Further, we have to add to this resurgence of mystery, the re-enthronement of mind. Whatever may be said of the claim of the Spiritualist to put us in communication with the dead, or the claim of the Suggestionist to cure our maladies, there has come along these lines of research a revelation of unsuspected depths in the psychic part of man's nature. We have made the acquaintance of our unconscious self, and have learnt that below the level of our ordinary consciousness, there are faculties that can be directed to most stupendous issues. The inevitable corollary of these discoveries is the doom of materialism. Coming to the close of a period in which the dominant voices were the voices of doubt, we stand in the light of a new vision of the high prerogative of mind. If it be true that man can trace his lineage back without a break to a primordial cell, and past that lowliest form of life to the soft ooze of ocean's bed, then the inorganic has produced not only something greater than itself, but something that belongs to a totally distinct and infinitely higher order. The physical has given birth to the psychical, the material has evolved the spiritual. So, the spirit of doubt that has dominated these latter years, is yielding to a new recognition of the regnant, architectonic, creative place of mind in the whole system of things. It comes to be recognized that to learn the truth about the universe we must contemplate its highest product, that the truth about Nature is involved in the truth about Man, and that to learn the truth about Man we have to take account of his present as well as of his past,

of his attainment and achievement as well as of his starting-point, and see him as one whose essence inheres, not in cellular tissue, but in mental faculty, and who stands with his brows lifted towards the blue skies, greater than all that they ensphere, because he feels and thinks and knows.

We pass, by an easy transition, to observe another note in present-day thought—the note of Discontent. It is a notable characteristic of man that, as soon as he begins to exercise his mental faculty, he begins to quarrel with his environment. The spirit of man rises up in rebellion. Sometimes the revolt is against Nature, as in the famous passage where J. S. Mill avers that in sober truth nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are Nature's every-day performances. Sometimes it is revolt against the apparent rule of chance, sometimes against man's lot of grief and pain, sometimes against the inequalities and anomalies of the social order, or the oppressions and exploitations which the weak suffer at the hands of the strong. These voices of discontent utter themselves in three ways.

The first is the stoical way. Matthew Arnold is here a notable example :

Enough, we live ! and if a life
With large results so little rife
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth :
Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice.

There is also the monastic way. It consists in accepting the ills of life as forming a preparation for another life, purging the spirit, keeping alive a longing for a brighter Beyond. This is Christina Rossetti's way :

This life is full of numbness and of balk,
Of haltingness and baffled shortcoming,
Of promise unfulfilled, of everything
That is puffed vanity and empty talk.
Its very bud hangs cankered on the stalk,
Its very song-bird trails a broken wing,
Its very spring is not indeed like spring,
But sighs like autumn round an aimless walk.
This Life we live is dead, for all its breath,
Death's self it is, set off on pilgrimage,
Travelling with tottering steps the first short stage.
The second stage is one mere desert dust
Where Death sits veiled amid Creation's rust :—
Unveil thy face, O Death, who art not Death.

Once again, life's ills may be viewed in the pessimistic way. What has been written of Thomas Hardy may serve as an account of this attitude :

He has no philosophy of suffering: the hard world is not the anvil whereon souls are beaten into shape: rather are they crushed out of shape and broken. There is no one of Hardy's characters that comes from the furnace of affliction the better for the seven times' trying—that comes forth other than harmed, save only Bathsheba Everdene, and she is in one of the earliest of the novels. Take it as you will, accept or reject, like or dislike—his opinion, a hundred times expressed and everywhere implied, is that life is a lost, inglorious and bloody battle, a wide deep sea of misery with but a very few flowering islands, a gift so doubtful that it were almost a wise man's part to refuse it altogether.

No doubt there are admirers of Hardy who would be reluctant to accept this as an accurate and complete characterization of the writer to whom we owe the

vivid beauty of the Wessex Romances, like *Under the Greenwood Tree* ; but it may be taken as a portrait of the pessimist, the man who sees its ills as inherent in the scheme of life, inseparable from it, purposeless and irremediable. And by way of illustration passages from Hardy's writings immediately occur. He was obsessed by what he termed 'the impishness of circumstance.' It would be unfair to judge him by a single sentence if it were not found to be supported by the trend of the greater part of his work ; but we cannot resist the feeling that the whole spirit of his interpretation of life is in that last sentence, the most bitterly cynical line in modern literature : "The President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess."

All these voices, uttering themselves in the stoical tone, in the monastic tone, in the pessimistic tone, are alike voices of revolt. And regarding them there are, for our present purpose, two things to be said. In the first place we have to be careful that we do not miss the significance of man's discontent as a token of his greatness. Here we find ourselves confronted with convincing evidence that man is something more than a by-product of the world he finds around him. It is reasonable to urge that if by his origin he belonged to it, he would feel himself at home in it, and would not be aware of its wrongness. If we may suppose some tiny particle of a Cheddar cheese to be, by some process incidental to the composition of the cheese, converted into a living cheese-mite, in the cheese and of it, deriving nothing from any other source, it is impossible to conceive of that cheese-mite as quarrelling with the flavour of the cheese or being visited by hankerings after a Stilton or Gorgonzola. A bird whose ancestors, down the long line from the first beginning of bird-life

upon this planet, had known no better lot than captivity, would not to-day be beating its wings against the bars of its cage. Its rebellion against confinement is the witness that its life is derived from progenitors who were enfranchised of the realm of sky, and sang their songs of happy freedom at the gates of the morning. So, as Carlyle said: "Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness." He is tormented by the ideal. Ella Wheeler Wilcox tells of the vision that came to a poet, before whose beauty he cried: "Oh vanish not: thou art the poem I am seeking. I have sought thee long. I claim thee now, for thou art my thought, embodied, living, real." But the fair form shook the tresses from her brow and made reply:

"Nay, nay, I am not for thee alone. I am the spirit of the unattained, the ideal, the phantom of desire, the spirit of all great endeavour. I am the voice that says 'Come higher.' I am the artist's highest dream, the ray of light he cannot prison. I am the sweet ecstatic note that trembles in the singer's throat and dies without a human hearer. I am the good desired but never gained. All shall pursue but none shall claim me."

That torment of the ideal is real, as real as gravitation, as real as toothache, and man's discontent comes of that.

But, again, behind this discontent lies, oftentimes, the purifying emotion of pity. Purifying, for it cleanses the heart of selfishness, and saves us from cynicism; and it is born when our personal feeling is merged in the great sentient heart of humanity. This comes naturally to us. It is conceivable that we might have been so constituted as to find our pleasure in another's pain. There are perverted natures with whom it is so. But to normal humanity it is natural to be pitiful. It is the condemnation of one of the most virile ethics

ever taught amongst men that, while it hardened a man for the uncomplaining endurance of his own lot of pain, it also hardened him for the unpitying contemplation of the pain of others. Roman stoicism enjoined a life of well-doing, but as a matter of calculation, not of feeling. It stood for the strength that shows itself in the suppression of emotion. It exalted clemency, it condemned pity. It enjoined deeds of mercy, it condemned the natural source of the impulses of mercy. "The wise man," said Seneca, "will succour, he will do good, but he will feel no pity. His countenance and his soul will betray no emotion as he looks upon the withered legs, the tattered rags, the bent and emaciated form of the beggar. . . . It is only diseased eyes that grow moist in beholding tears in other eyes." Our own time has witnessed an endeavour to revive this pagan quality of hardness. Nietzsche has tried to persuade our generation that "sympathy for the defective and weak is more harmful than any crime." But this doctrine has failed again, as it failed nineteen hundred years ago, to kindle any light that can lead mankind along its onward way; just because it is a flat denial of the essential facts of man's mental and moral constitution. Life is feeling. The heart can be petrified; but, when it is turned to stone, it can no longer beat. Sentiency is the test of our status in the scale of life. As it climbs upward, life becomes, not less finely sentient, but more so. Part of the price we pay for progress is a more and more exquisite sensitiveness, both to sufferings that fall upon ourselves and to those that are the lot of others. These will ever be felt most acutely and most poignantly by the noblest souls. Therefore we shall be prepared to discover that, all through the literature of the ages,

there sounds the note of pity; and we shall not be surprised to find that the note of pity is fuller and stronger in the thought of our time than it has ever been before. It sounds through the ages. There is a great religion in the East that had its birth, if legend has any worth, in the impulse of pity in the heart of an Indian prince; and still every Buddhist priest is bidden to spend some time every day contemplating the misery of the world, that he may not lose the sense of pity. There comes immediately to mind that sob of Virgil's,—“*Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*” And Virgil's disciple, who goes in his vision on that awful pilgrimage, so sternly strong, so nobly austere, that his footstep scarcely falters as he passes from circle to circle through the Inferno, beside the Stygian marsh, and the burning marl, and the glassy pool of ice, yet weeps as he sets forth on his journey, as he enters the doleful gates, and ever and again upon his way, tells us “o'er powered by pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind was lost.”

But the heart of humanity to-day is also touched with the purifying emotion. Here let John Galsworthy, ‘the apostle of pity,’ be accepted as typical of his time. His readers will at once recall his essay on ‘The House of Silence,’ in which he tells how, of all the horrors of the prison, the silence oppressed him most. “This house of perfect silence is in perfect order. . . . It is all like a well-oiled engine that goes—without a notion why.” Pity for the criminal, pity for the victim of a hopelessly stupid system of punishment, breathes through it all, until at last, when the warder brings him to the ‘jewel room,’ fitted with bracelets, manacles, triangles, the apparatus used in flogging, and tells him the heavy manacles are no longer in use,

he enquires, "the others? and the flogging?" "Only when it is necessary," replies the warder; "we must keep order."

"But," comes the answer of pity, "those heavy chains, they used them once. It was to keep order. Why did they give up using them? Surely because they found that they did not keep order. They never thought that we should be looking at these things and calling them barbarous. I wonder whether, a few years hence, people will be standing here and saying the same thing about these other jewels and triangles, and calling us barbarous for using them."

If this note in the works of John Galsworthy may be taken as typical of our time, as the present writer believes, we have here a ground of hope. Wrongs must be felt before they can be remedied. Strong emotion precedes heroic action. It is true there is a feeble sentiment of pity that spends itself in a sigh. But when pity becomes a surge of mighty emotion, the impulse to action is irresistible. We shall bestir ourselves to relieve distress and abolish all needless pain, when the heart of the individual feels the sufferings of the community, or of any portion of it, as a personal oppression. Pity, in its full tide of power, will bring the golden age.

We have considered the note of doubt and the note of discontent as among the deeper notes of the thought of recent years. One other note remains to be referred to as being even more distinctive of our time. It may be described, rather than defined, as the note of reconciliation. Thus far the history of thought has been a story of controversy. Rival schools have clamoured "The truth is with me." Orthodoxies and heresies have waged their wordy war. The voice of wisdom has been drowned in the babel-din of the

denunciations and recriminations of hostile groups of her votaries. To-day it begins to grow apparent that all earnest seekers after truth, all sincere and honest thinkers, are facing and approaching one centre. Faith grows more reasonable, science more reverent. Men who cherish as their most precious possession the high hopes that make life sacred, recognize the problem and mystery that drive others to despair. Men who have no faith, confess their longing that faith were possible. William Watson writes in his sonnet to Aubrey de Vere:

Not mine your mystic creed : not mine, in prayer
And worship at the ensanguin'd cross to kneel :
But when I mark your path, how pure and fair,
How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel.

Everywhere the formulæ of tradition are yielding to the impact of new knowledge. Old philosophies and ancient creeds are proving inadequate as explanations of a universe that grows vaster and infinitely more wonderful in the clearer light of our time. As we adjust our thought-forms to newly-discovered reality we find that we are approaching one another. The time draws near when earnest thinkers will find themselves together. We climb the hill by various paths : we shall meet on the summit.

This article shall close with an example of this tendency to reconciliation, found in that great 'Voice of the East,' Rabindranath Tagore. He offers us a suggestive commentary on the familiar lines of Kipling :

East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.

He knows how great is the debt the East owes to the West. "I feel certain that if the great light of Culture be extinct in Europe, our horizon in the East will mourn in darkness." But he declares that thus far the West has not sent out its humanity to meet the man in the East, but only its machine. "It has come, not with the imagination and sympathy that create and unite, but with a passion for power and wealth in which lies the principle of separation and of conflict." Therefore he says, the poet's lines should read :

Man is man, machine is machine,
And never the twain shall wed.

But, as a matter of fact, East and West have met, and not in conflict only. (They met, by the way, in Rudyard Kipling.) Occident and Orient make one world. The East has given the West its religion.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains and fertilized by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigour and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he has sat face to face with the Infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is. And the East has to receive from the West the gift of science, the magnificent gift the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as its sky. For centuries the East has neglected the nest-building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But has she then to be told that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet?

The danger of the East is to forget the nest ; the

danger of the West is to forget the sky. Truth includes both. Life needs both.

I can never forget (says Tagore) that scrap of a song I once heard in the early dawn in the midst of the din of the crowd that had collected for a festival the night before. 'Ferryman, take me across to the other shore.' In the bustle of all our work there comes out this cry, 'Take me across!' The carter in India sings while driving his cart, 'Take me across!' The itinerant grocer deals out his goods to his customers and sings, 'Take me across!' We feel we have not reached our goal, and we know with all our striving and toiling we do not come to the end, we do not attain our object.

"Truth needs its sky," may we not add?—"as well as its nest."

And in *Gitanjali*, and elsewhere, Tagore interprets more fully that 'cry of the human.' It is the sob of the finite for the infinite, the cry of the soul in man for such a companion as the soul of another man can never be, and the feeling that without that, man's life is like a "lamp without its light, a violin without its music"; and, beyond the yearning, the testimony that amidst all life's shadows, its heart-breaks, its confusions and calamities, the soul of man has experiences in which it knows that it is not alone. That note, in the thought of our own, as of every time, is the deepest and most persistent note of all.

A. J. BROWN.

SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM THE MANDÆAN JOHN-BOOK.

THE EDITOR.

UNDER the headings of 'The Gnostic John the Baptizer' and 'The First Gnostic Community of John the Baptizer,' in the last two numbers, readers of **THE QUEST** have been made acquainted with all those pieces from the Mandæan 'John-Book' that can be held to have in any sense a historic intention. To these are now added a few extracts of such specimens of the rest of the contents as do not require a commentary. For until we have Lidzbarski's translation of the oldest and most extensive collection of tractates or excerpts, called the *Genzā Rabbā* or *Great Treasury*, comparative work on the documents is out of the question. I am sorry to have to report in this connection that in the present state of financial chaos in Germany the printing of this version is impossible. I find also that my guess at the existing number of the Mandæans, or Sūbbās as the Moslims call them, was erroneous. There are more than a few families. Indeed Siouffi's figure at the end of the eighties of last century, which put them at some 4,000 souls, seems approximately also to represent their present number. There are no statistics; but this is the impression of my informant who has recently been visiting them and studying their rites and customs with great enthusiasm.

In my paper on 'John the Baptizer and Christian

Origins' (July, 1922) I translated 'The Fisher of Souls' tractate from the 'John-Book.' It seemed to me to throw great light on the symbolic phrase of the gospels, indeed to give it a background, and not to be explained in reverse order as the Mandæan expansion of an isolated Christian expression. Other pieces set forth such figures as those of 'The Heavenly Plough' and of 'The Sowers'; but perhaps the most interesting is the saga of 'The Good Shepherd.' Here again it is difficult to believe that it was derived from Christian sources; it seems to be as independent as 'The Fisher of Souls' figure. The 'discourse' runs as follows:

THE GOOD SHEPHERD (J. B., § 11).

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified.

A SHEPHERD am I who loves his sheep; sheep and lambs I watch over. Round my neck [I carry] the sheep; and the sheep from the hamlet stray not. I carry them not to the sea-shore, that they see not the whirl of the water, may not be afraid of the water, and if they are thirsty may not drink of the water.¹ I bear them away [from the sea], and water them with the cup of my hand, until they have drunken their fill. I bring them unto the good fold; and they feed by my side. From the mouth of Euphrates, from the mouth of Euphrates the Radiant,² things of marvellous goodness I brought them. I brought them myrtle, white sesame brought them and brought them bright standards.³ I cleansed them and washed them and made them to smell the sweet odour of Life. I put round them a girdle, at sight of which the wolves tremble. No wolf leaps into our fold; and of no fierce lion need they be alarmed. Of the tempest they need not be frightened; and no thief can break in upon us. A thief breaks not into their fold; and of a knife⁴ they need not be anxious.

¹ The salt, bitter, water of the sea of death and destruction, as opposed to the fresh sweet water, the living water or water of Life.

² Equating with the Heavenly Jordan.

³ All symbolic objects in the cult.

⁴ Sc. the knife or sword of the Angel of Death.

When my sheep were quietly laid down and my head lay there on the threshold, a rift was rent in the height and thunder did thunder behind me. The clouds seized hold one of another, and unchained were the raging tempests. Rain poured down in sheets and hail that smites elephants low, hail that shatters the mountains. And the tempests unchain themselves in an hour.¹ Seas burst forth; they flooded the whole of the world. There, under the water, no one escaped, once he sank from the height as into a gulf. The water swept off everyone who had no wings or no feet.² He speeds on, and knows not he speeds; he goes, and knows not he goes. Thereupon I sprang up and I entered the fold to bear my sheep forth from their place. I saw my eyes full.³ I saw the sea, I saw the fierce-raging tempest, I saw the storm-clouds that send forth no [friendly] greeting the one to the other. Ten-thousand times ten-thousand dragons are in each single cloud. I weep for my sheep, and my sheep weep for themselves. The little lambs are lamenting who cannot come out of the fold's door.

When then * * * * *, I entered the house,⁴ I mounted up to the highest place [in it], and I call to my sheep. To the sheep in my care do I call. I pipe to them; I get them to hear, so that they come unto me. To them I pipe on my pipe, and beat on my tabour (?), [leading them] to the water.⁵ I call to them: "My little sheep, little sheep, come! Rise up at my call! Come, rise at my call; then will you 'scape the cloud-dragons. Come, come unto me! I am a shepherd whose boat is soon coming. My boat of glory is coming; and I come with it, and bring my sheep and lambs in aboard it. Every one who gives ear to my call and heed gives unto my voice, and who turns his gaze unto me, of him take I hold with my hands and bring him unto me in-board my boat." But every lamb, male and female, that suffered himself to be caught, the water-whirl carried away, the greedy water did swallow. Whoever gave no ear to my call, sank under. To the highest part of the vessel I went. The bows stand up

¹ This may mean at a certain period or appointed time.

² The faithful are figured as birds as well as sheep.

³ An untranslatable idiom.

⁴ Sc. of this world.

⁵ That is, the living water.

with the bow-post.¹ I say: How woeful am I for my sheep who because of the mud have sunk under. The water-whirl sank them away from my reach, the swirling whirl of the water. How grieved am I for the rams whose fleece on their sides has dragged them down into the deep. How grieved am I for the lambkins whose bellies have not [yet] been filled full of milk. Of a thousand, one I recovered; of a whole generation I found again two. Happy is he who [stood up?] in the water, and in whose ears no water has entered. Happy the great rams who have stamped with their feet. Happy is he who has escaped from the Seven and Twelve, the sheep-stealers. Happy is he who has not couched down, has not lain down, has not loved to sleep deeply. Happy is he who in this defective age of Bishlom² has stayed whole. Happy are they who free themselves from the snares of Rūhā (the Mother World-Spirit), from the filth and the shame and the bondage that have no end. My chosen! whoever shall live at the end of this age of Nirig (Mars), for him let his own conscience be a support. He will come and mount up to the Radiant Dwelling, to the region whose sun never sets, and whose light-lamps³ never darken.

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

THE LOVING SHEPHERDS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD (J.B., § 12).

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified.

A TREASURE calls from without hither and speaks:

“Come, be for me a loving shepherd and watch me a thousand out of ten thousand.”—

“So then will I be a loving shepherd for thee and watch thee a thousand out of ten thousand. But how full is the world of vileness and sown full of thorns and of thistles!”—

“Come, be for me a loving shepherd and watch me a thousand

¹ This is conjectural.

² Lidzbarski (p. 465) thinks this refers to the Moslim period. Elsewhere we find the parallel phrase ‘age of Bizbat,’ which L. also refers to Muhammad. But Bizbat is clearly a corrupt form of Baal-Zebul, and therefore the reference should be more general.

³ Presumably stars.

out of ten thousand. I will bring thee then sandals of glory ; with them canst thou tread down the thorns and the thistles. Earth and heaven decay, but the sandals of glory decay not. Sun and moon decay, but the sandals of glory decay not. The stars and heaven's zodiacal circle decay, but the sandals of glory decay not. The four winds of the [world-] house decay, but the sandals of glory decay not. Fruits and grapes and trees decay, but the sandals of glory decay not. All that is made and engendered decays, but the sandals of glory decay not. So then be for me a loving shepherd and watch me a thousand out of ten thousand."—

"I will then be a loving shepherd for thee and watch thee a thousand out of ten thousand. But if a lion comes and carries off one, how am I to retrieve him ? If a thief come and steals one away, how am I to retrieve him ? If one falls into the fire and is burnt, how am I to retrieve him ? If one falls into the water and drowns, how am I to retrieve him ? If one stays behind in the pen, how am I to retrieve him ?"—

"Natheless, come therefore, be for me a loving shepherd and watch me a thousand out of ten thousand. If a lion comes and carries off one, let him go his way and fall a prey to the lion. Let him go his way and fall a prey to the lion, in that he bows himself down to the sun. If a wolf comes and carries off one let him go his way and fall a prey to the wolf, in that he bows himself down to the moon. If a thief comes and steals away one, then let him go his way and fall a prey to the thief. Let him go his way and fall a prey to the thief, in that he bows himself down before Nirig (Mars). If one falls into the fire and is burnt, let him go his way and fall a prey to the fire. Let him go his way and fall a prey to the fire, in that he bows himself down to the fire. If one falls into the mud and stays stuck there, then let him go his way and fall a prey to the mud. Let him go his way and fall a prey to the mud, in that he bows himself down to Messiah. If one falls into the water and drowns, then let him go his way and fall a prey to the sea. Let him go his way and fall a prey to the sea, in that he bows himself down to the seas. If one stays behind in the pen, let him go his way and fall a prey to the pen-demon.¹ Let him go

¹ Spirit or jinn (?).

his way and fall a prey to the pen-demon, in that he bows himself down to the idols. . . .¹ Come, be for me a loving shepherd and watch me a thousand out of ten thousand."²—

"So will I then be for thee a loving shepherd and watch thee a thousand out of ten thousand. I will watch a thousand of thousands, yea of ten thousand those who adore him."³

"But some of them wander from me. I went up into high mountains and went down into deep valleys. I went and found him where he can crop nothing. Of each single sheep I took hold with my right hand and on the scale did I lay him. A thousand among ten thousand have the [right] weight."

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

The next piece I have selected, treats of the source of all glory and enlightenment, called the Treasury of Life, that in which all spiritual powers and blessings are stored. The origin of the motive is without doubt the Iranian concept of the *hvareno*, the divine and kingly glory. In the Mandæan tradition it has become highly developed and is frequently personified as a female greatness. Thus in the Oxford MS. F. it is spoken of as "the Mother of all the Kings [of the Light], from whom all worlds have come forth, who separated herself from the fervency of the Hidden Mysteries." Many rôles are assigned to this Light of Life in the complexities of the celestial and cosmic dramas; and in the human stage it shines forth as the glory with which the perfected are vested and

¹ A still more degraded form of cult is mentioned, but the meaning baffles the translator; it is referred to those who bow down before Rūhā, here in mockery called 'Holy' Spirit.

² The above is obscure, especially the 'pen-demon' reference. The general sense, however, seems to be that those who fall away from the Mandæan faith are not to be restrained by force, but let go their way.

³ *Sc.* Life. The concluding paragraph runs on without break in the German, being assigned to the same speaker; but the subject is clearly changed and the whole spirit is different. 'The Good Shepherd now seeks or the lost sheep and does not leave it to perish.'

crowned. I have chosen the simplest of the narratives or discourses on the topic. In the still more complex system of the phase of development represented by the *Pistis Sophia* collection there is no mention of the Treasury of Life, but the Treasury of Light is one of its most important conceptions. The Mandæan tradition conserves the echoes of an earlier phase, for it is indubitably less over-worked.

THE TREASURY OF LIFE (J.B., § 57).

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified.

THE Treasury am I, Life's Treasury (Simath-Haiyē); the Treasury am I, the Mighty One's Treasury; the Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. A crown was I for the Mighty from everlasting.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. Ever did I give light to the treasures and to the shekinahs, and was for adornment to Jordan. For adornment became I to Jordan, who was from everlasting, through whom the treasures give light. Great [Life] made me limpid and lucent and made me into a vesture. He made me into his vesture, which day in and day out sings measureless praise of the Æther.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. To the King of the Splendour became I a crown. The treasures shine through my glory and praise my form beyond measure.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury—I who as adornment settled down on the King of the Splendour, so that he shone in his mind, that he became bright and shining, and his form glittered more than the [light-] worlds. As I (lit. it) gave light and enlightenment unto the treasures and to the shekinahs [e'en] in the Æther, the King laid me as vesture round N°sab the Radiant.¹ N°sab the Radiant then took me, brought me and laid me as vesture o'er Jordan. As vesture o'er Jordan he laid me, through whom the treasures shine beyond measure.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. The wicked are blind

¹ In § 9 (p. 89) N. is called the Watcher who has his station in every region, i.e. the Great Watcher.

and see not. I call them unto the Light, yet they busy themselves with the Darkness. "O ye wicked," I unto them cry, "ye who sink down in the Darkness, arise and fall not into the deep." I cry unto them; yet the wicked hear not and sink into the great Sea of the Ending. Therefore was Jordan made a bridge for the treasures; a bridge for the treasures became he, while he cut off the wicked and hurled them into the great End-Sea.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. A crown I became for Life's Gnosis. He bestowed on me the rulership over the treasures and the shekinahs which are there [yonder].

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. Of the light-worlds was I the enlightener. Day in and day out they sing praise to Great [Life], and through me they mount upward and behold the Light's region.

The Treasury am I, Life's Treasury. A vesture for the light-worlds became I.

[The Treasury] am I, Life's Treasury. A King for the Nazōræans became I. I became a King for the Nazōræans, who through my Name find praise and assurance. Praise and assurance they find through my Name, and on my Name they mount up and behold the Light's region. For the Men of purity put to the test — [for them] their eye became full of Light. Full of Light was their eye, and in their heart Life's Gnosis took seat. Whoever of me, Life's Treasury, makes his investment, loves not gold and silver, loves not gold and possessions, [loves not] food of the body, and envy with him has no place. Envy found with him no place, and he did not forget his night-prayer. He forgot not the discourses and writings, and he forsook not his Lord's word. He forsook not the prayer of his Father Life's Gnosis; wherefor into the great End-Sea he falls not. He forgot not Sunday, nor did he neglect the Day's evening. He forgot not the way of Great [Life, the way] of wages and alms. He will be rapt away in the night-prayer, he will be rapt away in shining vestures which have come from Great [Life]. Treasures for him fill up what falls short, and what is empty they load for him full. If he bears a pure load, he is counted with the Men of piety put to the test who separate themselves [from the world] in the Name of Yawar.¹ Life's

¹ Y. is the Helper or Saviour. The shekinah or celestial abode of Yawar, the Chosen, is the Home of the Blessed (*cp.* J.B. 1894).

Treasury rested upon them, to their form it gave light, and for them a way to Great [Life's] House has been established.

I have called with clear voice and directed hereto the disciples :
"The vine who bears fruit, doth ascend; who bears none will here be cut off. Whosoever lets himself be enlightened through me and instructed, ascends and beholds the Light's region; whoever does not let himself be enlightened through me and instructed, is cut off and falls into the great End-Sea."

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

That the Mandæan religion preserves echoes of a wealth of ancient mythical elements found in Iranian, Babylonian and Semitic traditions is evident on all hands. A process of syncretism had presumably gone on for generations before an impulse from within caused the blending to assume a distinctively Mandæan form; and when this emerged, the preservation of the memory of the process had no interest for the faith and fell back into the depths of the subconscious. At any-rate the writers or recorders of the tractates throughout seem honestly persuaded of the complete independence of their tradition from every other form of religion. They are for ever proclaiming the blessings of loyalty to what they claim to be the original, the one and only, revelation of Truth vouchsafed to the world throughout the ages, and declaring that continued spiritual contact with instructors from on high who mediated this divine wisdom, was still possible. They certainly do not give one the idea of being intellectualists consciously at work on a syncretic synthesis of prior material; on the contrary they seem to live and move in a *milieu* of prophetic outpourings and to have been extremely sensitive to psychical impressions. Inspirational discourses and intuitive interpretations of prophetic

utterances seem to have been their delight. The following piece may enable the reader to sense somewhat of the peculiar atmosphere of mystical expectancy in which they sought instruction. The topic is one of the chief points of their questioning—the conflict that arose between the Light and the Darkness in the beginnings and how victory is to be achieved. They were not of course absolute Dualists, for always and everywhere victory lies with Life everlasting, who transcends not only the Darkness but also the Light.

IN THE BEGINNING (J. B., § 13).

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified.

To you I say and declare, ye chosen and perfect, ye who dwell in the world: Become not of the Darkness a portion, but lift up your eyes to Light's region. From the Evil unto the Good separate yourselves out; from the sinful evil of the region of Darkness separate yourselves out. Love and instruct one another, that your sin and [your] guilt be forgiven you. See and hear and get you instructed, that ye may ascend to Light's region victorious.

The good sit there and are in search; and all who are understanding let themselves be instructed. The good speak, take counsel together and say: "Who will come, who tell me, who will set [it] forth for me, who give me instruction? Who will come, who will tell me whether there was *one* King or *two* [in the beginning]?" The good speak and let themselves be instructed.

"*Two* Kings were there, *two* natures were fashioned—a King of this world and a King from outside of the worlds. The King of this age girt on a sword and [put on] a crown of Darkness. A crown of Darkness he put on his head, and took a sword in his right hand. A sword he took in his right hand; he stands there and slaughters his sons, and his sons slaughter each other. The King from outside of the worlds set a crown of Light on his head. A crown of Light he set on his head, and took Truth in his right hand. Truth in his right hand he took, and stands there and

instructs his sons. He stands there and instructs his sons, and his sons instruct one another."

"Who will come, who tell me what was before this? When the heaven was not yet outspread and stars were not yet in it figured, when the earth was not yet condensed and into the water no condensation had fallen, when sun and moon came not as yet into this world, how was the soul then?"

"When the soul still sat in the Bowl,¹ she felt neither hunger nor thirst. When the soul still sat in the Bowl, she had no pains and no faults. When the soul still sat in the Bowl, she felt no cold and no heat. When she still sat in the Bowl, the locks on her forehead² were incurled, and an æther-crown sat on her head. Her eyes were light-rays (?), and they gazed on the region of the House of Great [Life]. Her mouth was of pure[st] perfection, and sang the praise of the King of Light's region.

"From the day when the Wicked began to think, evil pictured itself forth in him. He fell into great wrath and ventured a fight with the Light. The Envoy was sent to tread down the power of the rebels.

"They³ brought living water and into the muddy water they poured it. They brought light-giving light and into the gloomful darkness they cast it. They brought the delightful wind and into the frantic wind cast it. They brought the living fire and into the consuming fire cast it. They brought the soul, the pure mind, and into the vain body cast it.

"Out of fire and of water was the one heaven spread out. Out of fire and of water have they made dense the earth on the anvil.⁴ Out of fire and of water fruits, grapes and trees did arise. Out of fire and of water was imaged the corporeal Adam.

"They fashioned the Envoy and to be head of the generations

¹ *Kannā*. L. leaves this technical term untranslated; but in note 4 to p. 4 he shows that it frequently means a wine-cup or wine-bowl. I would therefore venture to connect it with the widespread notion of the *kratēr* or mixing-bowl of souls as handed on, for instance, by Plato in the *Timæus*, presumably from Hither Asian sources. One of the treatises of the *Corpus Hermeticum* is called 'The Cup' or 'The Bowl,' or alternatively 'The Monad.' It was not only the source of souls, but also the Mind into which they had to be dowsed for spiritual baptism or regeneration.

² Presumably the rays of glory, signifying a state of contemplation.

³ The supernal powers.

⁴ I can find no explanation of this occasionally recurring figure; it indubitably goes back to some ancient myth.

they sent him. With heavenly voice he called hence into the worlds' disquiet. At the call of the Envoy Adam, who lay there,¹ awoke. Adam, who lay there, awoke and went forth to meet the Envoy: 'Come in peace, O Envoy, Life's Messenger, who hast come from the House of my Father. How firmly is planted withal dear, beautiful Life in his region! But how [meanly] for me has a stool been set up and my dark form sits on it lamenting.'

"Thereon the Envoy made answer and spake to the corporeal Adam: 'Thy throne has been set up in beauty, O Adam; and 't is thy form sits here lamenting. All² were mindful of thee for thy good and fashioned and sent me to thee. I am come and will give thee instruction, O Adam, and free thee from this world. Give ear and hearken and get thee instructed, and mount to Light's region victorious.'

Adam gave ear and had faith.—Hail to him who gives ear after thee³ and has faith! Adam received the Truth.—Hail to him who receives the Truth after thee! Adam looked up full of hope and ascended.—Hail to him who ascends after thee!

Give ear and hearken and let yourselves be instructed, ye perfect, and ascend to Light's region victorious.

And praised be Life.

That the moral instruction given to the Mandæans is excellent may be seen in almost any piece; but there are distinctive collections of ethical exhortation of which the following is an example.

EXHORTATIONS (J. B., § 47).

FROM the Light-region have I (Life's Gnosis) come forth, from thee, thou glorious dwelling. With vestures of glory have I been clad and a crown of victory on my head has been set. I came and found the Nazōræans, how they stand on the shore of the Jordan. I set up my throne and sat down, as a father who sits 'midst his sons.

¹ In a number of the Gnostic systems of the Early Christian period the body of the first man is said to lie like a log till the light-spark is breathed into him.

² *Sc.* the heavenly powers.

³ Presumably Adam.

The Good sits there and teaches his sons all truth, in which is no error.

My sons! See that you commit no adultery; see that you no theft commit. They who commit adultery and who steal, mount not up to Life's house. They mount not up to Life's house and do not behold Light's region.

My sons! See that you practise no magic and afflict not the soul in the body. The magicians and falsificators are hurled into seething pots and fire is their judge.

My sons! See that ye remove not the boundaries, that the boundary-stone you displace not. The eye of those who remove boundaries, looks not on the Light.

My sons! See that you do not abandon the slave to the hands of his master and the slave girl to the hands of her mistress; abandon not the weak to the strong. [He who acts otherwise] will be fettered in a distant region, in the tax-gatherers' house;¹ his eyes behold only the Darkness and his foot finds no firm ground.

My sons! See that you take not [to wife] a slave-girl who has not been made free, and thereby bring your sons into the house of a master. For if the slave one day sins, then on the day when his master passes judgment upon him, will the sins which the slave commits, fall on the head of his father.

My sons! See that you are not hinters and that your eyes make no suggestions [sc. to women]. For the hinters and wink-givers will be assigned to the guard-stations. To the guard-stations will they be assigned and be judged with stern justice.

My sons! See that you eat not up interest and interest on interest, else in the dark mountain will you receive judgment.

My sons! See that you pay no homage to the idols, the satans and demons, to the worship of idols and to the lusts of this world; for on the godlings and satans will a stern judgment fall, and they who pray to them will not ascend to Life's house and not look on Light's region.

Give heed to what I have charged you, and let no evidence be given of crime and of lying; on evidence of crime and of lying you will be haled to account 'fore the judge. You will be haled to

¹ The region of the lower world-rulers.

account 'fore the judge who judges all worlds. He judges each one according to his works and his merit.

My sons! All that is hateful to you, do not to your neighbours; for in the world into which you have come, is a heavy justice and judgment. Heavy justice and judgment is there therein, and every day will minds made secure in it be chosen. For everyone who is laden, mounts upward; but he who is empty is judged here. Woe to the empty, who stands empty there in the house of the collectors of taxes. When he had it in his hand, he gave nothing; there will he search in his pocket and he will find nothing. The wicked and liars will be hurled into the Darkness. They will into the blazing fire cast, into the blazing fire will they cast him into whose ears the call has been made, but he would not give ear. I showed it him unto his eye, but he would not see; I showed it him, but he would not see with his eye.

Life is victorious, and victorious is the Man who has come hither.

The Mandæans possess a rich collection of liturgical songs and hymns which Lidzbarski has translated for the first time in his excellent edition of them (*Mandäische Liturgien*, Berlin, 1920). From these 236 hymns we choose one of the most typical as a specimen, and as perhaps of more than ordinary interest to the general reader who may have puzzled over the unqualified beatitude "Blessed are the poor." It is taken from the Oxford Collection (Bk. I., No. lvi.) and may be entitled:

SONG OF THE POOR'S EXALTATION.

In the Name of Great Life may hallowed Light be glorified.

A POOR MAN am I,¹ who comes out of the [celestial] Fruits,
a Stranger to the world, who comes out of the Distance.

¹ Or "One of the Poor am I." Compare the Ebionim or Poor of early Christianity; the Poor (spiritually) are those who have voluntarily renounced this world's goods.

A Poor man am I, to whom Great Life gave ear,
a Stranger to this world, whom the Light-treasures made
world-strange.

They brought me out of the abode of the good ones ;
ah me ! in the wicked ones' dwelling they made me to dwell.
Ah me ! they made me to dwell in the wicked ones' dwelling,
which is filled full of nothing but evil.

It is filled full of nothing but evil,
filled full of the fire which consumes.

I would not and will not
dwell in the dwelling of naughtiness.

With my power and with my enlightening
I dwelt in the dwelling of naughtiness.

With my enlightening and my praise-giving
I kept myself stranger to this world.

I stood among them
as a child who has not a father,
As a child who has not a father,
as a fruit who has not a tender.

I hear the voice of the Seven,
who whisper in secret and say :

" Whence is this Stranger man,
whose discourse is not like to our discourse ? "

I listened not to their discourse ;
then were they full of wicked anger against me.

Life, who gave ear to my call,
a Messenger sent forth to meet me.

He sent me a gentle Treasure,
an armoured, well-armoured Man.

With his pure voice he makes proclamation,
as the Treasures make in the House of Perfection.

He speaks :

" Poor one, from anguish and fear be thou free !
Say not : I stand here alone.

For thy sake, O Poor,
this firmament was outspread,
Was this firmament spread out,
and stars were pictured upon it.
For thy sake, O Poor,
this firm land came into existence,

Came into existence this firm land,
the condensing took form, fell into the water.
For thy sake came the sun,
for thy sake the moon was revealèd.
For thy sake, O Poor, came the Seven,
and the Twelve are hither descended.
Thou Poor one ! On thy right rests glory,
on thy left rest [light-] lamps.
Hold steadfast in thy security,
until thy measure has been completed.
When thy measure has been completed,
I will myself come to thee.
I will bring thee vestures of glory,
so that the worlds will long for them, desireful.
I will bring thee a pure, excellent head-dress,
abundant in infinite light.
I will set thee free from the wicked,
from the sinners will I deliver thee.
I will make thee dwell in thy shekīnah,
free thee into the region unsullied."
I hear the voice of the Seven,
who whisper in secret and speak :
" Blessed is he who is to the Poor one a father,
who is unto the Fruit a tender.
Hail to him whom Great Life knows,
woe to him whom Great Life knows not."
Hail to him whom Great Life knew,
who has kept himself stranger to this world,
The world of the defect,
in which the planets are seated.
They sit on thrones of rebellion
and drill their works with the scourge.
For gold and for silver are they disquiet,
and strife they cast into the world.
Disquiet are they and therein cast strife ;
therefore will they go hence and seethe in the fire.
The wicked shall seethe, and their pomp
shall vanish and come to an end.
But I with my offspring and kindred
shall ascend and see the Light's region,

The region whose sun never sets,
and whose light-lamps never darken—
That region, the state [of the Blessed],
whereto your souls are called and invited.

And so are our good brothers' souls,
and the souls of our faithful sisters.

Life is exalted and is victorious, and victorious is the
Man who has come hither.

I have, I hope, by these three contributions, now sufficiently introduced readers of THE QUEST to this still living rich tradition of the Gnosis, as far as the documents made accessible in German by Prof. Mark Lidzbarski enables me to do so. Those previously acquainted with Gnostic literature will thus be able in a general way to taste the very distinctive atmosphere of these Nazōræan discourses and in part appreciate the significance of what the many generations of Mandæan scribes have handed on to us from distant antiquity. But the value of the tradition for the comparative study of Gnosticism and much else cannot be properly brought out until we have the version of the oldest collection of pieces—the *Genzā*. I therefore now break off, hoping that fortune may ere long be favourable to making its printing possible, and that I may then be able to resume the subject in a more thorough-going fashion. Meantime, I hope in the next number to add a little to the general survey by presenting a study of some recently discovered material that should be of great interest to students of Christian Origins—entitled: “The Slavonic Josephus’ Account of the Baptist and Jesus: Eight otherwise Unknown Passages.”

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT IN BISHOP BUTLER.

Rev. Prof. A. CALDECOTT, D.Litt., D.D.

THIS paper does not aim at more than an illustration. It proffers nothing new either in fact or in speculation. But the illustration which it offers is of a momentous theme, and is, I think, of high illuminative power.

The theme is a familiar one: the necessity of resort to Intuitional or Transcendental Reason after ordinary reason has done its utmost towards the complete synopsis which philosophy and theology alike demand. And the illustration is found in the history of a characteristically English mind eminent in the employment of Reason,—Bishop Butler. Cosmopolitan, it is true, the folk of the Quest are bound to be: we have to make the presumptuous assumption that we have, all of us, all the thought of all the ages at the back of our minds, subconsciously. Yet there is a relief from the strain of this vast presumption if sometimes we allow ourselves a walk in an English garden of thought, and enjoy the benefit of familiarity and intimacy appertaining to the ideas and valuations there found. If no others, Scottish, Irish, Welsh and Americans amongst my readers at any rate will, I hope, accept an invitation to a brief sojourn with a mind of as purely English type as the mingling of nationalities allows of.

Bishop Butler was born in a quiet country town in

Wessex—the birthplace, in fact, of our most honoured English King, Alfred—into the middle class of Society, and on the middle line of comfortable prosperity in outward fortune. His school education was that of a ‘Dissenters’ academy, enlarged later by resort to Oxford at a time when it was a preserve of the Established Church. His life-work was that of a theological teacher, with the addition of such pastoral duties as belonged to a Bishop, first of a small and then of a populous diocese, in the early Hanoverian period. He seems to have had no personal contact with contemporary thinkers on the Continent, nor does he refer to their philosophies except as their results come before him embedded in the writings of his English opponents, the Deists. Guided into certain directions by the Greek and Roman classics, which formed the staple of his school and university education, he did his thinking with perhaps as much individual freedom as can be attained by the mind of a member of a civilized community. From beginning to end of his writings—those extant that is to say, and they are all comprisable in a single small volume—you will find scarcely an opinion or an estimate which is taken over by him ready-made. The coins had to be rung on his own mind before they became usable by him. And many of the suggestions and valuations seem to be direct products of his own reflection and judgment. His originality is, I think, generally acknowledged in respect to two very important positions in philosophy.

There is (i.) the psychological analysis which disentangles *pleasure* from *desire*. There had been a confusion between them which Butler clears up. He shows desire as having its proper object, and pleasure as a concurrent element in the experience, attending

upon the satisfaction of desire when its object is being, or has been, obtained. Their confusion was at the base of most Hedonism, and is so still; though Butler's discriminative analysis has during the nineteenth century been made into a commonplace of psychology.¹

There is (ii.) the assignment of an obligatory function to some forms of the Good: in other words, an objectivity at the heart of some values. Free as man's choice must be for him to be a moral agent, he is in face of a cosmos which has qualities or characters, and his choice will be vitiated if he fails to appreciate these and to adopt them as guides to his action. This is, of course, Butler's doctrine of *Conscience*, which is the faculty for perceiving and appreciating these peremptory values. The gist of his view is widespread in Ethics of course; but Butler's setting of it in clear-cut distinctiveness had no parallel before his time and has not been improved upon since.²

Reserving for a while this Ethical Intuitionism, let us see what is Butler's view of Reason as our 'faculty' for discovery of truth, for giving a knowledge of the world and of ourselves in it.

He rejects Descartes' adoption of a few abstract principles taken in the first instance as hypothetical, and Samuel Clarke's adoption of such principles 'dogmatically,' i.e. laying them down without enquiry as to their validity. He will be quite empirical: let us

¹ Professor Sidgwick, in an autobiographical preface to the sixth edition of his *Methods of Ethics*, speaks of his coming to Butler whilst under the spell of Mill's Hedonism, and being "led by Butler to abandon the doctrine of 'Psychological Hedonism'"—a change which affected hundreds of Sidgwick's pupils and readers and altered the course of English Ethics.

² Dr. Broad, Lecturer in Philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge, in his article on 'Butler as a Moralist' (*Hibbert Journal*, October, 1923), says of Hedonism that the theory was killed by Butler, "so thoroughly that he sometimes seems to the modern reader to be flogging dead horses," plausible and prominent as it had been in his own time.

collect our experiences and reflect upon them. The results of this procedure will be varied, divergent, even inconsistent, it may be: well then, in all cases give your assent to the result which has the best evidence and the most support. Do not expect to find completeness and exclusiveness for any: be content with the result which has a surplus in its favour. Neither is the whole scheme of the Cosmos laid out before us, nor are our faculties (*i.e.* our capacities for experience or our powers of reasoning) adequate to its complete apprehension. Probability is man's sufficient guide to truth.

It is this probability-reasoning that Butler explicitly employs in his principal work, his assimilation of what Natural Religion asserts to what Nature shows, and of the Christian scheme to both of these. True, in some important features Butler is not able to show *positive* analogies: much of his work consists in showing negative ones, such as the occurrence of similar difficulties and objections in all the three spheres. But he is able to point to not a few positive analogies—more, I hold, than Dr. Broad is disposed to allow. I must not go into detail as to these.¹ The general result is only a balance of probabilities of reasoning applied to the actual experiences of mankind. But this is all that Butler has expected Reason to supply.

It is because subsequent thought has brought much accession of human knowledge of the world and of man's own nature and history that Butler's striking

¹ At the close of Chapter vii. in Part I. of *The Analogy* Butler himself claims that he has *positive* analogies to rely upon, specifying our ignorance as one of them. I would add: the risks incident upon the freedom of man; the connection of virtue and happiness; the beginnings of orderly and righteous government; the fact of tendencies whose full operation is absent; the facts of probationary and educative discipline, of vicarious suffering; and other features which are facts of Nature, of Natural Religion and of the Christian Scheme also.

of balances of probability-reasoning is now out of date. His logic is not in possession of the central area of religious apologetic either for Natural Religion or for the religions which claim Revelation. But what has interested me, and has produced the present paper, is the fact that probability-reasoning was put forward by Butler at all. That is to say: Here is a man of profound piety, of unquestioned seriousness and sincerity, of gifts which placed him in the front rank of intellectual leaders, who in the field of logic of proof entrusts himself to an instrument from which so small an achievement is to be looked for.¹ How could this be? I feel sure that there must be something else in the background: some half-concealed light must be shining in the inner chamber of his mind, upon which he really depends.

So I turn to his Ethics and his Philosophy of Religion to see whether there are any definite places where the shining of such inner light can be discerned.

One such place is in his Ethics, and at the centre of it; where he is dealing with the comparative claims of virtue and happiness as constituents of duty and goodness. There is the famous passage in which Butler depicts a reasonable man as unable, when 'sitting down in a cool hour,' to accept voluntarily a course of action which demonstrably leads only to unhappiness. In reading this we must notice that there are two complicated knots in it: one in which the two strands (virtue and happiness) are intertwined, and another in which what Butler holds and what he thinks mankind holds are intermixed with what is only put forward hypothetically for scrutiny. But we can

¹ Read the sermon on 'Ignorance,' and the parallel chapters in *The Analogy*.

see him inserting into the complex a conviction of his own, that such a clash of ultimate values is *impossible*. Now, how does he know this? It cannot be by mere probability-reasoning in application to observed facts; this could not give us an 'impossibility.' He is leaning upon something behind him, so to speak. Accepting the claim of Hedonism to give a universal standard of value for man—of all ideas 'the nearest and most important,' he says, with a rashness unusual in him—he yet stands for a similar inexpugnable right for virtue. He is in a clear-cut dualism. But he refuses to accept it: it is 'impossible' he cries. That is to say, he looks beyond the dualism for unity and finds it. Where? It could only be in an inner necessity: actually, I cannot doubt, in his Theistic faith, which is here shedding light from the *au-delà intérieur*.

This acute crisis occurred in the stage of Butler's thinking when he preached the Sermons, at the age of 34: the passage is in Sermon XI. on 'Duty to our Neighbour.' By ten years later Butler had done further thinking and had reached that discrimination between Desire and Pleasure to which I have already referred: this he published in the brief but telling dissertation which he appended to *The Analogy*. What we see here is, I suggest, Butler's deliverance by his dependence upon inner light from a situation in which he was perilously near being overwhelmed by Hedonism, or else left with Reason riven in two. He might have become either a Utilitarian or a Sceptic (in the philosophical sense) had it not been for the light from within at that crisis.

The other great crisis came in the full maturity of his thought. He had to confront the situation produced by the competing claims of Reason and

Revelation. It is quite simple to be a Rationalist *pur sang*; and it is quite simple to be a believer in Revelation: but how can a thinking man be both? If Reason claims the whole area as already surveyed and in her occupation, there can be nothing contrary, of course, but also there can be nothing different or additional. And yet it was a cardinal belief for Butler that Natural Religion added something to what was contained in the 'Course of Nature,' *viz.*, Future Life and Judgment; and that the Christian Scheme added further a mediatorial work of Redemption and Sanctification.

The course taken by Butler was to distinguish between human reason with its auxiliary contributions of the materials of knowledge and Reason of a universal and necessary scope. In the Sermon on 'Human Ignorance' he had reduced our faculties of knowledge to a very modest range, and in *The Analogy* he has a chapter in each Part maintaining that on the objective side, only a limited portion of the cosmic scheme has been made accessible to man. But he was so much of a Rationalist as to be grievously hurt at having to make this two-fold admission. "I must express myself with caution," he says, "lest I should be mistaken to vilify Reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even Revelation itself" (*Anal.* II. iii.). And again: "Nothing can be accepted in Revelation which is contrary to Natural Religion," *i.e.* to what Reason approves (II. i.). And once more: "Let Reason be kept to . . . if Scripture offers anything contrary, let the Scripture, in the name of God, be given up" (II. v.).

Such a claim for Reason is, surely, too high for probability-reason, which cannot attain to exclusive

and inexpugnable necessities and universals, but must admit what it finds, even though the admission involves the total in being a discord or a chaos.

I take these declarations to proceed from the action in Butler's mind of a higher Rationalism which does offer necessary and universal truths; a Transcendentalism as opposed to Empiricism, a Reason which justifies inference from part to part and even from part to whole—from particulars to 'a larger and more general government' of the world, as he puts it in one place. But high and continuous confidence in Reason of this transcendental type was not for Butler. When he ventures to think that there is an infinitely perfect Mind who always deals with his creatures in ways 'suitable to their natures,' he cautiously checks the venture by a twice-inserted 'perhaps.' So that it seems clear to me that in Butler's own mind there is finality and universality only when there is an inspiration from the mystical element of Faith. With him the appeal 'In the name of God' was no rhetorical expletive, but represents the actual influence which enabled him to deny the possibility of ultimate contrariety between the Rational and the Revelational, proceeding as both did from the ultimate unity of Deity: "It is the voice of God speaking in us."

The study of these crises in Butler suggests to me a comparison with another purely English mind—John Bunyan. Butler shows us the Progress of a Pilgrim of the intellect: whatever his progress in other ways it is as a thinker that we study him. In these crises he is in situations comparable with that of Bunyan's pilgrim in his terrific combat with Apollyon in the Valley. The pilgrim is nearly beaten down. He grips the sword of Reason—"Let Reason be kept to." But

the wonderful additional appeal of the Gospel cannot but be true. The sword seems smitten from his hand: a hopeless dualism seems to yawn, the unity of his mind is in peril. "Here will I spill thy soul!" boasts Apollyon. And just as Bunyan's pilgrim obtains victory by a look within the soul, where he finds God, so Butler. Under the influence of ultimately simple Theistic faith the threatening distraction of soul closes up from within, where God is felt. The Apollyon of hopeless discord acknowledges defeat, spreads his wings and is seen no more by the prose-poet of Bedford or by the philosophical theologian of the Established Church. Bunyan makes his pilgrim break out in grateful song; Butler goes to Mattins and sends *The Analogy* to the printers. Saved, were they not, by their Mystic faith?

It is recorded of Butler that his temperament was of the melancholic type. Does this tell against my contention that he possessed the secret of Mystical faith, which, by all testimony, should have been a perennial fountain of Joy? I think not. It was not for himself that Butler was compelled to a pervading sadness. Humble-minded as he was, he must have been conscious of the genuineness of his own piety and the unbroken and apparently unbreakable fidelity of his loyalty to virtue as the way of God for man. But in face of the general aspect of human lives and the presentment of history, he was compelled to take a saddening view of man's actual condition, and even to accept the prevalent estimate of Calvinistic Protestantism, that mankind was in 'a state of ruin.' But I do not think that we need suppose that there was in him a predisposition to be gloomy. I think we can assign to him the melancholy of disappointment: the pain of the intuitionist idealist in face of the human

failures around him. For himself, as nearly as for any man perhaps, we may say that Conscience had the strength due to its authority, that in him it did actually govern his moral world.

In conclusion: I am contending that behind the probability-reason which has to serve as guide in the concrete manifold of human affairs; behind the higher Rationalism to which he occasionally resorts, and behind the Institutional element which was of some potency in him—for, Protestant as was his view of the Christian scheme, he had institutionalism sufficiently marked as to be regarded as somewhat of a High Churchman by his contemporaries: behind all these there was operating the higher immediacy, the inner light, the Mystical element in the soul.

The distinguished lay-theologian, Baron von Hügel, in the preface to the second edition of his monumental work on Mysticism, has done me the honour of referring to a paper I wrote for THE QUEST (April, 1920). It was on the same lines as the present paper: the search for some signs of Mysticism intermittently shining out in unexpected quarters—in uncharted Mystics as I called them. The Baron partly sympathizes with my desire to find such signs; though he still maintains for himself that there is a difference in kind between such intermittent gleams and the enjoyment of the vision attained by the great Mystics. I am far from wishing to deny the possibility of purely Mystical experience. I appreciate the serener atmosphere and the warmer colour of the Cambridge Platonist John Smith's *Excellence and Nobility of true Religion* above all that Butler wrote. But the higher Mystics are very few among men. And I set great value on any evidences of the operation of Mysticism within and from behind the

ordinary experiences of ordinary men. This paper is, as was said at the outset, only an illustration of such immanent operation. But I estimate the value highly as being found in an English mind so powerfully gifted with moral and rational faculty as that of Bishop Butler, rightly esteemed, in my judgment, to be in the front rank of moral philosophers, and the greatest theologian of the Church of England.

A. CALDECOTT.

THE MYSTIC SWORD OF TAOIST ALCHEMICAL LEGEND.

IN fulfilment of our promise in the last number we publish below, in English version, the rest of our selections from the quaint and mysterious Taoist Alchemical Legends translated by Pfizmaier, in 1870, from the Chinese into German. They are, as far as we are aware, the only specimens of this very rich literature so far made accessible for Western readers. For a brief introduction the reader is referred to the January issue. If it is permissible to make a guess, the tales about a physical sword and its preparation are in all probability camouflage concealing the processes of the transmutation of the subtle body of the operator into a psychical weapon or instrument of power. Otherwise it would all have to be set down as the purest phantasy of Cloud Cuckoo Land. But even if this more serious underlying intention is to be preferred, it is evident that the whole subject will have to be critically and methodically studied and all the texts assembled and reliably translated before we are in a position to form a reasonable opinion, or indeed in any way to orient ourselves with regard to so fantastic a tradition. It may then be found that there is something of *psychical* interest in the later degenerate Tao worth the attention at any rate of students of psychical research, just as most assuredly there is of profound mystical and philosophical value in the great early period of a Lao-tsū, a Chwang-tsū and a Lieh-tsū.—ED.

KI-TSE-HIÜN was a native of Tsi. Among men nobody knew that he was possessed of the Way. In the street of his town-quarter he showed honesty and unpretentiousness in all his dealings. Years afterwards the features of his face were unaltered. At last men followed him [about], but they did not see what he

generally used as lure. He loved pure Discourses, dwelt always secluded and read the Metamorphoses. The writings he composed had sense and meaning. The notables of his native city who had heard of him, found themselves disappointed without any exception. They had themselves announced for an interview and wanted to see him; but they never could manage it. Later on it happened that he walked out casually from his door. The notables—cap beside cap and carriage-roof beside carriage-roof—blocked the way; the students had speeches ready. But it chanced that he had passed by them. He was the man who rode on an Ass in the Eastern Field-way. They all chased him with flying Horses, but they never reached him.

Tse-hiün arrived at the house of the Prince of Tshin and said: I shall go away to-morrow and not return. The Prince of Tshin furnished him with a simple Robe of Flax-linen. When the time arrived, Tse-hiün died. He transmuted himself through Dissolution and disappeared as an Immortal.

Ying-tshang-seng hailed from Sin-ye. In the age of the later Han he concerned himself with nothing else but the Art of the Way in Tsi Street. He heard that Ma-ming-seng had achieved the Way of Measuring out the Age, and he went to meet him. Ming-seng would talk with him in high discourse in the evenings only; he discussed with him the things of the Present Age and the Occupation of Agriculture. In this manner ten years went by, and Tshang-seng did not loosen himself. The twelve who together with him served Ming-seng, all went home again. But Tshang-seng revered Ming-seng all the more and said: Thou hast certainly reached the Way. The latter now entered

with him the Mountains of the Green Stronghold, and handed over to him the Book of the Divine Red-lead of the Great Pure One. The Red-lead was achieved, and Tshang-seng disappeared as an Immortal. He published a book in nine parts, in which he said: Of the Immortals of high antiquity there are many. But since the rise of Han there have been only five-and-forty. Those who immediately follow me, are six [only]. Thirty Men dissolved with their Corpses, the rest disappeared in Full Daylight as Immortals.

THE wife of Tshing-wei, Body-guardian of the Door of Expedition¹ in the age of Han (122 A.D.), who reached the Way, was able to penetrate into the Transmutation and Metamorphoses. Wei pressed her and tried to obtain the Art. His wife did not hand it on. He did not cease to press her. His wife was driven to straits and died. She dissolved herself with her Corpse and disappeared.

The Inner Traditions about the Noble Lady from the Clan Wei of the Southern Mountain-heights say:

Wang-tse-teng, the True Man of the Pure Void, came down with the Master, the Green Youth of the Eastern Flowers. They gave the Noble Lady what they called: a Gift of the Divine Powder of the Wise Doctor of the Hidden Transmigration. They gave her moreover the Form-transmuting spiritual Gold Pills of the Pure Spiritual One of the White Stones. They told her to use them at once. She said she was sick and could not go out. A certain time was fixed when they all should meet to the South of the Red-lead Earth-hill on the Mountain Yang-lö in the Palace of Lö-yang. When they had finished speaking, the two

¹ *Bestellung*, the Door from which messengers of the court were sent out.

True Men went away. She at once used the Medicine. She then complained of pains in the legs, closed her eyes and lay down on her bed. Withal she drank without eating. After midnight the Primordial Immortals of the Great Unique sent a Stormwind-car and came to hale her forth. They had harnessed to it the Air, guided its swift course and stepped straightway behind the curtain. At this time all the disciples and the relatives that nursed her in her illness, were all standing round her; but no one noticed what took place. The Mountain Lō-yang is the one where once Yü of Hia on his pilgrimage to the famous Mountains engraved a Stone. At the foot of it is the Earth-stair of the Depths. The Divine Immortals who are taught there, are over ten thousand.

Tung-fung bore the youth's name Kiün-I and was a native of Heu-Kuan. In the age of the former Provosts of U there lived a youth who held the dignity of an Elder in Fung's district. Fung was forty years old, and it was not known that he had gotten the Way. He gave up his office and went away. Forty years later he reappeared. He was known as another and practised the steadfastness of the Way. But the old officials and the men of Heu-kuan went to see him. The appearance of Fung was the same as in past days. Fung lived in the Mountains without tilling the soil. He treated men in their sickness, but never took any money. The convalescents were ordered to plant five apricot-trees. After a few years ten times ten thousand trees were counted. He bade the people take a vessel full of bread-corn. He went himself and took a vessel of apricots. He exchanged the apricots against the bread-corn. With the produce he helped the poor

and needy, and provided for travellers. What he could not spend thus, was every year more than twice ten thousand bushels. He dissolved himself with his Corpse and disappeared.

The Book of the Master of Pei Clan says :

The Immortals who dissolve themselves with the Corpse are not allowed to drive the Flowery Covered Car, must not mount the Flying Dragon, not ascend to the Great Culmination, not stroll to the Nine Palaces

Those who simply use the Curved Early Dawn, the Flying Purely Spiritual, and loosen themselves as a Sword, obtain the graded manifestations of the Eight Unadorned. . . . It is they who practise the Way of the Dissolution as Sword whose names are recorded in the Purple Writing-tablets with the supreme Overseers, the high Immortals. Those who have got true merit, exemplary behaviour, hidden virtues, and who have faith in the Immortals, the Spirits of these may approach the Light-red Fire, the Palace of the Red-lead Earth-hill. They receive the way of the Disciple Immortals and are True Men of the Nine Palaces. Those who make use of the way of the Corpse-dissolution of the Great Culmination and disappear by Midnight, their office is that of the True Ones of the Earth. Of those who are to dissolve with their Corpse, some learn the important and the unimportant parts of merits, the rising and the sinking of thoughts. Others occupy themselves with the sacrifice of Wine, with pure spiritual efforts. Those who deliver and regulate, obtain the Dissolution of the Adornment of the Thirty-six Heavens of the Deeps. The Provosts under the Earth have one rotation in a hundred and forty years; the Dæmon-Masters of the Dissolution through Bravery in War have one rotation in two hundred and

eighty years. Those who are of these three degrees may go on and assist in the offices of the Immortals.

Tsheu-yuen-tshi was a native of Ngan-tshing in Yü-nan. She was the daughter of Tsheu-tshang, Supervisor of Ho-nan in the age of Han. [This] Tshang was throughout his whole life rich in hidden virtues. Yuen-tshi in her youth loved the Way and used as lure the Smilax (*Stechwinde*). After forty years she met the Prematurely-born from Clan Shi. He taught her his way of Withdrawal, of Transmutation and of the Hidden Shade, the prescriptions for the Dissolving of the Form.

The Divine Book of the Recorded Forms of the Preserved Shadow of the Gold Splendour of the Stony Spirituals of the True Men of the Great Culmination says:

The Manner of Preparing the Swords, the Supreme Provost, the Leader of the True Men, the Master of the Wang Clan from the Western Stronghold, once delivered to the Prince of the Purple Yang. That which was granted was practised, the Way accomplished. He who leads the True Men, once made use of the Way of Dissolution as Sword. He handed over, moreover, the Nine Revolutions, the Medicine of the Red-lead, to the Prematurely-born of Li-tshang.

The Divine Sword—if a man uses it and transmutes himself through Dissolution he is able to stroll about and partake of the Feast near the Great Culmination, to lift off the pure spiritual side-roofs of the Five Stars, to contemplate as Sun-light the Splendour of

Power of the Seven Primordials, in order thus to set up as Pattern and Manner the Flaming Reflection, the True Air. Therefore there were existing on the spot where Hien-yuen [the Yellow Emperor] had been buried on the Mountain Kiao, a Sword and Pair of Shoes. On the spot where is the House of Wang-tse at the shore of the Side Sea, a Sword sounded in the empty outer coffin. On the spot where there was the grave of Wang-kiao in King-ling, a Sword flew into the ether. These are really true proofs, the Correspondence with the Spiritual of the Nine Primordials.

The Pure Spiritual [one] of the Divine Medicines of the Great Pure Spiritual effects the wondrous Transmutations of the Swords of Power.

Those who dissolve themselves with the Corpse, put a Sword in place of their Body. After five hundred years these Swords revert of themselves to their place. Those who dissolve themselves as Sword must not stop at that. With those who use the Red-lead Book, the Sword can also dully reverberate in empty space without interval. There is benightenment; the quest of it is difficult. One cannot come at it so as to talk about it.

Those who cannot succeed in practising it, in seeing it, have to respond to it only in their heart. In the divine marvels there is sudden transmutation and movement without any drugs. One does not repeat what has been decreed through the Ordering of the Existences. Even as it is in the heart, there results the mandate for the transmutation, and the matters are directed only according to fitness. Not even he who practises it, notices how it happens. Of those who see it, certainly not one fathoms how far it takes place.

Hien-yuen collected the Copper of the Hundred

Mountains and cast from it Tripods. The Tigers and Leopards, the hundred Wild Animals for his sake looked on at his Fire, gathered round the Ovens and the Tripods. Hien-yuen fell ill and died alone. He was buried on the Mountain Kiao. Five hundred years later the Mountain fell in. A Precious Sword and a Pair of Red Shoes remained. One morning they too were gone.

Wang-tse once went to the Mountain Tshung and obtained the Book of the Nine Transmutations and of the Ten Metamorphoses. Thereby he withdrew himself into concealment unto the Sun and the Moon. He strolled about and travelled to the Stars. Later on one morning he fell ill and passed away. The funeral mound was raised on the Mountain of the Side Sea. In the age of Siang of Hia someone by chance opened Wang-tse's grave. A Sword was found there above the bedding (or platform). It gave forth the sound of a Dragon; no one dared approach it. Later on even the way of approach to it was forgotten. Wang-tse-kiao's grave is in King-Ling. In the age of the Fighting Kingdoms someone reopened this tomb. A Sword was seen in it. A man wanted casually to take and examine it. Suddenly it flew up in the air and disappeared.

In the Traditions of the Pure Spiritual of the Pure One of Jewels the matter is discussed that the Leader of the True Men carries a Sword in his Girdle. In [the Story of] the Master of the Yang Clan there is a discussion about the Man of Tung-pe carrying a Sword in his Girdle. Both refer to the metamorphosis as a previously Loosened Sword. When the True Men use precious Swords, loosen themselves with the

Corpse, then this is the highest degree of the Metamorphosis of the Field-crickets; the manner of the Dissolution of the Corpse is often like the scaling of the field-crickets. Yet this Sword is no sloughed skin. Therefore it is said: The highest step illumines the high way of Metamorphosis and Withdrawal.

At the time when a man prepares the Sword he must pray beforehand and keep watch for one hundred days. He stands in a dark hidden Region, near a Pure Fountain in a westerly Direction. Under the Roof a Hearth-opening is built, towards the West also. A good Smith purifies Iron of excellent quality and Raw Metal. When the mixing and purification are perfected, he is told to get eight pounds; this is enough. If sterling quality is aimed at, ash of Bamboo-reed must be used. It is made ductile with Copper and Tin. In this manner the months of the year are made use of and the operations are very numerous. Therefore the Men of Antiquity worked three years on one Sword; then only was it perfectly made.

Siě-tshǒ says: Ngeu-ye cast a Sword. The upper part of the Red Wine-pot burst and brought Tin to light. The Brook of Yǒ-ye dried up and brought Copper to light. When now the Metal is alloyed with these and made incandescent, it will be purified. There is much of it, and it is not burnt up. It is hard, sharp; and does not blacken. The Smith also must be benevolent and good. He must put on new Clothes, and bathe himself. On the day he makes the Sword, he must drink absolutely no wine and eat no meat. Neither should he stroll about nor walk in puddles or filth.

The Indications given here about the Measurements, length, breadth and thickness, the Engravings and

Scribings of the Swords are according to the Sample of the Spiritual Swords of the Four True Men of the Great Culmination. . . .

The Four True Men determine the Pattern. Wherefore then do we want the Metal of Kuen-ngu, the raw Iron that cuts in pieces the Precious Stones? Thus is it explained that simple Iron is not necessarily used. That whereby one abides, is the Pattern; otherwise not. The Sword of Wang-tse-kiao was only of common Iron of the most inferior kind. The Sword of the Dissolution of the Corpse on Mount Kiao was not of the flowing Metal from Kuen-ngu.

When a man practises the way of the Dissolution of the Corpses and of the Swords, he inscribes the right and the left surfaces of the Sword with the Flying Spiritual of the Curved Early Dawn. He lies down first of all and feigns an illness. Then he should first embrace the Sword and lie down. This means that he should beforehand pretend to be ill and lie down for some days. Thereon in a secret way he draws off the Green Cover of the Sword, rips out the latter and brings to light the writing of the Instruction together with the Authentication-mark. When everything is done, he embraces the Sword with his arms and prays. He waits till the Heaven-horses come to meet him, gets free of his Raiment and strolls about. Withal he must not let people notice anything. He should also smear in a secret way the Ring of the Sword with the drug of the Flying Spiritual, and call out aloud the Name of the Sword.

After praying, he suddenly sees the Great Unique with the Heaven-horses coming to meet him before his Bed-closet. He now mounts on one of the Horses. A woman is met by a light covered Car. From ancient

times many Immortals depended on other Objects. Some used Bamboo-rods, others Kerchiefs and Shoes. Pao-tsing alone appeared before the Great Pure One in the manner of Knives.

In this are the Divine Transmutations sudden : A man has the species lent him, fits himself to the Form. He cannot hurry forward if he would be in order nor go in quest of the Marvels of the True Men.

The Heaven-horses are the Beasts of the Fortunate Light and of the Coursing Yellow [? Sun]. In old illustrations the Forms of these Animals are given. They were once revealed through True Men and transmitted by tradition from one to another. The Fortunate Light resembles somewhat a stag; the Coursing Yellow is a sort of horse. The Men ride on such Animals; for the Women they are harnessed to a light Car. The True Men of the Great Culmination issue the order to the Envoys of the Great Unique to supply the Horses, to catch them and go to meet [them] withal with Precious Robes.

Their coming is sudden. One does not know how it happens. The Great Unique is set over the Transformations of the Immortals. At the time when one vanishes with the Horses, though doctors, nurses, sons and grandsons fill the room on both sides, the one changes his Clothes, girds on the Sword, banishes the Shadow, alters the Traces, yet they do not notice what happens to us.

This is what is called Transmuting oneself and Withdrawing to the Triple Stars, Strolling before the Spirit of the Moon, Breathing the Ten Thousand Metamorphoses and Never Again Taking on the Old Form.

A. PFIZMAIER.

MOTHER WORLD.

Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

WHEN we open our eyes, what we see is the world. And we find that to this world we are inextricably attached. We and the world form one whole. What I would here consider is whether we are not justified in speaking of this world, which we see with our eyes and hear with our ears and touch with our fingers and smell with our nostrils and taste with our palates, as 'he' or 'she' and not as 'it'—as somebody and not something. And if we should find ourselves so justified, then, as we have sprung from the world, whether it would not be more appropriate to call her Mother World. I would so prefer to call her rather than Father World for the same reason that Englishmen prefer to speak of their motherland rather than their fatherland; and that everyone speaks of Mother Earth and not Father Earth, and of Mother Nature and not Father Nature. I hope to be able to show that we stand to Mother World in the same relation as we stand to our motherland; that we love our Mother World and our Mother World loves us in the same way as we love our motherland and our motherland loves us; and that if we are right in regarding the world as a being of the same description as our motherland, and if our relationship to the world is of the same description as our relationship to our motherland, then there lies upon us a greater responsibility and a sterner

obligation than if we were related simply as son to parent.

That we should have a fuller sense of this responsibility is the chief point I wish to make—the responsibility, according to our capacity, but up to the full measure of our capacity, of assisting in the making and shaping of Mother World as we make and shape our motherland.

Presumably, when as babies we first opened our eyes, we saw the world only as a blur. But from the very first we remained directly and continuously connected with this world from whom we had just come into being. From that moment till now we have without ceasing, even in our sleep, breathed in air and breathed it out again changed by the processes in our bodies. Every few hours we have drunk water and eaten plants or the flesh of animals which feed on plants. We are, therefore, never out of take and give touch with the physical and plant world about us. Nor are we long out of touch with our fellow-men. We may like to have solitude for a little change. But this is only a temporary mood. Normally we live, and like to live, in the company of our fellows. We like, too, the company and the use of animals and birds. Thus while we have sprung from the world, we also remain in closest connection with the world.

And as the blur cleared before our baby eyes and we were able to see distinctly, we saw that the world about us was not like the inside of a sphere—of a tennis ball for example—uniformly the same wherever we looked: we could distinguish objects different from each other. We now find, nevertheless, that these various objects, differ as they may from each other, are really connected with one another and with us. What

we see is not an indiscriminate medley of objects, but a connected whole. All these objects are knit taut together and knit taut to us. We are all interwoven together. We are, it seems, now at the centre, now at the circumference, of a vast sphere whose vault extends to an indefinite radius above, beneath, to right, to left, all round us—one great all-encircling whole—and no stationary whole but one in incessant and tremendous change. And this is the common world to which we all belong.

The world is common to us all and common to animals as well as to men; but each of us sees the world in a different way. From his communication with the world around him each receives a different impression and responds to that impression in a different way. And what we want now to discover is what is the completest and truest view of the world. A cow sees, hears, feels, tastes and smells the same common world that you and I do; but there is something in you and me—something we may call the soul of us—which makes us take a completer, deeper and, we feel sure, truer view of the world than the view the cow takes. The cow sees the same common world with the same sunsets and skylarks as Turner and Shelley saw. But there was a soul in Turner and Shelley which made them see in sunsets and skylarks and the common world what we feel certain is truer than what the cow sees. Men have, too, extended their powers of vision by the construction of telescopes and microscopes and X-ray apparatus; their powers of communication by the construction of printing presses, telegraphs and telephones, with and without wires; their powers of locomotion by the construction of railways, motors, steamships and aeroplanes; so that

they are able to see more of the world than a cow ever sees, and to communicate to each other more of what they see than cows can ever communicate to each other. They are able, therefore, to get a truer view of the world. The cow sees the stars just as we do, but she sees only bright pin-points of light, whereas we know that each is a fiery sun, maybe a million miles in diameter. The cow sees only a few thousand, whereas we know there are at least a thousand million stars.

And men have not only extended their organs of vision but, what is of far higher moment, they have quickened and intensified that soul within them, which is what actually sees, till it is infinitely more sensitive and responsive. Impressions they receive from the world convey far more to them, and they are far more able to appreciate their true significance. And they have found subtle means of communicating to others the impressions they have received and the significance they bear, so that others are also able to see what is thus pointed out to them. Thus we are progressing on to a truer and truer view of the world from out of which and into which we were born.

Now from time to time there arise men and women in whom this sensitiveness and responsiveness of soul has reached a degree of perfection as much above the soul of the ordinary man as his is above the soul of a cow. Endowed from birth with a disposition—or rather an insistent and compelling urge—towards purity they have cleansed themselves of every blemish, till they are glistening white and receptive of impressions the most delicately fine. And the exaltation which these rare souls experience when they are at their highest pitch of being and have their clearest vision of

the world, convinces them to a dead certainty that the world is good at core—that the course of the world is governed by good. Good, indeed, is but a paltry word for what they feel the world is. Lovable above all conception she is to them. They become in love with the world to a degree of intensity beyond their frail power to endure. That there are pain and evil in the world about them, their high sensitiveness makes them peculiarly aware. They have themselves suffered incredible pain—pain acuter than men of ordinary feeling ever know. But they have experience also of a power at work in the world and in themselves which fuses all evil in a furnace heat and transforms it into glowing light. They see it shining in the glory of the lily, in the light of lovers' eyes and in the beatific glow which they themselves can bring in others. The existence of this power and the loveliness of a world which is actuated by such a power are for them not a matter of faith: it is a glorious and tremendous certitude.

Birds, too, the most vivid and ardent of creatures, and winged insects, who equal and perhaps surpass birds in intensity of living, have moments of high ecstasy when they too seem madly in love with the world and anxious by their singing and their motions to communicate their joy to all their kind. And when we think of the prayers which mothers innumerable are offering for their children; when we recall the ardour men have put into work they want to feel is for the good of mankind; perhaps we may not be far wrong if we suppose that those few most sensitive souls of all, when they are caught up in a delirium of delight in the world, are feeling the ecstasy of all living things bearing in upon them, as well as the prayers, the yearnings and longings of countless men and women

and their aching aspirations after the very highest life can give. From all this it may be that it comes about that those purest and most responsive souls are so unconquerably convinced that the world is ruled by love.

This is the conviction of those most intimately in touch with the world. In the light of cold clear reason are there any grounds for our rejecting this conviction? Is it palpably and inherently absurd? Is it utterly incompatible with some other well-established conception of the fundamental nature of things? This is the profoundly important question we have now to answer.

Certainly physical science shows no grounds for rejection. As far as it can go in its own proper domain it would seem to support the idea. For physical science shows that all things cohere together in a whole and that order reigns supreme throughout the physical universe. There are stars so distant that light travelling at the rate of 180,000 miles a second takes hundreds of years to reach our eyes, yet it does reach them—through our extended eye, the telescope—and thereby shows that even such distant stars are connected with our bodies. Science also tells us that these stars and our bodies are built up of the same kind of material, possessing the self-same properties; that throughout this vast universe there are orderliness and inexorable conformity to law; and everywhere interaction between the parts, so that each is related to all in an interconnected whole. And when science also tells us that the ultimate particles of which the distant stars and our own bodies alike are built up, are simply centres of electricity, science would seem actually to support the conception of the attractiveness

of the world. For we ourselves turn out to be, at the very lowest, electrical instruments of extreme delicacy and in closest touch with a vast combination of electrical instruments all detecting, recording and transmitting the finest vibrations in a connecting medium. This much, at least, we are ; but of course a great deal more with which physical science has nothing to do. But if we are this at the lowest, and the world at the lowest exhibits order, cohesion and mutual attraction throughout its length and breadth and depth and height, then physical science certainly offers no impediment to the view that the world is lovable. Evidently she is dependable. We can rely on her. And this is a good foundation for love.

And if we turn to philosophy, that activity of the mind which deals with things in their wholeness and with fundamental conceptions, we find nothing there which should prevent us from accepting the view of the world as actuated by love. To the philosopher the world is no chaos : the world is a cosmos, an ordered and self-explanatory whole, and a spiritual whole in which every part has its sphere and function and all are interconnected with one another.

So far, at least, philosophers will go : they are agreed that the world is a spiritual unity of which we are parts. But some refuse to go further. They will not consider that unity as a person—let alone anything higher. A person must be able to think and will and act as a whole, they say. And the world, though a spiritual unity, does not, they affirm, so think and will and act as a whole. It is not therefore a person and so cannot be loved—for love is of persons.

If philosophy cannot go further than this, it does not go far enough for our purpose. It does not support

the view that the world can be loved. But there is no need to regard this as the last word of philosophy ; and against this narrow view of persons and of love I wish to contend. I wish to give grounds, derived from my own personal experience of life, for holding that the spiritual unity which we call the world is a unity—call it a person or call it what we will—which can be loved in the truest sense of the word, and that if we cannot apply the word love to what we feel towards the world, then words have no meaning.

On the same grounds that they deny personality to that spiritual unity, the world, philosophers deny it to that spiritual unity one's country. So I will deal with the question of country first. For many years of my life I was representing my country in the far-away Himalaya. From that distance and height I could not help regarding England as a whole, and she was to me intensely real. I could feel her very strongly expecting of me a certain standard of behaviour. I was very sensible of her power. And she most certainly had a character, for the strange peoples among whom I was living were constantly discussing it.

Now when a man is in a position like that, well away from his country and able to see her from outside and yet be, in a way, more intimately connected with her than when he is living an ordinary life at home, he is very sensible of the fact that his country does think and feel and act. England was to me no mere fiction ; she was not a mere figure, like Britannia or John Bull. She was something truly real. I could feel her making up her mind, for I had to help her. I was asked for advice, and that advice I knew was compared with the advice given by others and with previous experience. A decision was then come to,

and on that decision I had to act. I had to give the support of England to a certain chief or withdraw it from another or to open a trade-mart or whatever it was. On behalf of England I took action. England acted—acted through me. I knew also that England could feel, for I would be enjoined to preserve cordial relations with one people and to express resentment at the action of another. In those days England was quite evidently friendly with China and suspicious of Russia. There was for me no question that England thought and felt and acted.

I would also have to speak in the name of England. On formal occasions when I said "I shall do this" or "I refuse to do that," it did not mean that I individually would do it. What I individually thought or did mattered little. When I used the pronoun 'I' on those occasions, it meant England. For those occasions and for those people I was the embodiment of England and by what I then said or did they judged of England.

And of this England I felt all the time—indeed never more so than then—most distinctly a component member. I was far away; but I was still a part. What is more, I felt called upon and constrained to be myself to the very full. A representative of his country, if he is to be a true representative, feels himself to be something a great deal more than a wheel in a machine. He has to play his own part—and play it with the utmost understanding. He has his part in forming the decision, and the success of the action decided upon will depend upon the manner in which he gives the decision effect. By his manner he may arouse animosity or inspire friendship. All this is borne in strongly on any man who represents his country in a distant land.

And I could very clearly feel that England would blame and punish me if I behaved ill, and would praise and reward me if I acted worthily of her. And she did in fact do both. Sometimes I failed to act up to what was expected of me and was blamed. Sometimes I did as I was expected to do and was praised.

Having had such experiences it is to me incomprehensible why anyone should doubt that his country is a real person. Here is the indubitable fact that England thinks and feels and acts, and that Englishmen love England and England loves Englishmen. And yet there are philosophers who refuse to consider her as a person, and will only give that distinction to individual men and women. I can only suppose the reason is that philosophers are so accustomed to thinking individually and to discussions with individuals, and have had so little experience of what working directly for one's country is—though their indirect work for their country is of far higher service to her as well as to mankind in general than any work a man may do on the Indian frontier—that they do not sufficiently appreciate the personality their country possesses.

The psychologist William McDougall does, however, look upon our country as a corporate personality, a collective whole, capable of true collective deliberation and volition. And he considers love of country something so important as to be the main condition of the future welfare of humanity in general. And with those views my own practical experience leads me fully to concur. Our country is a spiritual unity which can be, should be, and is loved by those who compose her. So I hold.

And if we can look upon this spiritual unity, our

country, as a person, the way is prepared for us to look upon that spiritual unity, the world as a whole, in the same light. If we love our country and are loved by her, we may in the same way love the world and be loved by her. And this is in fact what the great mass of men actually do. A few may remain throughout life at the bovine stage, and be as unaware of the ecstasy the world can awaken as cows are of the joy which a sunset or a skylark can give an artist. But each man has in his being a spark which quickly flames to love. And most have some great moment in their lives when all the drabness of the everyday world is suffused with glowing colour; when all barriers and partitions are thrown down, and they and the world are one; though all the time they feel that they were never more truly and completely themselves, and they are unable to say whether it is that they have expanded to include the whole world or whether the world, in embracing them, has made them one with herself.

And apart from any such very great moment, and doubtful as we may be in ordinary times about the world bearing us any love, there are occasions in most men's lives when the love of the world for us is evident enough. When we have achieved some success or when some special joy has come to us or some painful bereavement, at once we experience the love the world bears towards us. The world grieves with us in our grief and rejoices with us in our joy. And how much the world really is to us, those can say who have been at the nearest point to leaving her. When we have run great risk of losing our lives, but have come through safely; or when in some illness we have run down to the last flicker of life and a whiff would extinguish it, but we have yet recovered—in either case

we find how much the world is to us and how dearly we love her. We cannot expect the world to be constantly demonstrating her love, and we cannot be continually beating ourselves up to demonstrate our love for her. Like love of country it may be little spoken of and little outwardly displayed; but it may be there deep within us and deep within the world for all that, and perhaps flowing all the stronger because not often spoken of.

It appears then to be a very general experience that men love the world and that the world loves them. Philosophers allow that the world is a spiritual unity. And experience shows that this unity can and does love, and can be and is loved. There seem, therefore, to be no grounds for our rejecting the conviction of those highly sensitive souls who assure us the world is governed by love.

The great common world whom those most sensitive to her impressions find so lovable, would seem then to be of the same kind of spiritual unity as our common country. And we would seem to stand towards this common world as we stand towards our country. And if this be so, the world would not be a something but a somebody. And as each man plays his part in shaping the course of his motherland and participates in her life, so would he play his part in his Mother World's life. Each would retain his own peculiar individuality and character and have his own sphere and function. But all would be included in and would be shot through and through with the character of the whole. And all, too—and this is a specially important point—would be controlled and directed by what is highest in the whole, just as the spirit of a man controls his mind, and his mind the

life of his body, and his life the matter of which his body is composed.

And if this is really the relation in which a man stands to the world—if he is a constituent part of the world as he is a constituent part of his country—then he is responsible, so far as his capacities go, for making the world. A man who truly loves his country and wants his country to love him, will feel upon him a bounden obligation to do his best for her and to fit himself to do his best. It is the same with the man who loves the world and wants the world to love him. The capacities of the greatest are only limited. A man comes into the world with certain endowments, and what he lacks he cannot afterwards acquire. He may be naturally endowed with a genius for music and have no taste for mathematics. And he would never afterwards be able to acquire a genius for mathematics. But what endowment he has he can make the most of, and within those limits he is strictly responsible. The world does most sternly exact that of him. With all her love she exercises an implacable discipline. If a man is to have her love, he must make the best of himself and do his most for her. In return the ecstasy of the love she gives him rewards his utmost longings. Little he may have been able to do, but, if that little is his best, he has this reward—a love intenser, surer, richer than any mother ever gave her child.

And just as the demands of country have to be answered before the demands of individuals upon one another—just as friend has to give up friend, the lover his loved one, and husband his wife, at the call of country—so are the demands of Mother World higher than the demands of any individual lover. But here again sacrifice has its reward. For in giving up our

individual loves to the greater love—to love of Motherland and love of Mother World—these lesser loves are not lost but grow immeasurably. The love for the greater brings out, strengthens and refines the love for the less. A man who gives up his home for his country, loves his home the more not the less, and his home loves him, too, the more. The higher always directs the lower. And he is driven by the higher to put the love of Mother World into love of Motherland and love of Motherland into love of home.

I have been considering the world and our relations to her in a purposely prosaic fashion; for visions, however clear, have to be dispassionately examined by the intellect if they are to be correctly interpreted and the full truth is to be obtained from them. But I need not remind you of the importance of what we have been considering. We quite rightly pay most careful attention, for instance, to our relations with France and to putting our economic relations with the Dominions on a sound basis. This is all very important. But infinitely more important is it that we should have our relationship with the world as a whole upon a proper footing, for that is the foundation of everything else in life.

On this sentiment of love for the world a man has to build up all his life. This love—this love of God as it is usually called—once deeply felt will colour and inform his whole life. Under every shock it will keep him firm and steady. He will crave to put it into every act and every word. It will be both the mainstay and the mainspring of his life. It will give the drive and impetus to all his actions. And it will provide the supreme object towards which he will set his whole life.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

FOR STUDENTS OF KABBALISTIC LITERATURE.

A TRANSLATION AND COMMENTARY OF THE BOOK BAHIR.¹

THE present writer is glad to be able to announce that, in spite of all the difficulties now-a-days in Germany obstructing the path to the printing press for costly scientific publications, he has been able to issue the first instalment of his projected *Corpus Cabbalisticum*, that is to say of a series of translated and annotated texts of the principal remains of Jewish Mystic Literature. His thanks for this are due to the munificence of Dr. Peter Reinhold, owner of the famous Drugulin Press, and at present Minister of Finance in Saxony.

The Johann Albert Widmanstetter Society, presided over by the Rev. Prof. Fritz Hommel, Ph.D., D.D., of Munich University, and named after the great Christian scholar and orientalist who first devoted a passionate scientific interest to the Kabbala, and collected a number of rare Kabbalistic manuscripts, now treasured in the Bavarian State Library, has been fortunate enough to find in the person of Dr. Gerhard Scholem of Jerusalem, a pupil of Prof. Hommel and Clemens Baeumker, a young Jewish scholar of uncommon

¹ *Das Buch Bahir, ein Schriftdenkmal aus der Frühzeit der Kabbala auf Grund der kritischen Neuauflage.* Translation and Commentary by Dr. Gerhard Scholem. Being Vol. I. of *QABBALA, Quellen und Forschungen zur Geschichte der jüdischen Mystik im Auftrag der Johann Albert Widmanstetter Gesellschaft*, edited by Dr. Robert Eisler. Leipzig (W. Drugulin, 1923); pp. iv. + 172; 10s.

ability, who has decided to specialize in Kabbalistic studies, and has already started with incredible energy and considerable success on his life-work. A complete bibliography of all existing books and articles in periodicals on Kabbalistic texts and problems—numbering some thousand different items—is almost completed, and will be published as soon as possible in a forthcoming volume of the series. Dr. Scholem has also compared not only the principal MSS. of the Book *Bahir* with the printed *editio princeps*, but also—a thing never done before for any Hebrew text—with all the *quotations* from the *Bahir* in Jewish authors preceding the first printing of the text, and consequently representing the readings of many a lost early MS. On this extensive basis he has prepared an entirely new critical Hebrew text, which it is intended to publish as Vol. II. of the series. As Vol. III. a detailed historical introduction on the origin and on the importance of the *Bahir* for the early development of the Kabbala is to follow.

It is of course regrettable that we cannot for want of funds immediately publish all three volumes together. But as the translation and the very lucid and detailed running commentary to it are all that the general reader interested in Jewish mystic texts will probably require for a first study of this hitherto inaccessible work, we hope patrons will take the author's and the editor's guarantee that the translation is really based on the most carefully revised text which modern philological accuracy can produce, until we can present the new Hebrew edition to the judgment of the specialist. For the bibliophile the value of the *Bahir* is shown by the fact that the extremely rare copies of the very bad old prints of it, and even of the more modern Polish

reprints, fetch fabulous prices, whenever they turn up in an antiquary's shop. It may then be reasonably expected that poor students who buy books in order to read them and not as an investment, will gladly give 10s. for a well-printed lucid translation with all required explanations. It is certainly a preferable alternative to spending anything between £10 and £100 for a worm-eaten old Hebrew volume that nobody—not even an average orientalist—can make head or tail of. Not but that the 10s. is a good investment also, for the edition is limited to 500 copies, of which a considerable number is already subscribed by the members of the Widmanstetter Society, so that it may be soon as difficult to obtain as the old Mantuan print.

If we find enough patronage to help us along, we propose to edit in a similar way the Book *Yezira*, that fascinating puzzle of an isolated remnant of Palestinian Neo-Pythagoreanism, which the present writer has been studying for years in connection with the parallel and contemporary remains of Greek number-mysticism, and which he believes now firmly to be indeed, as has been conjectured, the work of the famous Jewish arch-heretic Elisha ben Abuia.

Dr. Scholem has also read through from cover to cover during last year the famous collection of the *Zohar*. He is probably the first modern student of Western training who has accomplished this Herculean task. He has prepared at the same time a special glossary to this highly problematic work, which is thus being at last attacked with all the implements from the arsenal of modern philological research and criticism. By editing and philologically analyzing the authentic literary productions of Mose de Léon and comparing their contents, and above all their style, with that of

the *Zohar*—a task which has never been attempted by one of the many critics who have declared the *Zohar* to be a ‘forgery’ of this Spanish 12th century mystic—Dr. Scholem will at last enable us to judge for ourselves on this vexed and much discussed fundamental question.

In the meantime it has been established as a first and sad result, that the magnificently produced French *Sohar*-translation in seven volumes is absolutely unreliable. It is full of mistakes and, worse than that, crammed with intentional alterations of the text, unacknowledged omissions of passages that passed the understanding of the translator, etc. Even the translator-author’s name turns out to be camouflage: ‘Jean de Pauly’ is in all probability no other than the renegade Paulus Meyer, whose infamous attitude in the Prague alleged blood-ritual murder case is not forgotten in Eastern and Central Europe.

Anyone willing to help in these far-reaching plans is cordially invited to communicate with the Honorary Secretary of the Widmanstetter Society, the undersigned:

DR. ROBERT EISLER.

Feldafing, Bavaria.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

EPILOGUE—THERE.¹

JOHN HANCOCK.

THERE the story ceased. We all pictured the speaker sitting as at some window, a mixture of the busybody, the sympathetic and the mystic, watching folks from some aloof distance. But we were aroused again by the voice of a child singing somewhere. We could not understand his song—it must have been for the ears of the unborn. When it had ceased, he began to speak.

“Men say there are ghosts of the departed which move ever about among live men in the world, awaiting some chance to slip back into life again. They say too that the air is filled with evil spirits who, if they gain possession, destroy human excellences. But there are no evil spirits. All are one, the departed,—we, the seed of the soul which alone passes through the heavy earth and progresses to perfect self-unity. We await the joining together of those influences which denote love or union in human relations. We are the unborn, the seed of perfect motives in imperfect men.

“Many of these things I did not know. Now I see more clearly. I was the seed-child in space waiting around to hear the call at which I should enter life. I somehow also saw a knight in armour mounted

¹ For the ‘Prologue—Here’ see the last number.

on a black steed of pain and agony for the mother, riding down, riding down boldly into life.

“I knew it was springtime when I first became aware of the man and the woman. There was a smell of early may in the air; some late bird sang very sweetly among deepening shadows. Along the lanes, long since dry beneath the sun of glorious weather, there was a rustling of walkers upon the grass. The sound of feet on the grass was an influence pleasurable and sweet even to those who did not think of it, but who went by talking quietly. Field-gates swung to with a clatter, and there was laughter and whistling from some boys returning to the town.

“I understand now much of the disquieting atmosphere that surged around the man and woman walking over the fields away from the town. We—for my sympathy attached me to them—walked enhaloed, enclosed in the aura of pregnant actions. A forcefulness, as of giants working out to their fulfilment inevitable laws, pervaded all; this was the determined passion of the man.

“I felt all these things uneasing me, filling me with little shivers of doubt that I should be able to bear all that would be life in me, when I became alive. Yet I, who had accepted the influences surrounding them, could never draw back. I was astride my horse, riding, riding. . . . I drew near the seed of the soul, awaiting my call.

“See what things went to its sounding—a poor girl adrift in the sea of a thin unsatisfying education and a thousand unsatisfied wants, but kept up till now at least content in the safely floating ark of an ideal; and a man careless and free and utterly lacking in sympathy, a man who would take no thought of

animals' suffering, to whom life in a provincial town with its outward respectabilities and these joys among women seemed to be the be-all and end-all of life ; and the departure of the woman's ideal, the springing of a board in her ark of refuge. Into the valley of cold disillusionment into which she had drifted and come aground before any hope could save, had stepped this man proclaiming himself a rescuer.

"I was by them in space, weeping at my parent-hood, a knight, sad-armed, riding down to a hoped-for successful entry into life. The man rose from his lethargy to the activity of his passion ; and the woman, resigned after so much dreaming, and grasping all the sensations of the passing moment, passed out with him far from reality and bitter disappointment, beyond any warning landmarks, into an ideal delirium of emotion one with his.

"Oh, I know it was his best, and that this too was her rarest moment, free, unfettered by environment, an escape from the rule of the smoky town which lay behind them.

"I did not understand other aspects of this happening which may be strange and evil ; but I knew forces to be in the world, and that the weight of these little towns is only a drab cloak upon men's shoulders beneath which a truer and younger stuff has its being. The word Failure is written so large over human faces, and the wailing over unsatisfied dreams, hopes, aspirations and ideals of men sobs out so loud. I crept to the bosom of my mother-to-be and was content. But I could not be indifferent. The whole thing was a vicious circle. The birth of a Bert Joy may have been that from which some evils came about, as also the birth of the woman ; but the greatest evil of all was

the crushing of their true joy of life, partly by environment and partly through the neglect of their parents and their parents before them, resulting in the awful strength of passion posing as a solitary highest ideal.

“ I sing no praise of the freedom of action which these two proclaimed with the defiance of those whose very defiance suggests that they have a certain belief in the laws they push aside. These are not reformers. Reformers are divine revolutionaries who have within themselves the plan of a more exquisite architecture with which to replace old buildings they remove. They live in advance of their day and the things they destroy seem evil to them, obsolete barbarisms, childish things which to them are past. About their most fiery denunciations and actions there is the calm of prophets who in their minds walk among other streets and fly toward other things divine. These two, the man and the woman, and all others like them, are much more the victims of those obsolete systems which the divine reformer pushes aside. It is their suicide, which, if he is successful, he prevents.

“ I knew all their thoughts and, like a human orphan child sighing among strangers for parental affection, I hung eagerly upon their words to hear them speak of me. How eagerly I listened. But they spoke only of their fleeting moment.

“ Weeping I counted hours of time in their little delight, waiting for them to speak—but they did not. I was indeed fatherless, far beyond the world’s conception of that word’s meaning. I had loved them from the first and, knowing how soon my eyes of understanding would be closed in mortal life, I listened eagerly, gazing into their minds, seeing the influences

playing upon them and their source, knowing its true value and import. That is what is so tragic here. Such influences creep out of chance, and the ever-widening rings of their effect ripple and ripple until they break upon the shores of space.

“ I had one last glimpse of those two swaying in the moonlight, and sank slowly into a nothingness where all surrounding passed away. I heard the throbbing of a great system, that beating of unquenchable life heard even in the heart of a grain of sand as in the greatest imaginable being. Enveloped in rushing streams, I changed, losing the sense of my eternal identity in the awakening consciousness of my mortal existence. Borne on the irresistible flood, singing my song of courage and successful achievement and marvelling praise, I entered my nine months' dwelling.

“ Then my song was drowned by sounds that hurt, so that my gladness turned to tears; the free pulse of life was sunk beneath them. I heard my mother weeping as she woke back to reality, to regrets and consequences.

“ She was bowed low, nearly broken beneath the weight of all she felt and suffered. It was only when those surrounding her who knew her circumstances, passed their censure, that she rose from her own sorrow, partly to fight against them, but also with a strange new courage, a faith arising from the seed of stray memories of conversation with a young philosopher. Through their influence she turned to me, and I knew my mother at last. Awed before such a spirit, I crept, as though suddenly tired, into her protection. I realized all the changes taking place within her. Out of her own private fear and the surrounding

censure of the little world around her, at last came personal courage. But though I speak of her courage and a certain strength now hers, it must be understood that she remained one who had been broken in paths where sympathy is not. Hers was only a relative strength, bred partly of fortitude. She was fundamentally insignificant and unsuccessful—one of a multitude of such, from whom she was only different in her possession of certain grafted ideas and visions. Her defeat was small in a world where defeat is only understood amid the battles of nations and the rivalries of the successful. Indeed it was not truly of the nature of defeat at all; it was rather that the results of her blindness, intensified by the blind parents who had led her, proceeded upon their inevitable course to their inevitable reality. And now, as she tossed among these blindnesses, she grasped at all odd gleamings flickering before eyes she was so desirous should open to a grander and purer day. She recalled many things her friend had said, which at the time had passed unnoticed. Now they blossomed as though into bewildering question-marks; these she slowly and painfully strove to nurse to their fulfilment—that they might bear fruit in the form of exclamation-marks of an adoration which she dimly perceived was her rightful attitude towards all things. She came to believe that just as accidents of natural phenomena had their rightful place, and had no destructive bearing upon the life of things as they really are,—so all chances of human life and the ever-widening rings of consequences were spiritual periods, out of which many things rose to the surface reborn, and any things that apparently sank rose up again at the appointed time of their own self-induced resurrection, and that all things moved

and had their purpose but as they turned human souls unconsciously towards final perfection.

“As she became aware of my actual existence, I entered into all these thoughts: I should have a clearer relation with natural things; the russets of autumnal fields should be as lovely and compelling to me as the hazel of human eyes, as the skin of sunburnt beauty or sheen of auburn hair. I was to be the companion of the generally despised. Perhaps she thought of me as a little like a new Francis of Assisi, moving not among birds, but carrying butterflies and beetles with tenderness in the folds of my mantle and leading straying slugs from paths men might use.

“Sympathy, sympathy, was the one word she repeated so often. She wrung her hands together, thinking even of Bert Joy with a certain pitying affection; realizing her own strangely new happiness, in spite of much despair and loneliness, she wished that he too might share it. Yet because of all she had suffered, through what was almost a sudden awakening, it was only natural her faith should have been a little harsh. Though for her child she had this understanding of the might of sympathy, she also desired that he should be a pioneer journeying upon a road entirely his own. While believing that none forever sink, she yet desired him to depend entirely upon his own strength; she would rather see him temporarily crushed than to sink to live supinely as other men she saw around her.

“In her case cause had had its inevitable effect, and her religion consisted in believing that effect divine, a foundation-stone upon which to raise the fabric of self-attained truths. She desired her child to

vindicate her ; yet not by confounding any who believed inviolable the laws which she had violated, but by setting him free from all things known and unknown by which she had been hampered. She had suffered too much even to wish to punish those who thought they could pass judgment upon her, nor did she believe that any punishment could reprove or correct any evil. There was one law ; and delayed God-head was the punishment for breaking it. But whatever her lot her son should be free ; she would hold him high above any tides that encompassed her, so that angels who, passing upon their course, chanced to look around upon others, should see a man passing upon his Way, arising, blossoming in his glory from the very body of one who had been unsuccessful.

“The time for my delivery drew near and with it an increasing tender unity with my mother. I was a presence to her at last. A glorious elation possessed her, mingling with a strange almost animal tenderness. Sometimes she thought of a tigress, imagining its heavy-trailing walk, the fierceness of its tenderness, a motherhood merged in a creative sense of possession. She felt a kinship with the creature ; being able with piercing insight to understand its innate sense of jealous guardianship over what was so much herself.

“She thought of plants, considering with a certain curious physical understanding the relation of bud to parent-stalk, with wonder looking down upon each opening petal ; and then as a flower in graceful ascent dropping her material petals, seeing this child projected after her as final perfect fulfilment.

“She gave herself up to be this fruitful sacrifice. Her joy mingled with the fear of tragic possibilities. Countless imaginings of her life through years to come

and physical pain surrounded all for a while ; and then, overbalancing everything, came the realization of her own love, before which she was afraid, seeing it, among so much imperfection, at last upon the way of ultimate divinity, almost as though a direct river flowing from the innermost perfections of the soul into a world and a life far distant from the place where she imagined all life would be as perfect as that compassionate and self-less love.

“I heard three robust songs where there was so much quiet illness. I heard the song of the body about to be delivered. I heard the song of the mind, roaming far among the notes of the song of the body, singing in harmony through forests of thought in perpetual springtime, picturing endless pictures. These were joined in strong beauty with the tremulous full song of the soul, as I, the seed of the soul, wrapped in the casket of the child, felt the coming of the moment. And when these were finished, there arose from among their last chorus, as I imagined, a new song at which, as it arose among such magnificence, I laughed aloud ; and then, as the sweet tenderness of the voice continued, all incongruity passed away and I felt myself borne aloft into an amazing tower of sympathy. It was the very perfect fruit of my mother's faith. I heard a quiet baby-song among all the rhythms of the great systems of life. I heard the song of the body, which is the song of the contacts with life ; and the song of the mind, which is of doubts and endless unrealized hopes arising from those contacts ; and the song of the soul which is of revelation, with all contacts united into an integrity of adoration and all hopes fulfilled ; then I heard the song of my mother singing to me a child-rhythm :

“ ‘ Who’ll be chief mourner ? ’

‘ I,’ said the dove, ‘ for I mourn for my love,
I’ll be chief mourner.’ ”

And I wondered why she would mourn, and at what ? At my failure, my unsuccessful entry into life ? or at the very success of it ? But I knew either way she would be chief mourner. I became lost in great revolutions. All was an ebb and flow around me. Where there had been calm, now was storm ; vast spaces opened out, as though divine priests pulled back the curtains from innermost shrines. The revolutions increased. I understood a thousand rivers of light, until I passed the sluice-gates of the senses—the gate of smell, which is of blood ; the gate of hearing, which is of screaming winds ; the gate of touch, which is of mystic fire, caressing-like kissing tongues ; the gate of seeing, which is red and of raying light and parting clouds, revealing the cave-mouth of the visible earth ; and the gate of sound,—which was of my first and last cry, and the death-cry of my mother. I was still-born, and in unconsciousness passed out throbbing the throb of the universe, having made an unsuccessful entry into life.”

We stood silent a long while after these two narratives had been given, thinking of all we had heard, comparing where comparisons seemed possible, linking up explanations in the one with things in the other we had not understood ; and the most striking thing, over which we pondered the longest, with curiosity and humorous amazement at such ludicrous symbolism, was the weaving of the child-song of the mother through both the stories. Influenced I suppose by their quite calm acceptance of what might have seemed a freak of fantastic folly, and losing all due sense of

proportion, we too thought of that song almost as though it were a deep sung dramatic note weaving its sorrowful and suggestive way right across the background of these human actions. Gradually we became aware of a presence standing among us and, turning from our own thoughts, gazed at this one who had curious eyes set a little aslant beneath his eyebrows and whose mouth opened now to speak. We listened again.

“ I am Bert Joy, from whom influences are flying abroad in the wind. Those who have looked among them, have seen how carelessly they were thrown out, how the circle of carelessness and ignorance spread the widening rings of their splash into the waters of existence, equally, side by side, with the most high and religious motives. I am the father, utterly ignorant and indifferent ; yet my child stands beside those of the wisest philosophers and those faithful, who have called their children to life only after having prepared paths for their feet to travel upon. All I am able to show the world is just how futile all systems of preparation are. They who prepare a golden cabinet for a king, starve a solitary among golden pomp. He who ties his child's feet upon his true Way, finds that the child's feet are able to walk only on the pavements of cities—square pegs in round holes, we say. That is all I am able to show the world. But to the flesh I bring the courage of marvellous possibilities ; and through these I disperse the devil and all the distresses and discontents which arise from the outpourings of heredity that fill up the jar of each individual, overwhelming him. So are the world, the flesh and the devil balanced among the loads of the true Way, and I fly free. . . .

“Because in the past I have been the most prosaic, now I] am become the most mystic; so are all materialists punished for all previous blindness. I cannot explain my actions in the past—nor indeed now. I have through those actions and their wear and tear, their friction upon the human spirit, one transcending knowledge and one revelation which contains supreme consolation. I know that through failure success is achieved. I know the success of all, of any, earthly excellence is a failure which becomes apparent through wars and revolutions. No tearing apart of what once seemed perfect, but ultimately makes for greater perfection. So the failures of the thoughts, the hopes, the ideas of To-morrow are but the human failures from which in the Day after To-morrow the soul achieves success; and no success but becomes failure, and no failure but becomes success.

“The one revelation I have is of the nature of the Change. I am now the happy he who shall have all experiences of sex and through them cast off that state and all the piled up terrors of heredity. From my failure I have learnt the perfect state of humility; I stand in pride in nature only, enjoying with the daisy the green of its stem, showing my hands to the monkey to show the similarity of our hands. The Change is the resurrection. It sets men free.

“There are two ways through which an estimate of a person may be obtained. One is to hear the impressions of those who live around the person in question. They will know all his peculiarities, his affections and affectations. They will tell of his kissing the child in the street, and of his successful business deal; and from these call him a good or a bad man. They have watched him. The other is the way

of the mother whose knowledge and judgment are of the possibilities of her son's soul. The only true judgment is that of the Imagination's affection. The God whose fibres of all-pervading vision surround all worlds, can alone pass his judgment. He has seen all motives and should be impartial, men say ; but just because he has seen all motives, he is partial. There is no judgment but that of effect following cause, which is its own judgment and its own expiation. So all such judgments as that of him who watched there and spoke of me are the characteristic judgments of men and not of God. He has spoken of my child-days before the cages of the wild animals in the menagerie ; it was just so he watched me. He saw me die. With his little eye, he saw me die.

“ But it must not be thought I cast blame anywhere. I know I am indeed the father of many influences in the wind. But I see, as did the woman, what sympathy creates. When I had finished my mortal life in that little home-town around which I have so often roamed, gazing down upon the mental pictures of my own life, I beat my hands together in despair, seeing the seed of my childish Imagination as he saw it,—not only withering or dying out, but living a terribly evil ghost-life afterwards, turning my mortal loves into an imaginative dream-life, where the rose-gardens of sentimental ballads and all the pernicious disgusting degrading conventions of artificial music-hall love-making were a veritable world of my highest ideal. Beating my hands together, how often I cried aloud, ‘ I was never taught ; I ought to have been taught ! ’ There was no uplifting of my spirit beside the spots of the leopard, the eyes of the lynx, the hands of the monkeys. They were ludicrous, those animals, grotesques even without

the paraphernalia of clown's hats and gilt-trimmed jackets; and in that whole tent full of people, among callous fathers and ignorant mothers and mischievous boys, where other than among them lay my example and my road? They tied me down in my street with strings of stupid conventions, and bound me with the shackles of a mean respectability. Every scrap of true mysticism had long been sucked from the religion to which we belonged, travestied by stereotyped services in a brick-and-plaster chapel. They starved me and I had no bursting power of self-expression through which I could have escaped.

"I will forget everything of those early days. Every memory I have lies in a casket of ignorance lined with a lining of deceit, conceit and pride. My mother was an ignorant washer-woman who dragged through life, and my father an embittered whining incompetent mechanic.

"I have heard their voices in space too, swelling the chorus of self-reproaches. At first I thought I ought to have been taught; but now I see my teachers are just as I am. All teaching lies in the clearness with which one listens to the singing of his own soul and the voice of his Imagination. Environment is but a small influence to those whose Imagination is awake. It is not enough that the garden be fair; the gardeners too must be clear-eyed, and they must seek as though something precious has been lost, or if not lost at least gone before; which, if they do not sufficiently desire it, will surely pass away. In this garden the daylight will become pure with the growing sympathy of the child. No mists will cover any flowers. All illusions will fade. The child will live in eternal glory, not in night or day. He will

breathe for ever free air, not spring breezes or winter storms. He is the child who possesses the germ of eternal tranquillity ever moving and giving birth.

“Then I come to the time of my affections. They are so many; I have loved so many, my heart has beaten so tenderly over this one and that. Then suddenly I find that I have never loved anyone at all. Life is too often a succession of absorbing interests instead of one all-embracing obsession. And when I came to realize how I had all but struggled really to become lost in such an affection, I felt almost cynically how much was lacking out of my very existence. Now I see that in reality this inability should have been viewed with the tenderness bestowed upon something for ever lost, a sacred thing profaned by hasty grasping of half-satisfying joys. This inability to hold to the ideal comes also from the death of the Imagination. It is through the intensity which realism gives to To-day, that the joys of all possible To-morrows are sacrificed. Then after I had wept at living among those joys of To-day that seemed so imperfect, I began to feel that there never had been any imperfection there. My woman rises like a star of beauty. I think how she will adorn the gardens of Heaven's delight; and I sigh at the net of circumstances and environment through which I caught her in my cage, and reproach myself for gazing upon that physically lovely star, even so much as to shutter that light within the dark house of my thoughts.

“As she, however, in spite of deep sorrow and bitterness made her faith from the ashes of her failure, so I too have made mine out of all past indifferences, and have come through it to gaze with a dual affection upon my child. I too have seen the woman sitting in

those deeply significant attitudes, typically suggestive, it seemed to me, of a Madonna before all the world. But in less blessed mood she was aware of no divinity in her child, seeing it subject to all human laws, if filled with all human possibilities. I heard her sing, and with the others who even against their will have come to believe a significant symbolism lying there, I too heard a dual suggestion when she sang:

“ ‘ Who’ll dig his grave ? ’

‘ I,’ said the owl, ‘ with my spade and trowel,
I’ll dig his grave.’

“ I remember with deep sorrow how we dug his grave indeed upon the night when no thought of him lay in our passion. I weep now, thinking of that forlorn one with his ear to our lips listening for the sound of his own name. I rejoice in the end that that burial never came about ; for though others watching saw him die, with their little eye, I see him still an influence in the wind, a knight riding down hill to a successful entry into life. It was when I saw those attitudes of the mother in all the power of conscious maternity, that I realized finally the secret strength of sympathy.

“ To the true man then will be given the knowledge of Fatherhood and Motherhood. He shall feel pang for pang and joy for joy with both. I am the prophet whose one song is all that Change shall bring about. I see fathers the happy conceivers of beloved children, carrying them in their devoted arms ; mothers as begetters with mournful eyes yearning for close participation in that creation ; and finally, beyond all these things, dawnings of tranquillity and humility wherein sit dual beings watching the uprising of children by the dual parental side. There is to be a great drawing

together of affections, child to parent, and a great tearing apart of parent and child, as these mighty travellers stride with huge thighs of tireless thought across the mountains of revelation. There is to be the return of travellers, at last realizing that all journeyings are only upon themselves. They walk upon themselves with their own feet, with mental perception study their own unity, with spiritual insight at last hymn their own mysterious trinity.

“ I who am the ravisher in my little midland story, see myself as an almighty begetter, humbly, insignificantly pushing my seed out to declare itself as I am declaring myself. I see at last how vile, and at the same time how glorious, is everything of the body. I mourn my sex, being jealous of that woman who carried my seedling for nine months. I have stood around her, eager at every awakening of sympathy, breathing myself into her and hammering upon those walls for the seed to hear. I swam the waters of the womb singing my songs of father and child. In humility laying my head by its head, in all childish innocence, I wept myself clean of reproaches and regrets. I am clean of all taints. I have swum in the waters of the beginning.

“ The life of the world is evil, but it is also good because of its possibilities. I know how evil is the power of the mind when it usurps the throne in man. The mind is a kingdom divided against itself, wherein understandings of the Imagination war with the wisdom of world-governments. The priests of the city sit with the kings discussing compromise, while the day of sympathy falls fast into the self-induced night of philanthropy.

“ But at long last an awakened one upleaps. His

body is exquisitely alive. His mind has spread its feelers abroad in the world, gathering, balancing, valuing all that appears to him through the eyes of his Imagination, and the spiritual eye of vision; and his soul gazes through lifted curtains past all revelation and imaginative possibilities into the far flame of truth, where all is a white light fairer than snow. I see his son and his son's son. I watch them as they go to far beyond where my visionary eye can see. Their great-grandsons work, and move and pass in the far-off places of Eternity.

"I pass on. Do not call out to me again. I shall not hear, being far out beyond the wave-echoes of your voices. I am upon my Way. When I am gone, let loose your tongues on your own plane. Say all you will. Whisper among yourselves the title of that significant song the woman has woven through this history. Puzzle your heads, argue, keep to your opinions, every one of which will be different from his neighbour's. *Who Killed Cock Robin?* I am the father, and declare to you that he is infinite possibilities, a thousand influences flying upon the wind. He is like some test sent abroad, flying among men, by higher beings or angels or our greater selves, testing our sympathy. So beware how you speak and think about this. I see the Change. I reveal its Way. I am finished and begin again."

He left us, asking a joking riddle whose answer was intensely serious. He asked the riddle of a sphinx, the answer to which was a key which we realized opened vast doors of boundless meaning. We were oppressed with the weight, the knowledge of the importance of that answer to us, and at the same time in our hearts sorrowfully knew we could not find an

answer. He left us dropping that devastating fire of disquiet, of doubt, of infinite possibilities among us; truly he sowed the seed of dissatisfaction among us—the seed of the Change.

We watched him go, a thing of flaming light. Then a sudden babbling of many voices began. There was a breaking out of sound of many tongues. I heard our voices all together, a mixed indistinct crying: Who killed Cock Robin? The friend? Bert Joy? The woman? The child? Conventions? The world? Lack of sympathy? You—or I?

The flaming light became less and less in the distance. Darkness came upon us, isolating us, casting each into the dungeon of his own self, while the winds of influence and possibilities blew about our heads.

JOHN HANCOCK.

THE DEEPER LIFE.

I HAVE come to this life once again,
To take up an unfinished task :
Do you ask me from whence I have come ?
Nay, question not thus of the soul ;
Of *here* or of *there* there is nothing to find
In the Life that lies deeper than thought ;
That motionless moves in the Suns and the Worlds,
And formless gives form to the mind.

I came to this life when the summons was heard,
When the Stars in their courses conspired :
Do you ask me the number of years ?
Nay, I count not my years by the Sun ;
Down the cycle of time I have taken my way,
I look both before and behind ;
I am old as the Earth, and young as the Spring,
Or the dawn of a beauteous day.

Have I seemed to live as other men live ?
Have I seemed to work as they work,
For profit and gain, for credit and place ?
Nay, I care naught for these ;
Life's life, and it needs must expand,
But I seek not to lessen another ;
Give me the pleasure of working
At what may come next to my hand.

If the world has accorded me praise,
Or perchance has apportioned me blame,

Shall I heed what the verdict may be ?

Nay, I care not for praise nor for blame ;
I have asked not for yea or for nay ;
The verdict is not with the world,
And the Sun and the Moon and the Stars
Go their determinate way.

I have questioned the priests and the books

Of faiths old and new, of this sect and that :
And who shall say which holds the truth ?
Nay, I doubt not that each will suffice
To sustain some necessitous soul ;
Let it stand, if for you it is true ;
But never can doctrine or dogma express
E'en a fractional part of the Whole.

Read me the riddle of Life, the great Life of Nature,
You with your Churches and Creeds.

Can you hunt with the hounds and run with the
hare ?

Nay, I doubt not that you're with the hounds.
But Life is with both—there's the Riddle :

Life's not *this* and not *that* : Life is **ALL**,
And **ALL** is **ONE LIFE**, no first and no last ;
And ever we stand in the middle.

I have seen some visions and dreamed some dreams,
Of what has been, and shall be, and is.

Shall I ask if these may be real ?

Nay, I question not thus of the fact.
What I have seen I have seen.

All Life's mine, in infinite measure,
To-day or a thousand years hence ;
And what is is what ever has been.

I question no longer the priests or the books ;
I question myself and discern
The answer lies there, in the depths of the soul :
Nay, where should it otherwise lie ?
Search deep till the self seems e'en lost
To all that the world deems so real ;
Search deeper than time and deeper than fate,
And see that thou count not the cost.

Search deeper than weal and deeper than woe,
Search deeper than aught thou can'st contact or
know ;
Ask not the answer from pleasure or pain :
Nay, ask not the answer at all.
The way of the Gods is past finding out
By the mind that seeks answer of yea or of nay ;
Find thy SELF in the Source whence all things arise,
And pass beyond question or doubt.

There's a Self that lies deeper than sense ;
There's a Truth that lies deeper than mind ;
There's a Life that is lost to be found :
Nay, all must be lost to be found.
Self utterly, wholly, completely resigned ;
Sunk in a fathomless ocean of Love ;
Yet—spaceless and timeless and nameless reward—
Thus in SELF the fulness of all things to find.

W. KINGSLAND.

CLOUD ARGOSIES.

THERE is that in me paints the clouds with flame :

Some blazing pyre
Of exultations that acclaim
A nascent miracle ;
Some leaping fire
Reflected in my eyes

That casts upon the outer spectacle

Its ruddy lights and dyes

Heaven's cloud-banked panorama with its hues,
Tingeing yon conclave down the remotest skies.

There is that in me sets the heavens afire :

Some kindling hope,
Some uncontained desire,
Flaming within me like a stormy dawn
Lays out its orient banners o'er the earth,
Till heaven from horizon unto cope
Is one great conflagration.

Hope's mad incendiary rushes on
Scaling the heights with a delirious mirth,
Till by his roaring torch
The bluest pastures of the ether smoke and scorch.

They sleep in endless series in the vault,
The azure vaults of the cerulean air,
Like snowy frigates when the time is fair
And summer's gentlest breezes make default.
Moored on that glassy sea,

In long processional they stretch away
Down the remotest flood-tides of the day,
 In immobility ;
Their sails full-blown, etherial, rose, and blond,
 The fabulous wrack,
Streaming along its greater ocean track,
Doth vanish down the roads of the beyond.

A prodigy ! From heavens rich in balm,
Or from some continent where nature smiles,
Beyond the poles, or from the Blessed Isles,
Or from some mart where souls are great and calm,
Trading in dreams and seeking love's increase,—
 This argosy of peace !

Over unnumbered leagues of silence borne
The thousand-oared Armada of the clouds,
Freighted with wonder, sets with all its shrouds
Peopled with visitants, towards earth's dark bourn.

Ho ! ye who thirst for beauty and for dreams,
Parched—for that heaven's streams have ceased to flow,
Famished—for that earth's treasure has run low,
Ye unto whom the tide of beauty seems
Long to have ebbed from life's now sterile sands,
Each year to leave its iron coasts more bare,
Each year more grudgingly its dew to spare
 To heights and meadow-lands !

Come ye who laboured for a sign too rare,
Come ye who hoped the miracle too long,
Who found no manna desert ways along,
And won of rapture all too small a share,
Nor saw the angel 'mid the crippled throng
Trouble the waters by the Bethesdan stair !

Come ye who stooped to touch last autumn's leaves
As earth's last glint of glory, and in mourning
Frequent the winter woods where nature grieves
Beauty's demise, and doubt spring's new adorning ;
Come ye whom beauty's farthing overwhelms,
Lo, here is ransom for a thousand hosts,
Some rich consignment sped towards other realms
Lights by some hazard on our nether coasts.
Yon dazzling fleet from alien oceans strayed,
Freighted with balm and incense for some race
Of holier beings, by our shores delayed,
Along earth's wharves its shipment will unlade,
Its cargoes fabulous of awe and grace.

O miracle of grace ! Joy, tears of joy !

O blessed sign !

Too sweet, too near, too great for worth of mine.

After eternities of barren care

The eventual fruit of prayer ;

After the aching pain,

And thirst, and dark annoy,

Excessive grace dissolves the heart again.

O miracle of grace ! Joy, tears of joy !

AMOS NIVEN WILDER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

CONSCIOUSNESS, LIFE AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

A Study in Natural Philosophy. By Richard Eriksen, Ph.D.,
Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Christiania.
London (Gyldendal); pp. 213; 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is the most arresting discussion from a philosophical standpoint we have as yet come across of the notions inherent in the new theories of physical relativity associated popularly with the name of Einstein. It is not a translation, but written by Prof. Eriksen himself in excellent English. The position of our author is frankly critical of that of the out-and-out relativists. A few quotations will best show his quality and acumen and the trend of his thinking.

The fundamental mistake involved in a metageometric (*i.e.* non-euclidean) interpretation of reality is the element of irrationality (*viz.* motion and its differentiation) in relation to formal space; this must ever resist perfect rationalization, in that it is fundamentally dynamical.

In this connection, moreover, "we must remember that formal euclidian space represents the utmost *freedom* of spatial possibility thinkable, and that a fourth dimension cannot widen this freedom *spatially*. But this freedom of motion and form inherent in euclidian space is veiled by the mathematical language speaking of the three dimensions of space as if the freedom of spatial *possibility* were limited by them, while the truth is that they only function as a *means* of *orientation* to spatial *limitations* and *definitions*, which may be infinite in number and variety. Space as such is not extended in three directions or three main directions, but in *all possible* directions, the number of which is also infinite. This is easily forgotten. But when it is remembered, it cannot surprise us that the metageometries in reality lead to limitations of the spatial freedom of euclidian space, that is to say, to spatial formations *within* space. As Lotze, Wundt and many other critics have pointed out, the illusion connected with metageometric speculations, that they introduce us into a new spatial world, with

new attributes, is a result of a fiction that it is permissible to deal with functions *in space* as if they were space itself, or to endow space itself with attributes which can only belong to spatially defined formations. It must not be forgotten that, in every spatial specification or construction, formal space itself is implied as the background, or rather presupposition, making it possible" (pp. 117, 118).

This is an acute and fundamental criticism. To pass to the so-called fourth co-ordinate (time) of what is so misleadingly (for the lay mind) called the four-dimensional continuum (space-time) in the relativity theory.

"The physical universe can have no outer, but only an *inner* limit, *by which it is related not to an empty space outside it, but to life and consciousness*. And here we are confronted by the conception of the fourth dimension. . . . We have connected this fourth dimension with the relation between space and time, and seen that the consideration of space apart from time is only realisable by formal abstraction. Now time may as well as space be considered from a purely formal point of view, and in this case it is as a-dynamic as formal space. Formal time cannot 'ravage.' It cannot, any more than formal space, effect any real change. And to be real, time must be dynamically *defined*. In reality, where time and space are inextricably interwoven, time may, however, be considered as the aspect by which the dynamic nature of reality is especially realised. To apprehend the time-relations between objects or phenomena is pre-eminently to grasp the dynamic relations between them. In the 'becoming' or the changes taking place in reality the dynamic element of reality is especially prominent. But to consider the dynamic relations between specialised or even mechanically isolated parts of the universe is very different from considering the 'dynamis,' by which the universe as a totality is limited, defined by space and time and maintained as a dynamically coherent reality. This 'dynamis' cannot be found among special physical energies or forces. It must be a four-dimensional force in the sense that it connects the whole universe with an inner psychic sphere and separates the latter from it" (p. 121).

After a psychological disquisition of great interest, Prof. Ericksen reaches the arresting conclusion: "In fact, *formal space* is *nothing but an intuitive psychic realisation of simultaneity*. It is the simultaneity of objectivation (or the outer sense), as the subject may be called the simultaneity of subjectivation (or the

inner sense). And the reason why formal space cannot be considered as moving is the ideal perfectness of its simultaneity. Formal space must be considered as present beforehand in all points within it. Consequently it *cannot move*. But—the mechanical systems do not rest, they are moving. . . . We are here confronted with a deep-seated antagonism between the a-dynamic principle of formality and the dynamic principle of reality. The exact perfectness of formal geometry and mathematics is conditioned by a perfectly a-dynamic immobility, in which motion owing to its dynamic nature introduces an element of irrationality. Therefore dynamic reality is as a sphere of motion insusceptible of a *perfect* rationalisation. The rationalisation of it can only be approximate, and it will be dependent upon the degree in which the necessary rest is realised as a *dynamic continuity in motion*” (pp. 156, 157).

As to velocity, Prof. Ericksen allows for other rates greater than that of light. “The highest velocity in real [*i.e.* dynamic] space,” he writes, “must be a velocity by which the space is dynamically defined and realised as a simultaneous presence or rest in relation to all slower motions in the world. And here we are confronted with the conception of a fourth dimension in the sense . . . of a time-power defining itself in the highest velocity of the universe and using it to unify the whole sphere of motion as an *organic life-sphere*. . . . The highest velocity must be a turning-point, in which an inversion takes place from discontinuity to continuity, from the outside to the inside, from extension to intension of spatial existence, from a positive to a negative dynamis of space, both of which may be regarded as necessary—as the two scales of a weight—to the constitution of reality. We might also call this inversion a transition from an affirmation to a negation of mass or matter, from the material to the immaterial side of spatial existence, because the highest velocity implies the reduction of mass or matter to zero” (pp. 159-161).

A final point, before we conclude this notice, which we hope will induce some of our readers to study the book for themselves. Prof. Ericksen, so far from jettisoning the hypothesis of the ether, expounds how in his view it may be connected with the notion of periodicity, both cosmic and individual. He continues: “Thus ether is not only connected with the periodicity of rotation, by which the time-rhythm of the various world-bodies are adjusted, but also with the periodicity in the life of existence of the world

systems, determining their formation and dissolution, their exhalation and inhalation—to use a good image from Indian mythology. . . . The ether should be [further] a means of balancing the pairs of opposites, by which the periodicity in the life of the world-systems is realised: the contrast between force and energy, between attraction and repulsion, between gravitation and light, and also between life and consciousness" (pp. 179, 180).

It is a study which is remarkable whether in the way of survey or of critique or of suggestion.

THE 'CONTROLS' OF STANTON MOSES ('M.A. OXON.').

By A. W. Trethewey, B.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, I.C.S. (retired). With numerous Drawings and Specimen Signatures. London (Hurst & Blackett); pp. 292; 12s. 6d. net.

THE problem of the use of great names in mediumistic communications is here raised in acute form. W. Stanton Moses (originally Mostyn) was a clergyman of the Church of England and an Oxford graduate; he was also one of the most remarkable sensitives in the history of modern spiritualism, and exhibited in abundance well-nigh every phase of mediumistic phenomena. Mr. Trethewey has had access to the original records—the numerous books of automatic script—and has carefully analysed out everything that bears upon the 'identity' of the numerous 'controls' or 'guides' (some fifty of them) who formed the 'band' operating through S. M., as apart from a series of less distinctive communicators. These 'identifications' are now for the first time made known to the public. It should be remembered that the chief influence, that bore the symbolic title 'Imperator,' refused for long to give or allow to be given the 'identifications' for which S. M. was continually pressing. Imperator contended that it did not matter who they had been on earth, so long as the message they were endeavouring to convey was got through. They were to be judged solely by the content of the writing; there was no other criterion. It should further be remembered that the main purport of this message was the exposition of a liberal and catholic form of religion which clashed in many respects with the narrow and rigid orthodoxy of Stanton Moses himself, and which he strenuously and for long resisted. He naturally wanted to know with whom he had to deal; to him the question of the identity of the communicators seemed to be of prime importance. As the result of his

persistence, the non-committal labels *Imperator*, *Rector*, *Prudens*, *Doctor*, *Mentor* and the rest, changed into the historical names of prophets and sages and lesser luminaries. All this took place gradually, and Stainton Moses does not seem to have been any the happier for the most part. To peruse in cold blood the list as it now stands in dull print seems to the student of history like reading the names of characters assembled to take part in some imaginative drama or dream-phantasy. *Imperator* plays the part of Malachi, the most remarkable of the greater 'identifications,' for the Malachi of history was an unknown, writing under the pseudonym of 'the Messenger,' and supposed to have been inspired by Elijah. From O.T. days Ezekiel, Haggai and Daniel also come on the scene. From the N.T. we have John the Baptist, John the Apostle and John the Divine (who are two distinct persons). Of philosophers we have thrown in Plato, Aristotle and Plotinus, not to mention the Indian Kapila and the Arabian Algazzali. A number of English historical characters, musical composers and more recent American worthies are also introduced; and had the script continued, doubtless the total would have rapidly mounted to three figures. It is only when we come to the lesser lights that anything approaching what may be called evidence of identification can be said to be given; with the 'lives' of the great so well-read a man as Stainton Moses was of course already familiar. He was moreover thoroughly aware of the subconscious theory, and was pulled this way and that, being very much exercised about some of the communications, especially those of Magus, who was brought in to teach him 'occultism.' The explanation given by the script in this case may very well apply in general to most of the other titles, and so largely discount much of the forced 'identifications.' This explanation is distinctly interesting; it is found in two separate passages, transcribed on pp. 73 and 74.

"The name (Magus) has been used by more than one communicating Intelligence. . . . You are too much concerned about curious questions of identity. The names are but convenient symbols for influences brought to bear upon you. In some cases the influence is not centralized: it is impersonal, as you would say. . . . In very many cases the messages given to you are not the product of any one mind, but are the collective influences of a number."

"That ('Magus'), as you have heard before, is a generic title assumed by a number of spirits who are skilled in the mysteries of which we may not speak. The original Magus known to you has

long since gone and many spirits now use the title, being forbidden to reveal their own personal identity."

Had Imperator, who is supposed to have supervised the whole of S. M.'s development from the beginning, clearly stated this at the outset, much of the 'identification' bemuddlement might have been avoided. It is vain to attempt to give a general impression of so long and complicated a series of records in a short notice; new problems crop up well-nigh on every page. Mr. Trethewey has done his work well, and at the end contrasts the two extreme rival and mutually exclusive theories which each claim to cover the whole ground—namely spirits and the subconscious, and shows from the data that some middle ground must be sought. S. M. was not only an automatic writer; he also became clairvoyant and clairaudient, and was in other ways extremely sensitive. He could himself thus discriminate between influences in the writings that were vague and general and those that were positive and determined, and which gave him full assurance of contact with a distinct personality—an individual intelligent will. As to the subconscious theory, he found it particularly unsatisfactory with regard to the very remarkable physical phenomena that happened in his presence and the simplest of which he could never bring about at will. Thus he writes (p. 185): "No more cogent evidence of the existence of an external intelligence exists for me than the fact that, in spite of my own earnest wish, it is impossible for me to evoke a single rap by the exercise of my own will."

There is no question of Stainton Moses' utter sincerity and honesty; and the testimony of a man of culture possessed of such rich and varied and lengthy personal extra-normal experience is to be preferred to the sapient opinions of a host of critics who have never crossed for a moment the confines of common or garden normality. Nevertheless, granting fully that this factor of psychical objectivity in many cases cannot be scientifically eliminated, there is also to be reckoned with throughout a protean vital element in which and through which it works, and the play of whose imagery thrown up from without and thrown up from within blends into products the analysis of which requires an insight of which the present science of psychology is incapable. Towards the end Stainton Moses came to know that the facile, simple popular gospel of spiritualism gave little help in the grim ordeal he was called upon to face.

BOOKS THAT WILL LIVE.

The History and Psychology of Prayer. By Friedr. Heiler.
Munich (Reinhardt), 5th ed., 1923; pp. xix. + 622; 15s.

Catholicism, its Idea and its Realization. By Friedr. Heiler.
Munich (Reinhardt), 1923; pp. xxxviii. + 704; 15s.

"We must cry into the ears of those students of religion and theology who do nothing but rummage among broken potsherds and turn over the yellow leaves of ancient manuscripts: 'Why look ye for the Living One among the Dead? For He is not a God of the Dead but of the Living.'"—HEILER.

THE QUEST, the first number of which contained the last utterance of the late lamented George Tyrrell ('Divine Fecundity,' one of the best and most stirring papers he ever wrote), is in duty bound to announce to its readers the appearance of two monumental works, which are professedly written 'throughout in the spirit of George Tyrrell' by an author who is well worthy of wearing the cloak that fell from the weary shoulders of the great champion and martyr of Catholic 'Modernism.' Friedrich Heiler, a young scholar, driven by his conscience from the fold of his fervently beloved native communion, a convert to and an enthusiastic prophet of Archbishop Soederblom's 'evangelical catholicity,'—that is to say of a truly world-embracing non-sectarian church—has given us two books that live and will be read as long as thoughtful minds reflect on the deepest spiritual realities underlying the religious life of the human race. Although works of the most solid scholarship, they are very far from being dry theological text-books; on the contrary they both contain a vital spiritual message, and I would not hesitate to call them even 'inspired' in the true sense of this much-abused term.

Heiler has characteristically devoted his first book to the study of prayer. He considers prayer—and quite rightly so—the basic phenomenon of *religion*. This phenomenon divides the spirits of the age into the two opposed camps: those, on the one side, who believe, with Seneca and Kant, that prayer—and then of course every other attempt at ritual and liturgic devotion—is 'a soporific for diseased minds,' a vain superstitious attempt to influence the rigidly predetermined course of natural phenomena; and those others who have experienced with the most convincing certainty that, whenever a human soul in its forlorn loneliness

earnestly and sincerely strives by whatever means to get into communication with the fountain-head and centre of spiritual life, it will obtain a ready answer from the mystic depths of the world and of its own self. This certainty—and nothing else—is the one sufficiently solid rock on which all religions of the past and of the present have been built, and nothing that can be sensibly termed a religion, will ever exist without this basic belief. The question is not whether a man believes or disbelieves in God, and therefore either prays to his God or refrains from engaging in an objectless and therefore senseless activity; quite on the contrary, prayer, that is spiritual activity, is the *volitional root* from which religious belief and ideation has sprung and will always grow up anew.

On this fundamental phenomenon of all religion we have of course—as on every other conceivable object of research—an extensive literature, the catalogue of which fills 10 pages in Heiler's book; but in my modest opinion, every item of it is definitely superseded by the author's at once comprehensive and penetrating treatment of the problem. If the English reader turns first to the articles on 'Prayer' in Dr. Hastings' excellent *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, published in the same year as the first edition of Heiler's book (1918)—and then to this new work, he will see for himself the difference. On the one hand we have the highest achievement of cleverly organized 'division of labour' among a number of the foremost specialists on the subject—Prayer (Tibetan), Prayer (Buddhist), Prayer (Musulman), Prayer (Greek), etc., etc.—held together by what I would call a book-binder's synthesis; on the other the living work of a master-mind, for whom the narrow limits of 19th century guild-specialism simply do not exist, and who with a truly universal sympathy describes and analyses all types and developments of prayer from the most primitive ethnic beginnings to the highest states of mystic communion.

As to the chapters on mysticism, it will be of special interest to our readers to note that Heiler acknowledges his debt of gratitude to Baron von Hügel, Dean Inge and Evelyn Underhill for his present deeper understanding of the subject, which in the first edition was still under a cloud of Ritschelian prejudices.

The second volume is an enlarged edition of the author's Swedish lectures on the essence of Catholicism, which have produced such a flood of friendly and hostile discussions ever since 1919. The new edition is bound to cause an even greater sensa-

tion, and may even become a factor of direct historical importance, now that the first signal steps in the progress of the world-movement for an all-embracing super-church are being reported in the daily press. If anything comprehensively spiritual is to come of this movement, Rome will certainly have to abandon silently—as it is wont to do in such matters—the unfortunate policy of Pius X., or rather of the Spanish Cardinals of his court, against the so-called ‘modernism’ and leave a freer hand to the enlightened ‘cryptomodernists’ in the ranks of the higher clergy of the Germanic nations, who are, by the by, far more numerous than the Santo Officio would suspect in its most pessimistic calculations.

But quite apart from these outward circumstances the importance of the book is of the first rank. For a more enticing and more loving presentment of the truly Catholic ideal, and a more considerate, equitable and just appreciation of the limited realization of this ideal in the present world of an œcumenic ‘Kingdom of God’ on this our earth, of all the heroic endeavours and of all the sad failures in the great semi-spiritual, semi-worldly, struggle to win the dominion of our earth for the greater glory of God, has never been written.

R. E.

THE BOOK OF FORMATION.

Sepher Yetzirah, by Rabbi Akiba ben Joseph. Translated from the Hebrew, with Annotations, by Knut Stenring. Including the 32 Paths of Wisdom, their Correspondence with the Hebrew Alphabet and the Tarot Symbols. With an Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. London (Rider); pp. 67; 6s. net.

THIS curious tractate has for long been a fascinating puzzle for students of Kabbalistic lore. The main body of this mysterious traditional material, gathered throughout the centuries by lovers of esoterism among the Rabbis, is preserved in the Zoharic collection of the 13th century, which was then authenticated by being set in the conventional framing of a commentary on the Pentateuch. The *Sepher Yetzirah* stands outside this collection, and is admitted on all hands to be older than it, though undoubtedly the *Zohar* also drew no little of its material from ancient sources. Phantasy speaks of Abraham as its author, and tradition ascribes it to R. Akiba (1st third of 2nd century A.D.). Mr. Stenring

accepts this ascription without enquiry ; but it is highly questionable, and many would make the tractate as late as the 7th or 8th century. Its scheme of symbolism is based on the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, divided into 3 mother, 7 double and 12 simple letters ; and as the 10 sephiroth also play a prominent part in the scheme, it is evident that with four such typical number-groups ingenuity can find a multitude of correspondences. Moreover, as every letter has a number-value, names and words can be made to yield a wealth of meaning entirely independent of their philological history and relationships. This arithmomanancy or number-mysticism is in highest probability derived from Pythagorean psephology, as it was called. Nothing of this, however, is said in the annotations before us, and the reader is left to believe that *gematria* was originated by the Kabalistic Rabbis themselves. Dr. Robert Eisler has in preparation a commentary on the *Sepher Yetzirah* which gives abundant classical documentation to establish this important point.

The version before us is a literal rendering by a Swedish Hebraist, who has come to the conclusion that the original form of the tractate consisted of 72 verses only. He translates the whole of the current text, but prints what he holds to be the interpolations and additions in italics. But it is in Mr. Stenring's annotations that readers will find most novelty ; for he claims to have elucidated many of the obscurest points by the discovery of a number of keys to the great arcana of the Kabbalah,—such as the original symmetrical table of Tetragrammaton, the original distribution of the trigrams of the Name, the Chaldæan calendar, the correspondences in space, the equilibrium of the seven doubles. This is a 'large order,' and we confess our incompetence to appreciate it ; it must be left for specialists in such enigmas, if there be any, to pronounce a competent judgment. In addition Mr. Stenring claims that his studies have enabled him to arrange in proper order the trumps major of the Tarot—that antique book of divination and the original of our playing cards. Our readers who are not familiar with these byways of occult schematology may be interested to learn the nature of Mr. Stenring's most important elucidation of the text—the key to 'The Great Kabalistic Symbol' *par excellence*—the mystery of 'The 231 Gates.' "Eighteen hundred years ago," he writes, "when Rabbi Akiba ben Joseph reduced into writing the secret tradition of the Jews in the 'Book of Formation,' he hesitated to unveil the greatest secret of the Kabbalah, the Arcanum of the Great Symbol,

which had been handed down to him by his forefathers. For this reason he embodied it in a riddle, which many ancient and modern philosophers have tried in vain to solve. . . . We have succeeded in solving this riddle." This famous enigma is formulated in the following two verses of the text ;

"Twenty-two basal letters: they are placed together in a ring, as a wall with two hundred and thirty-one gates. The ring may be put in rotation forwards and backwards and its token is this: Nothing excels O N G (=pleasure) in good, and nothing excels N G O (=plague) in evil.

"How did he combine, weigh, and exchange them? A with all and all with A; B with all and all with B; G with all and all with G; and all of them turned round. Hence they go forth through two hundred and thirty-one gates, and thus it comes about that the whole creation and all languages proceed from one combination of letters."

These obscure indications are ingeniously worked out by Mr. Stenring in an elaborate diagram; but we doubt very much whether the profane will be any the wiser. Mr. Waite, however, who writes an interesting and instructive Introduction, is of opinion that the meditative student will find in it at least many curious permutations and may perhaps find that it is of considerable interest. Though Mr. Stenring gives no further interpretation, he is clearly himself persuaded that his diagram is of great importance, for he hopes that it "will not only reawaken interest in the text itself but in the Kabalistic philosophy at large and lead to a much-needed renaissance of occultism."

For ourselves we cannot say that we look forward to such a prospect with any enthusiasm. We hope rather that the future will resolutely refrain from reviving these methods of obscurantism, and devise more intelligible means of approach to the knowledge of the soul of things and the formative powers and processes of the universe. We agree rather with Mr. Waite's more experienced opinion and soberer judgment, when he writes: "It seems to me that at the present day (occultism) has entered into its proper sphere as a study of the records of the past, sometimes in the hope that they may throw incidental light upon modern problems which are grouped together under the denomination of psychical research. Outside this, the pursuit is mainly archæological."

Mr. Stenring's 'key' is an ingenious diagrammatic illustration of the riddle; but until we are shown what natural use can be made of it, the riddle is not a wit nearer to solution. It remains

highly improbable that there is any real correspondence between the mechanical permutations and combinations of letters, whether of the Hebrew or any other alphabet, and the basic elements forces, modes and processes of nature.

MYSTERIUM MAGNUM.

Or an Exposition of the First Book of Moses called Genesis by Jacob Boehme. Translated by John Sparrow; edited by C. J. B. 2 vols. London (Watkins); pp. 981; £2 10s. net.

THESE two handsome and well-printed volumes are a fitting memorial to the memory of our old friend and colleague Charles J. Barker, to whom present-day English-reading lovers of Böhme are so greatly indebted. Barker's enthusiasm for the Teutonic Theosopher was shown not by lip-service but by deeds. The numerous volumes of seventeenth-century translations, mainly by Sparrow, were difficult to procure; they seldom came into the market and when they did they fetched high prices. Modern versions were to be desired, for the pioneer translations could to-day be easily improved. As, however, there seemed no likelihood of such a considerable undertaking being attempted, Barker courageously determined to have what we may call 'The English Böhme' reprinted, keeping faithfully to the wording but with modernized spelling. With praiseworthy industry and pertinacity he stuck to his self-appointed and self-sacrificing task; though a man of very moderate means, he financed throughout what was a sheer labour of love. There was no prospect of getting back the money, much less of a return on it, for Böhme appeals, and can appeal, only to a very select public. Barker also collected a very valuable special library of Böhme texts, translations and studies. Most of these volumes, some of great rarity, he presented, shortly before passing away, to the Library of the British Museum, thus very considerably enriching, indeed more than doubling, its collection of Böhmiana.

The *Mysterium Magnum* was written or completed in 1623, and the English version was published in 1654. The major part of it, however, was not translated by Sparrow himself but by his kinsman John Ellistone. This lengthy treatise is one of the most considerable of the illuminate's works and is highly esteemed by Böhme connoisseurs. It is an elaborate mystical interpretation of the myths and narratives of *Genesis*, the whole of which is

treated as a single original scripture, written immediately under divine inspiration by Moses himself. As such, Böhme regarded it as abounding in [all its parts with 'spiritual figures' of profound significance, which he proceeds to unfold for the reader in his own peculiar manner, translating the outer temporal showings into the inner happenings of the soul of man and of the universe. The lives of the first fathers and patriarchs of the Hebrews are made to foreshadow the redemptive process and to veil the mysteries of regeneration, as these are conceived of by Böhme's ecstatic imagination or by whatever influence wrote through him.

Most assuredly it is not an exposition that falls within the measures of the intellect or the compass of the understanding. To the needs of the intellect Böhme makes no concession; he is indeed scornful throughout of the 'wiselings,' and repeatedly states that he is writing only for those endowed with a spiritual sense transcending the scope of reason. If Böhme can be said to have a 'system,' it is certainly in no sense formal; it is dynamic throughout. The most characteristic feature of it is the divine unity conceived as an absolute spiritual monism. In attempting to envisage how this Supreme Mystery falls into or develops itself into the manifold of creation, nothing seems to daunt Jacob. For instance, he begins his treatise by treating of the three uncreate divine essences of the Supreme Mystery, which is declared to be simultaneously All, One and Nothing. It is in vain to ask him how he comes by the intuition of such transcendencies. But if you enquire how his pen can write of such comparatively minor themes as the creation of the angels and of paradise, he has some sort of a reply to hand, and his statements relative to them are perhaps the most arresting passages in the whole thousand pages. Thus with regard to the former topic he writes (ch. ix., p. 48): "Albeit self-reason might here cavil at us and say, we were not by when this was done; yet we say that we, in a magical manner, according to the right of eternity, were really there, and saw this. But not I, who am I, have seen it; for I was not as yet a creature. But we have seen it in the essence of the soul which God breathed into Adam."

And with regard to paradise he tells us (ch. xviii., p. 121): "I know the sophister will here cavil at me, and cry it down as a thing impossible for me to know, seeing I was not there and saw it myself. To him I say, that I, in the essence of my soul and body, when I was not as yet I, but when I was in Adam's essence, was there, and did myself fool away my glory in Adam. But

seeing Christ hath restored it again to me, I see, in the spirit of Christ, what I was in Paradise; and what I now am in sin; and what I shall be again. And therefore let none cry it out as a thing unknowable; for although *I* indeed know it not, yet *the spirit of Christ knoweth it in me*; from which knowledge I shall write."

We hope we do not speak entirely from the standpoint of the 'self-knowledge' of the 'sophister'; but we are bound to confess that with regard to no little of Jacob's exposition we feel that it frequently requires more of explanation than the familiar words of *Genesis*. But then either you are carried away by Böhme out of your 'mind' and regard all critical promptings as perversities of the intellect, or you conclude, when you fail to understand or even sense his meaning, that he may perhaps here not be superior to reason, as the faithful are bound always to suppose, but be falling short of it; for in some cases he can indubitably be shown to be talking nonsense, as for instance when he tries to interpret Hebrew names by German word-plays, in the naïve conviction that Hebrew was the original tongue and contained the potency of all languages.

We very badly need a competent guide to Böhme, but the writer of it would have to be a genius of discriminating insight, and not simply a critic. Meantime it would be of interest if some sympathetic scholar would undertake a comparative study of Philo, Böhme and Swedenborg, to find out how far they agree and how far differ in their mystical interpretation of a common theme—namely 'the first Book of Moses called Genesis.'

BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY IN INDIA AND CEYLON.

By A. Berriedale Keith, D.C.L., D.Litt., Regius Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Edinburgh. Oxford (The Clarendon Press); pp. 339; 10s. 6d. net.

WE owe much to Prof. Berriedale Keith's painstaking work as an Indianist; it is always thorough. His books are invariably packed full of information, carefully analyzed and ordered. The volume before us is no exception; indeed we think it ourselves the most helpful and readable that Dr. Keith has so far turned out. The title might suggest that only Pāli Buddhism is dealt with; but that is not so, for Part III. (pp. 216-302) deals with the Philosophy of the Mahāyāna in 6 chapters. In carefully perusing these educative pages of compressed matter, we have been struck, not

only with the width of the survey, but also with the closely analyzed details. Prof. Berriedale Keith is intimately acquainted with the work and theories of all who have preceded him in the West in the scholarly study of the Dhamma, and at the same time gives us a very fully referenced account of the rise and development of the leading features of the foremost of the Eastern faiths as revealed in a critical survey of the documents themselves. All this from a thoroughly literary objective point of view and a sound idea of history. His impartiality as an historian of the documents and of the evolution of the normative ideas of the faith makes him a reliable guide; he is a critical but by no means an unfavourable critic in face of what is now to be found in a careful study of the records. At this advanced date in Western systematic study of the subject-matter naturally the perspective on numerous points is considerably changed. It seems now very clear that we have no sure history of the early canon prior to Asoka, and that the testimony of the Asokan monuments is decidedly unfavourable to much in the later canon. The Pāli claims which have been brought so primarily forward in the West, are now shown, as has already been indicated by Prof. de la Vallée Poussin, most stalwart defender of the Sanskrit tradition, whom Prof. Keith follows, to be highly questionable, to say the least of it.

Gotama did not speak Pāli, as lay-folk have long been led to suppose, comparing this with Jesus' speaking of Palestinian Aramæan; he spoke most probably a Prakrit called Magadhi, and this was, it appears, simultaneously translated into *both* the literary *lingua franca* Pāli, when the oral tradition was committed to writing, and classical Sanskrit. The germs at any rate of the Mahāyāna can be traced to an early date, for they are found in both forms of translation. It is further shown that the popular facile contemptuous Western dismissal of Buddhism, as looking to a goal of annihilation and in other respects as being a vacuous negationism, is erroneous. Where philosophy and logic are concerned, Prof. Keith is at his best. As to psychology, it would almost seem that he is under the impression that we in the West to-day possess a normative psychology, whereas we are at present at sixes and sevens. Therefore because Buddhist psychology clearly stands in need of revision, it does not at all follow that the revision, when it comes, will decide on all points in favour of Western conceptions. Where our author shows least favourably is, as was to be expected, in his treatment of induced extra-normal states (*Jhāna* and the rest); but then no other Orientalist so far has shown that

he has any personal knowledge of the matter. We are, however, very content that he has so ably indicated how that, in some respects, Mahāyānism brings out the implicits of the Buddha-doctrine more fully than Hīnayānism; for we are ourselves convinced that the spiritual side of the former contains more helpful perspectives for the attention of the world of genuine catholic religion to-day than the narrower point of view. The fine spirit of it may be seen in the following version of the neophyte Bodhisattva's vow in the *Bodhisattvaprātimokṣa* :

"I, N. N., in the presence of my teacher, N. N., and of all the Buddhas, produce the thought of enlightenment. I apply to the acquisition of the quality of the perfect Buddha the merit of my confession, of my taking refuge in the three jewels, Buddha, the Law and the Order, and of my production of the thought of enlightenment. May I in this universe of creatures, at a time when no Buddha appears, be the refuge, the shelter, the safety, the island of creatures; may I make them cross the ocean of existence. I adopt as mother, father, brother, sons, sisters, all creatures. Henceforth for the happiness of creatures I will practise with all my power generosity, morality, patience, energy, meditation, knowledge, skill in the means of salvation."

We would recommend this book as an excellent introduction to the serious study of a world-faith of which no really cultured mind can afford to remain ignorant.

LE MILIEU BIBLIQUE AVANT JÉSUS-CHRIST.

I. Histoire et Civilisation. Par Charles-F. Jean. Paris (Geuthner); pp. 839; 20frs.

THIS is the first of a prospective trilogy of volumes under the above general title. The first deals with the history and civilization of the countries and nations that framed-in the story of the 'chosen people' as given in the O.T. documents; the second is to treat of the literature of the biblical (we should say non-biblical) environment, and the third will discuss the history of religious and moral ideas in that surround. It is an ambitious programme and a vast undertaking, and its success depends on the ability of the summarizer fitly to sift and order the vast material to be found in the latest encyclopedias and reference-books and the enormous general and special literature on the subject. As far as the volume before us is concerned we cannot say that we feel we have been very illuminatingly conducted by our *cicerone* over

this gigantic historical museum. The writing of history on the grand scale now-a-days demands an uncommon sharpness of insight and a large share of genius, and even of imagination; and M. Jean differs little in his exposition from those deadly-dull re-hashes of chroniclizing which bored us so greatly in our school-days, when we had to be responsible for giving correct answers to those soul-thrilling conundrums depicted by the tag "accidence and adjectives and names of Jewish Kings / How many notes a sackbut hath and whether shawns have strings," the journeys of St. Paul, and so on and so forth. History of this kind apparently has a fascination for our author, for he spells it invariably with a *majuscule*. M. Jean is best with the centuries prior to the days of the Great Kings where one can be vague; when he comes to the Greek and Roman periods, he gives us but a skeleton. Moreover it is somewhat difficult to discover the standpoint from which he gets his perspective. He is good enough, however, to tell us that, in his first volume: "We narrate the chief facts of History which make a special impression upon and mark the character of the peoples which interest us, or which explain the nature of the divers relationships they have had with the 'predestined race,' and we summarize the state of civilization which characterizes the chief epochs; frequently this is sufficient to shed an opportune light on many pages of the sacred books, which at first sight are dim enough, or even on more important points. Thus, the Jewish people has no civilization of its own; omitting details here, we can state that—with the exception of the sacred literature—it has received, copied or imitated everything. This fact is extremely important, as is known." If M. Jean had not told us this, we fear we should not have been very clear on the point from his general exposition; he does not bring it forward as a thesis and exemplify it as he goes along. Perhaps he is reserving this for his two remaining volumes. If so, we shall look forward to them with interest.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

From the Psychological and Psycho-analytic Point of View. By Georges Berguer, Lecturer in the University of Geneva. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks and Van Wyck Brooks. London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 332; 15s. net.

NOW that psycho-analytic treatment has pushed its way into the literary fields of legend, mythology and romance and into the

domain of poetic and religious symbolism, and has endeavoured to throw light on typical religious crises, such as conversion and re-birth, and the characteristic moments in the lives of great heroes and geniuses and teachers, it was to be expected that some such attempt as that of M. Berguer should be made to deal with the psychological side, as envisaged by a psycho-analyst, of the story of the great life that has been more written about and in more various ways than any other in the world. We must confess that on opening the book we were prepared to find that so great a theme could not possibly thus be treated without giving grave offence even to those who are far from holding any traditional views on the subject. Though M. Berguer believes that Jesus was fully human, he enthusiastically, and at times in quite poetic passages, sets forth his conviction that he was the greatest of mankind. Indeed, and in brief, he puts the main incidents of the life before his readers as exemplifying the complete achievement of the ideal at which the best in the most progressive side of psycho-analytic theory aims. All that lower side of the genesis of the instincts and the pathology of the passions of human nature, though touched on in giving the history of the development of psycho-analytic theory, is not brought into contact with the Life. The points of contact are found in the domain of sublimation, and the interpretations ventured on are all in what is termed an anagogic sense, *i.e.* looking forward, looking above, leading to perfectioning. There is not the slightest suggestion of morbidity; on the contrary, Jesus is held up as the example of a completely sane and healthy balance between the fundamental introversional and extraversional psychological types of human activity. The author's point of view is marked with deep reverence for his theme; for he is convinced that: "This life constitutes . . . the point of departure and the most powerful force that has ever been given to human individuals to assist them in effectuating the sublimation towards which they aspire. What was lived here does not die. The life of Jesus is an affirmation and a demonstration of the sublimation of the human instincts towards the divine, and in consequence an inalienable guarantee, inscribed in history, which allows us never to despair of the struggle and furnishes us with a sure foundation for it. The life of Christ thus introduces into the world new values which nothing can ever again wrest from humanity. In this sense, it modifies even the psychology of man, or rather adds to it a new dynamic which, without changing the internal mechanism, permits him to transcend limits that he could

not transcend otherwise" (p. 64, n. 21). It is interesting to note that the book is based on an official course of lectures delivered at the University of Geneva.

THE MITHRA MYSTERIES.

Franz Cumont's *Die Mysterien des Mithra*, deutsch von G. Gehrlich; 3 Auflage bes. v. Kurt Latte, Leipzig (Teubner, 1923), 21 figg., 2 plates and map; pp. 248; 5s.

A NEW (third) edition of Franz Cumont's excellent book on the Mithriac mysteries which has been out of print for years, has just been published. It will be welcome even to those readers and libraries possessing the two large volumes of *Textes et Monuments du Culte de Mithra*, for it gives a full bibliography of all the literature which has appeared since 1900, and of the numerous newly discovered archeological monuments (pp. 227-241), also a number of new literary texts that have been found or newly published since the first edition, and one new illustration, the Orphico-mithraic Phanes from the reviewer's book *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt*. The main text of the book is scarcely altered, although by now so much new light has been shed on the origin and world-wide diffusion of Zrvanism, the philosophic, pantheistic cult of Boundless Time and Endless Space, that a more extensive remodelling of certain chapters would have been preferable to the patch-work addition of small foot-notes with minor references, concessions to or criticisms of other authors' more recent opinions.

There is especially one important piece of research-work which the author has not been able to utilize for the new edition. This is Prof. Heinrich Junker's important essay on the Iranian sources of Hellenistic 'Aeon-lore' in the 'Lectures of the Warburg Library' for 1923,¹ which have at last completely modified the usual ideas about the relative dates of Zrvanism and the Zoroastrian reform, and amply justified the previous treatment of these subjects by the present reviewer. Other important

¹ *Vorträge der Bibliothek Warburg*, edited by Fritz Saxl, Vol. I.; Leipzig (B. G. Teubner, 1923); pp. 180. This publication, due to the munificence of the founder of the incomparable Warburg Library foundation in Hamburg, is full of delightful things, especially for lovers of recondite mystery-lore. Readers of *THE QUEST* will be interested in Hellmut Ritter's essay on 'Picatrix,' an Arabic handbook of Hellenistic magic, which exercised an enormous influence in the Middle Ages and is quoted occasionally up to the 18th century.

new facts have been collected in the notices of Reitzenstein's *Iranian Redemption Mystery* and Clemens' *Fontes Religionis Persicæ* in previous issues of THE QUEST (xiv. 262ff.).

It is to be hoped that the author of the article 'Zrvan,' in Roscher's *Mythological Dictionary*, whoever he may be, if it is not Prof. Cumont himself, will make up for the futile inadequacy of the articles on 'Æon' and 'Chronos,' by giving us at last a comprehensive picture of this most subtle and 'scientific' of all the great world-religions.

It is an almost incredible defect of Dr. Hastings' great and meritorious *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* that it does not contain a separate article on or even a cross-reference to 'Zrvanism,' and that it does not even mention under the headings 'Time (and Space)' and 'Eternity' the most grandiose religious philosophical conception of history, which has had such a profound influence on Buddhism and Islam, has left very visible traces even in the history of the Jewish and the Christian faith, and anticipated the fundamental conception of Einstein's Time-Space-Relativity theory.

As long as we do not get a full adequate treatment of this ancient mystery-cult of the Time-Space-Sky-god, the history of cosmological speculation will always fall asunder into the two apparently unconnected branches of Greek (and modern) philosophy and science on the one hand and Indian philosophy on the other. Yet in reality the history of human speculation resembles the figure of a gigantic tree, the trunk of which is firmly rooted in the Mesopotamian soil of Sumeric astral mysticism, while its main branches overshadow the different provinces of Aryan and Semitic thought.

R. E.

VOICES FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

The Waking Dreams and Metaphysical Phantasies of a Non-Spiritualist. Edited by F. Gurthis. Authorized Translation by Lilian A. Clarke. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 224; 8s. 6d. net.

THE original German title is not given; the pseudonym 'F. Gurthis' is now revealed as that of Herr Willibald Franke, a well-known writer on Art in Germany. The instrument used (an illustration is given) is an ingenious forerunner of the Ouija board, combined with a sort of sympalmograph, constructed from

indications in an 18th century MS. chronicle at the castle of a Silesian nobleman. It is interesting to learn that at that time already an instrument had been devised for such purposes of communication in *séances*, or *actiones* as Dee called them. It is certainly superior to the common Ouija arrangement, and we recommend it to the attention of psychical researchers. The author calls it a psychograph. There are 64 records, extending over a period of 20 years broken by long gaps ; but in many cases the questions are unfortunately not given. Herr Franke would have us believe that he himself was serious in his investigations and makes an attempt at 'philosophizing' the matter. The title is, however, contradictory in itself, and there is nothing 'metaphysical' in the psychographic output. It is throughout what the French are learning to call 'metapsychic.' The proceedings were conducted frequently in a frivolous vein. The consequence is that the chief experimenter and his artist friends naturally got back what they practically asked for ; and we find in the output a number of indelicate 'communications,' to say the least of it, apparently from minds in undesirable conditions. At the same time there are numerous names, dates, etc., given of worthies and unworthies from the 14th to the 19th century, unknown to any of the sitters, and many of these were subsequently verified from encyclopædias and histories. The experimenters were always asking for poetry (why, it is not stated), and they got it. What the German originals are like, we are unable to judge, for no specimens are given ; the English is pedestrian enough for the most part and at times doggerel. The questions recorded show that the investigators were all *amateurs* in such research ; Herr Franke evidently thinks that the 'spirits,' in whom he does not believe, can be summoned or evoked. The joking folk were plainly told on several occasions that they would get nothing but lies by such methods. The theory put forward is the familiar one of the subconscious and associative memories combined with the 'collective' of Jung. If so, the 'ancestral memories' represented frequently a sorry crew : people of the easiest virtue, male and female, at times murderers or murdered.

SCIENCE AND SANCTITY.

A Study in the Scientific Approach to Unity. By Victor Branford.
London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 253; 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is an able diagnosis of the ills of our industrial and mammolatrous age and an eloquent plea for the sanctification of science, whereby alone the evils will be remedied. Mr. Victor Branford, the Editor of *The Sociological Review*, sees clearly that future ameliorations depend chiefly on the development of the vital sciences of biology, psychology and sociology. Let us but come to know what life and mind really are, and what are the fundamental conditions and basic laws on which a truly humane society can be founded, and let the physical sciences continue to conquer the forces of nature solely to use them for promoting human co-operation and betterment, and the ideals of the sages and seers of the past and of to-day will no longer be Utopian dreams, but come true in a concrete Eutopia—the longed-for Kingdom of Heaven and the City of God on earth. Till science and sanctity are blended there is no hope for the peoples. The two can at present be drawn closer together only with the help of vision and its expression by poets and artists. Mr. Branford is not a dreamer of nebulous fancies; he is not, in the undesirable sense of the word, a visionary but himself a man of vision. That is, he sees even in the ugly welter of present-day muddle promising tendencies already working here and there that might be wisely tended and fostered and brought together, so as to serve as a potent lever for social improvement, a spirit of communality, co-operation, synergy. What we want is a moral substitute for war. War-stress for the time made the nation one-pointed, unselfish—that is, subordinated the separative selfish strivings of groups and individuals to one general and generous impulse for working together for a common end. Could so general and intense a striving arise for what is greater than any material interest—the great cause of humanity as a whole, which should enlist all decent men on the side of the good—then warfare would cease from this earth and be sublimated into the victorious work of redemption.

This, we gather, is the ideal for the promoting of the realization of which Mr. Branford tries, directly and indirectly, with great fervour, to encourage his readers to exercise their vision in everything that lies near to their hand. The book is a drastic exposure of the ghastly features of our pecuniary culture and of

a civilization based on false values. Sociology, the youngest of the sciences, will accomplish nothing of real value until it gets vision and becomes quick with the spirit of sanctity. The volume is filled full of suggestive ideas and holds the interest of the reader throughout.

SOME MINOR WORKS OF RICHARD ROLLE.

With the Privy of the Passion, by S. Bonaventura. Translated and edited by Geraldine E. Hodgson, Litt.D., Author of 'A Study in Illumination,' etc. London (Watkins): pp. 226; 5s. net.

LOVERS of Christian mysticism are being well and steadily catered for in these days,—not however by new works, but by studies, summaries, translations and reprints of the products of the past. We hope that this revival of interest presages a new period of productivity; and for our own part we venture to hope that what is brought to birth will clothe itself in less dogmatically hampered and stereotyped modes of expression. The true creative spirit ever delights to bring forth new forms. Our 14th century is remarkable for the conjunction of the four most typical English mystics of the pre-Reformation period,—Richard Rolle, Julian of Norwich, Walter Hilton and the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. Their plain, homely diction is a delight to the few who can read them as they wrote; it well reflects their inner simplicity. Even in modernized form this directness and downrightness is abundantly apparent, and can be enjoyed by the many who cannot follow the original. Dr. Geraldine Hodgson in the present small volume makes accessible and in excellent version some of the minor works of Richard Hermit for those who love the contemplative way as generally envisaged in mediæval circles of sanctity, and yet flavoured with a somewhat that is peculiarly English. To these writings of Rolle she has added the modernization of a contemporary Early English version (possibly by Rolle himself, for it is in the same Yorkshire dialect) of a composition by Bonaventura († 1274), which the colophon entitles *Concerning the Mysteries of the Passion of Jesus Christ*. Bonaventura was a mystic; but the *Privy* is not so much a mystical treatise as an exercise for pious meditation. The whole is prefaced by an able and interesting general Introduction. Like all Mr. J. M. Watkins' now characteristic mystical publications the book is excellently printed.

HYMNS FROM THE RIGVEDA.

Selected and translated by A. A. Macdonell, M.A., Ph.D., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. London (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press); pp. 98; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the volumes of the Heritage of India Series published under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. It contains forty hymns, each of which is preceded by a short note. These notes, as also the greater part of the introduction, are a compressed, and somewhat academically dry, account of the divinities referred to in the Hymns. The range for choice is so wide that not much weight can be given to criticisms of the selection, as criticisms might be made concerning almost any selection. Dr. Macdonell has made his metrical translations with care, but to one reader, at least, they lack any glow or warmth, such as we suppose must have been present at their composition and in their ritual use.

A. G. W.

THE LIFE AND DOCTRINE OF URIEL DA COSTA.

Die Schriften des Uriel da Costa, mit Einleitung, Uebertragung und Register, herausgegeben von Carl Gebhardt, 1923. Curis Societatis Spinozanae. Heidelberg (Carl Winter). London (Oxford University Press); 7fl. Dutch = 12s.

THE Societas Spinozana is to be heartily congratulated upon having published Herr Gebhardt's edition of the work of this most tragic and interesting figure in the history of modern Jewish religion and European thought, Uriel da Costa, the last of the Sadduceans, the compatriot and alleged precursor of Barukh d'Espinosa, who died by his own hand in April, 1640, as a victim of the bigoted intolerance of his own people and even of his own family. The book under review is not a new edition of long familiar documents. Quite on the contrary, the author—the same who in 1920 discovered the old family graves of the d'Espinosas—offers the *editio princeps* of d'Acosta's *Sobra a Mortalidade da Alma* (On the Mortality of the Soul), which he has recovered for the first time from Uriel's adversary Samuel da Silva's *Tratado da Immortalidade*, where he has found the quotations buried in the small print. This Hebrew text is printed by Gebhardt together

with Portuguese extracts from the same work, found in a MS. of Mose Refael d'Aguilar in a MS. folio of the Portuguese-Israelite Seminary Library of Amsterdam. To these literary remains the editor has added a reprint of d'Acosta's heart-rending autobiography, *Exemplar Humanæ Vitæ*, and a scholarly collection of all extant documents referring to the hero of the book.

The preface gives a very good introduction to the life of d'Acosta and the religious problems of the so-called *Maraños*, Portuguese and Spanish Jews forced to adopt or to simulate Catholicism, and thereby induced to adopt a critical, sceptical attitude towards both religions, and an account of the foundation of the Sephardic community in Amsterdam by those *Maraños* who fled from the Iberian peninsula in order to return to the old faith, and thereby caused not only an unparalleled economic development of the Dutch commonwealth, but also a spiritual movement which had considerable influence on the development of European philosophic thought.

If anything is wanting in Carl Gebhardt's exceedingly scholarly work it is a more thorough-going discussion of the main point of the controversy between d'Acosta and his opponents: whether or not the immortality of the soul is a tenet of ancient Mosaic religion or not. The Pharisaic thesis *pro* is amply defended in a paper by Rabbi Dr. Scheftelowitz of Cologne in the *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft* (1918, XIX., pp. 210ff.). But the adverse view—of an Iranian and Hellenistic origin of the Pharisean eschatology—has the assent of most modern students of comparative religion, including the present reviewer. It would have been highly interesting to reconsider the arguments of both sides from the basis of our present knowledge, instead of passing over this fundamental issue in five lines.

R. E.

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